

CHILDHOOD  
ITS CARE  
AND CULTURE



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MOTHERHOOD.

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# CHILDHOOD: ITS CARE AND CULTURE.

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MARY ALLEN WEST.

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*The Childhood of To-day is the Nation of To-morrow; there is no more important work than its Care and Culture, physical, intellectual, spiritual.*

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TO THE  
FATHERS, MOTHERS AND FRIENDS  
OF THE  
LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN  
OF AMERICA  
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED  
BY ONE WHO  
LOVES CHILDREN.







**W**E behold a child. Who is it? Whose is it? What is it? It is in the center of fantastic light, and only a dim revealed form appears. It is God's own child, as all children are. The blood of Adam and Eve, through how many soever channels diverging, runs in its veins; and the spirit of the Eternal, which blows everywhere, has animated it. It opens its eyes upon us, stretches out its hands to us as all children do. Can you love it? It may be heir of a throne,—does it interest you? Or of a milking-stool,—do not despise it. It is a miracle of the All-working; it is endowed by the All-gifted. Smile upon it, it will a smile give back again; prick it, it will cry. Where does it belong? In what zone or climate? It may have been born on the Thames or the Amazon, the Hoang-ho or the Mississippi. It is God's child still, and its mother's. It is curiously and wonderfully made. The inspiration of the Almighty hath given it understanding. It will look after God by how many soever names He may be called; it will seek to know; it will long to be loved; it will sin and be miserable; if it has none to care for it, it will die."

JUDD'S "MARGARET."





## Introduction.

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VERY human being is a peculiar thought of God," says Pestalozzi. Three centuries ago, by "thinking God's thoughts after Him" in the starry realm of astronomy, Kepler made discoveries for which the world honors him to-day. To every parent it is given to think God's thoughts after Him in the starry realm of souls. To his care and culture are entrusted human souls, destined to shine as the stars forever and ever, stamped by Omnipotence with laws of development as grand and immutable as Kepler's Three Laws governing the spheres.

The parent's mission in discovering these laws is as sublime as was that of Kepler; it is more momentous, for to him it is given to help or to hinder in carrying them out. To impress parents with a sense of the dignity, the responsibility and the privilege of parenthood, and to help them, in some measure, to rightly "think God's thoughts after Him" in training their children, is the object of this book.

In writing it the constant question has been, For what has God designed the child? In His mind stands a perfect ideal for every human soul; this ideal is attained only through the highest, most symmetrical development of all its faculties. To the parent is offered the solemn alternative of working together with God in realizing this ideal, or of marring it

beyond recognition through ignorance, neglect or wantonness. "The full harmony of human nature can only be produced when its due weight is given to every side and the higher nature draws the others up to equal perfection with its own." To develop the higher nature and bring into subjection to it the lower, "thus making peace" in a realm where without this subjection there is no peace, is the parent's work; to assist in doing it, is the design of this book.

It is not a book of sermons or didactic teachings, but one that has grown naturally out of the rich soil of a thousand homes. During twelve years my work took me constantly into the homes of the people; hundreds of homes scattered far and wide over the entire country opened to me hospitable doors and took me into their very hearts. They ranged through all gradations of social life: from the log cabin on the frontier to the patrician home of wealth and culture; in every one was found some of the elements constituting the true home; near every hearth-stone bloomed some sprig of "the herb called heart's-ease." From these homes I have gathered many of the thoughts given in these pages; they are, therefore, not untried theories, but blessed experiences. Not all that goes to make up an ideal home is found in any one family circle, for Heaven has not yet come down to dwell among men, yet each possesses some of the elements that, combined, make the perfect whole, and from each have been taken tints for the picture I have tried to paint of what childhood should be. Thousands of you may see in it bright reflections from your own home life; if, recognizing these reflections, you feel aggrieved because I hold the glass before the sacred shrine of your own home, forgive me for the sake of the blessing this reflected brightness may bring to other homes not so bright as yours.

As I have studied child nature in thousands of homes, so I have studied the best methods of dealing with it in a multi-



tude of books. Pestalozzi, Frœbel, Plato, and wise old John Locke have guided me in studying the philosophy of development. Isaac Watts, Isaac Taylor, Horace Bushnell, Jacob Abbott, Hannah Whitall Smith, Mary Thompson Willard and other elect ladies have aided in tracing the steps of spiritual development. Ralph Waldo Emerson, Elihu Burritt, Edward Everett Hale, Lucretia Mott, Florence Nightingale, Mrs. Doremus, Helen Hunt Jackson, Emily Huntington Miller, and many more than I can enumerate, but every one of whom my heart thanks, have given inspiration through written word or noble life. Homes in the Bible, the home of Washington, of Bishop Stanley, of Livingstone, of Longfellow, of Alice and Phœbe Cary, of Frances E. Willard, are pictured object lessons, teaching the methods and the value of child culture. That these pictured homes, these pages written with such loving care, may bring a blessing to your home and to the children growing up therein, is my earnest wish and prayer.

*Mary Allen West.*

*Galesburg, Illinois, July 31, 1887.*

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## CHAPTER I.

### Foundation Stones---Childhood in the Bible.



THE Divine commission coming to Moses made him great." The Divine commission coming to any human soul, and receiving recognition, infuses strength to execute it. To every parent with the birth of every child comes the command, "Take this child and train it for Me." In God's blessed economy this command brings with it power to obey. When, through the mystery of conception and birth, God entrusts a human soul to any man and woman, this entrusting is the highest call to train that soul aright. No other call is so distinct and unmistakable as that which comes through parenthood. The conviction that God has entrusted to you a work no one else in the universe can accomplish, that upon you He lays a sacred and endless responsibility must lift you out of sordid thoughts and motives into that calmness and greatness of soul befitting those called to be co-workers with God. The commands of your great Leader are your marching orders; unlike the orders of earthly generals these are instinct with omnipotence that bring with the commands the power to obey.

In God's mind stands an ideal of every human life, and this ideal is the highest possible development of all its faculties, physical, mental, spiritual. To realize this ideal parents must be co-workers with God in a very exalted sense. To them is entrusted, in large measure, the working out of His plans; on them it greatly depends whether God's ideal

of manhood or womanhood shall be realized by that soul, or whether, dwarfed by neglect, deformed by sin, it shall become only a maimed, distorted caricature. Impress upon all parents a sense of the solemn responsibility, as well as the glad privilege which the coming of each child brings them, and neglected childhood—whether neglected through the frivolity of fashion, the pressure of business resulting from undue haste to be rich, or from overburdening care and labor for the meat that perisheth—will cease to be. The life will be recognized as more than meat and the body than raiment.

God's interest in children may be argued from the fact that, throughout the Bible, they are spoken of as His direct gift. Eve named the first born child of Earth, Cain—"I have gotten a man from the Lord." The same thought runs through the unloved Leah's half mournful, half exultant songs at the birth of her successive children: "Surely the Lord hath looked upon my affliction; now therefore my husband will love me." "Because the Lord hath heard that I was hated, He hath given me this son also." We catch the same strain in the despairing cry of the well-beloved Rachel, "Give me children, or I die," in the exultant song of Hannah, and so on down the centuries, till the grand Magnificat peals out when Christ becomes Immanuel and is cradled on the bosom of the Virgin Mary.

"Given of God" is written on the brow of every little child, were we clear-eyed enough to perceive it. The care taken of a gift measures our appreciation of it, and the delicacy of this test increases with the value of the gift. A friend gives you a watch and you neglect to wind it; no lavish expressions of gratitude will outweigh your actions and convince him that you really do appreciate his gift. Or he gives you a horse and you neglect to feed it; your ingratitude shows blacker because the gift has sentient being and you

trifle with a life. God gives you a child and you neglect to train it aright; by so much as the value of the soul exceeds that of the body, does your ingratitude take on infinite proportions.

God's love and care for children shines throughout all the Bible. He never forgets them, whether it be amid the thunders of Mount Sinai, or when, in meek and lowly guise, He walks the vales of Galilee, or rides into His own city, so soon to reject and crucify Him, but now ringing with the hosannas of children. He takes young children in his arms and blesses them while His disciples rebuke the loving mothers who brought them. Three times in the Gospels is this beautiful story told, that none may fail to understand how much the dear Lord loves little children.

When His disciples disputed by the way who should be greatest, "He took a little child, and set him in the midst, and when he had taken him in His arms, He said, Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name, receiveth me; and whosoever shall receive me, receiveth not me, but Him that sent me."

Whittier says. "From the Infinite Heart a sacred Presence has gone forth and filled the earth with the sweetness of immortal infancy. Not once in history alone, but every day and always, Christ sets the little child in the midst of us, as the truest reminder of Himself, teaching us the secret of happiness, and leading us into the kingdom by the way of humility and tenderness."

Children have a place in the beatific vision of the millennial Jerusalem. Zechariah tells us that its "streets shall be full of boys and girls, playing in the streets," as though no picture of prosperity and happiness was complete without their presence.

Among the promises of millennial blessedness in that

golden chapter, the fifty-fourth of Isaiah, is this: "I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones. And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children." There is no strength in the foundation stones, no beauty in the superstructure of a state or of a family, no assured peace within its borders, unless its children are taught of the Lord.

In that beautiful vision of the time when "they shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea, when the wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together," it is not the strong man, nor the mighty man, nor the fierce, who shall control this embodied strength and might and fierceness, nor even the heroic man who shall protect this embodied weakness and gentleness, but "*a little child* shall lead them." The weak forces set in motion and control the mightiest. When the rocks were hurled from Hellgate that the commerce of a world might have free passage, a baby Mary's hand touched the spring which fired the mighty charge.

God shows His care for children in His frequent announcement of Himself as a Father to the fatherless, and His promises to them of peculiar care. "A Father of the fatherless, and a judge of widows, is God in His holy habitation." None are threatened with severer punishment than those who afflict the widow and the fatherless. "Ye shall not afflict any widow, or fatherless child. If thou afflict them *in any wise*, and they cry *at all* unto me, I will surely hear their cry; and my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the



sword; and your wives shall be widows, and your children fatherless."

His care for children is also shown in the instincts He implants in dumb animals. A deaf and dumb father left his team standing in the road while he went to the well for a drink. Some distance in front of his horses his two little children were playing in the middle of the road. The horses became frightened and dashed forward directly toward the children. Their father standing with his back to the road saw nothing of the runaway, and being deaf, heard nothing of it, and hence was unconscious of his children's danger. Their uncle from his own door, too far away to reach them, witnessed it all, and stood spellbound with horror, expecting the next moment to see the little ones trampled to death by the frightened horses. But within a few feet of the unconscious children they stopped still; and the little ones were saved. "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father," says Christ of children. He sees when dangers threaten them, and sends their angels on swift pinions to deliver them. "From that hour," said the uncle in relating this incident to me, "I have never doubted God's care over little children."

The intelligent care and tenderness shown by animals for children, are illustrated by many well authenticated examples. Men call this mere instinct; to me it seems but another expression of our Father's loving care for these little ones who cannot yet care for themselves.

The Bible gives many specific instances of God's watchfulness over children. When the despairing Hagar laid Ishmael under a bush to die, and seated herself a great way off that she might not witness his death, God was nearer to him than his mother, for "He heard the voice of the lad"

and saved him. He heard the voice of Joseph in the pit and raised him from it, through bondage and imprisonment, to be next to the throne of Egypt.

God's interest in young life and appreciation of its promise of usefulness, are shown by the fact that whenever He raises the dead to life, it is usually a young person, often a child, on whom the miracle is performed. The widow's son of Zarephath, the son of the Shunammite woman, of the widow of Nain, the fair young daughter of Jarius, speak with eloquent lips, once hushed in death, now revived by almighty power, of His love for the young, His faith in the possibilities of their future.

The crowning proof of God's interest in childhood is given by His sending His Son into the world as a new-born babe. Human wisdom would have said, "He must come in the strength of manhood, ready, at once, to enter upon His great mission; thirty-three years is all too short a time for working out the world's redemption to waste any portion of it in puling infancy and frolicking childhood." Not so thought God. Human mythology made Minerva, its embodied wisdom, spring full grown and panoplied from the brain of Jupiter. When God sent His Word to be, not wisdom alone but salvation to a sinning world, He sent him as a child, thus sanctifying all parenthood and all childhood. As a child the Savior came, that He might know all the joys, the sorrows, the temptations that can ever come to any childish heart, and thus become the sympathizing Elder Brother to all children.

Through all the Christian centuries the hearts of children have recognized and rejoiced in this relationship. More readily than their elders they have responded to the Child Christ's call. Even when it was a mistaken one, as in the Children's Crusade, that most pathetic, most sad, and yet heroic page in the annals of childhood. Obedient to the call

to rescue Christ's sepulchre, an hundred thousand children, led by one of their own number, left home and friends and marched on through terrible privations to certain death. No other name but that of the Child Christ could have inspired such devotion in children's hearts. Jean Paul says: "I love God and little children. Ye stand nearest to Him, ye little ones. As the smallest planet is next the sun, so little children stand nearest to God." Certain it is that children often have a deep spiritual insight of which their elders know nothing. May it not be that this comes in fulfillment of the promise, "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord"? Does not John recognize this fact when he says, "I write unto you little children because ye have known the Father"?

Again, Christ's coming as a child blesses both parents and children, by presenting a perfect example. Christ's childhood pictures God's ideal of parental and filial relationships. The glimpses into this home life are too few to satisfy idle curiosity; they are sufficient to outline a picture of surpassing beauty.

In harmony with the divine law of heredity, Bible pictures of men's lives often begin before birth, the parents, especially the mothers, are made to stand out clear upon the canvas, which is soon to become the illuminated texts of their children's lives. In Christ's life the first scene is that one on which painters have exhausted their skill—the Annunciation. The angel Gabriel, leader of the heavenly hosts, enters the humble Galilean home, and announces to the Virgin Mary that she is chosen to be the mother of the longed-for Messiah. She, kneeling with rapt face turned heavenward, answers: "Behold the handmaiden of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word." Between this scene and the manger in Bethlehem, sound the sweet strains of the Magnificat:

"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior.

For He hath looked upon the low estate of his handmaiden:  
For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath done to me great things;  
And holy is His name.

And His mercy is unto generations and generations  
On them that fear Him.

He hath shewed strength with His arm;  
He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their heart.

He hath put down princes from their thrones,  
And hath exalted them of low degree.

The hungry He hath filled with good things;  
And the rich He hath sent empty away.

He hath holpen Israel His servant,  
In remembrance of His mercy,

(As He spake unto our fathers )  
Toward Abraham and his seed forever."

This song, first sung by the Judean maiden, has echoed through the vaulted arches of all Christendom, testifying everywhere to the sacredness of motherhood, the blessedness of childhood, because Christ was once a child in a human mother's arms.

Next we see the manger in Bethlehem, the fair young mother clasping her baby to her bosom, with the loving welcome every newborn babe should receive, the grave, protecting father standing near; the meek-eyed ox and the patient ass, warming mother and child with their breath. Soon appear the shepherds, bringing the echo to the angels' song,

Glory to God in the highest!

On Earth, peace, good will toward men!

All wondered at the things told by the shepherds, "But Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart." O blessed type of womanhood! which should never fail to "ponder in her heart" the strange mystery by which an immortal soul is sent to dwell in mortal body, and thus begin a life which in weal or woe, shall be unending.

Later we see the three kings of the East kneeling by that manger cradle, with their three-fold gifts—gold, typify



ing that He is king; incense, that He is God; myrrh, that he is man, doomed to the bitterness of death. Around the birth of every infant, unseen angels hover, bringing rich gifts which typify the nobility, the sacredness, the bitterness of human life.

The gifts of the Magi proved to be God's way of providing for the expense of the flight into Egypt. Scarcely had the fragrance of the incense died on the air, when the bitterness of myrrh was manifest. Now began the "springing and germinant fulfillment" of that prophecy which had its culmination in Calvary: "The kings of the Earth stood up, and the rulers were gathered together, Herod and Pontius Pilate against the Holy Child, Jesus." "Herod sought the young child to destroy it;" the powers of evil, as well as the angels, watch around every little child to destroy it. "But it is not the will of your Father that one of these little ones should perish." The Child Christ was preserved by the divinely directed Joseph's fleeing with Him and his mother, into Egypt. Parental watchfulness and care have ever Divine guidance when they seek it for the salvation of children.

Before the flight into Egypt, the Divine Child is carried to the temple to fulfill the Mosaic law, and to receive through the lips of the priest, the name given Him before by the angel—"Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." The offering brought bespoke His parents' poverty, but never richer, happier hearts presented their gifts in that magnificent temple. Thus did they consecrate Him, who is Himself the Lord of life, to the service of God; thus did they for Him begin "to fulfill all righteousness," and set all parents the example of consecrating their children to God's service in infancy, and fulfilling the vows thus taken by bringing them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

We next see Him in that home in Nazareth where "the

child grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was with him." There seems to have been no mystery nor miracle about his boyhood; he was like other boys in all that is good and lovable. He grew, as any human child grows; to do this he doubtless romped and played as other children do, in accordance with God's plan for every young, growing creature. Only we know there was never any unkindness in His play, no forgetfulness of the rights and feelings of others, nothing not fully in accord with that perfect love which is the essence of his divine nature. He went to school, for every Jewish child must learn to read the Law and the Prophets. He helped about the daily tasks; doubtless He both worked and played in his father's workshop and his mother's kitchen; he was the light of that Galilean home as your boy is the light of yours. And while the body grew, the spirit also "waxed strong and the grace of God was on him;" differing *not in character*, if it did in degree, from the grace of God which may be the portion of every child taught from his earliest infancy that God is, indeed, his loving Father, ready to give him grace for grace, to help him in all that he does, to make rough places smooth for his tender feet and crooked paths straight. Words can not estimate the blessings of which we defraud our children by failing to make them acquainted, at the very beginning of their young lives, with God as a dear Father, loving them and interested in all they do. They stand very near Him now; it is their parents' fault if ever they wander far away from Him.

We know little of that home in Nazareth except that it was the home of a carpenter. Doubtless it was a humble home, like that of a peasant, with flooring of earth on which He slept. We know it was in a town of notoriously ill repute—"Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" and that it was an unbelieving town, for soon after He commenced his public ministry, it "cast Him out." I think He chose this lowly

home, amid wicked surroundings, to teach that there is no place so lowly or so wicked that in it we may not be about our Father's business; that He became a carpenter to teach the blessed lesson that all labor is honorable and may become holy, by being done in the spirit of Christ. And I think, too, He would encourage parents whom stern necessity compels to bring up their children amid unfavorable surroundings. The influences of a Christian home, the grace of God in the hearts of both parents and children, can keep children pure, even amid the moral malaria of a Nazareth.

This home was set amid beautiful natural surroundings. Nazareth nestles in a lovely valley encompassed with a circlet of hills; out of the side of one of these hills gushes a fountain from which the boy Jesus must often have drank. Its waters flow in a nourishing stream through olive orchards whose silvery foliage glistens like hoar frost in the sunlight; green wheat fields smile along its path in bright contrast with the gray rocks, and bare, brown earth which are seen wherever its enriching waters fail to flow. The little valley is shut in by white faced limestone cliffs. From the summit of one of these, which doubtless the Savior often climbed, off to the westward can be seen the blue waves of the Mediterranean. Away to the east towers Mount Tabor, which the sunrise crowns as with the glory of the Transfiguration; southward sweeps the long mountain ridge of Carmel, standing like a wall between sea-washed Sharon and inland Esdraelon, all rich in historic memories. Northward, long blue ranges of "undulating heights sweep in eddies of strangely twisted hills." On every side spring fresh flowers, attendant on the steps of Him who paints the lilies; bright birds rise and sing, and over all bends the clear blue of a Syrian sky.

God placed the childhood home of his Son in the God-made country, rather than in man-made city, where His childish eyes could ever feast on the beauties wrought by his

Father's hand. The strength of the hills entered into that young soul, while the peace of the olive-crowned vale made for itself sweet peace in His heart amid the noisy discords of sinful Nazareth.

Twelve years pass of which the sacred record gives no glimpse, and now the boy reaches the age when Jewish boys begin their annual pilgrimages to Jerusalem, and He goes up to His first Passover. The week's solemn festivities are ended and they start homeward. Jesus tarried in Jerusalem, with the children eager to learn, who daily sat at the feet of the learned men in the porch of the temple, but His parents knew not of it till they halted for the night. Then they sought Him, through all the caravan; impatiently, it may be, at first, then anxiously, then with agonizing fear, for they could not forget the murder of the babes in Bethlehem, and that the son of the cruel Herod now ruled. After three days they find Him in the porch of the temple, in the midst of the doctors, "both hearing them and asking them questions," attentive, respectful, yet astonishing all by His understanding and answers. The fearful strain of anxiety His mother's heart had suffered breaks into chiding: "Why hast thou dealt thus with us?" His answer gives the first glimpse of His dual nature—"Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business, in my Father's house?" But they understood not—they who alone knew who His Father was, and He, knowing that the time of His showing unto Israel had not yet come, said no more.

Thus from the sacred page stands out the picture of the Sacred Child, God's ideal of childhood. He was obedient—"subject unto them;" respectful; eager to learn, asking questions of those wise in the law; industrious, learning, as every Jewish boy did, the trade of His father; devout; loving nature, as the parables of His after life show; courageous, with the moral courage of the strong in spirit; wise, with the grace of

God upon Him and *in favor with God and man*. It stands, not as an unattainable model, but as an example of what every child can be. It is tinted with no miraculous coloring. Doubtless, in the life of the Perfect Child, as in the life of the Perfect Man, there were heights to which none other ever attained, but these are not shown in the picture given us by inspiration. We see in it only such a childhood as by the grace of God given to you and to them, your children can know.

The Bible is bright with pictures of the childhood of men subject to like passions as ourselves. Whenever God had especial work to do, He gave to those chosen to do it, especial training in childhood. Joseph, in whom was blended the sensitiveness of a devotional life with the robust virtues of the heroic age, was trained for his life work by a strange mingling of tender and bitter experiences.

Born in the old Mesopotamian home of his beautiful mother, who welcomed him with intense affection as the answer to years of agonized prayer, near the end of his father's twenty years' servitude to the exacting Laban, his first childish recollection was probably the hurried flight of the whole family with their flocks and herds, into Caanan. His boyhood was spent in the wheat fields of Shechem and the pastures of Hebron, where his grandfather Isaac still lived, and whose hand, doubtless, often rested in benediction upon his young head. Here came his first grief—the death of his mother. Tender memories of that mother, ever kept green in his heart by the devotion of his father who went down to his grave sorrowing for her, his loving care for his baby brother so soon left motherless, and the influence of His father whose growth in spirituality daily testified to the reality of the change wrought by the wrestling at the brook Jabbok, all united to give that tenderness which is as prominent as strength in his character.



The partiality of his father arouses jealousy of him among his brethren and he is sold into Egypt. Utterly severed from human love and sympathy, he is trained to rest absolutely on God, and thus is developed that faith in Him, that consciousness of His presence, which so distinguishes Joseph. When great temptation came, his instant thought and noble answer sprang from this consciousness, of God with him—"How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God!" Thus by joy and sorrow, by love-encircled childhood, and the sharp experiences of a boyhood in bondage, by prison depths and the temptations of Potiphar's household, by life in the corn-fields of Judea and in the palace of Pharaoh did God train Joseph to be the savior of his people, the first great prototype of Christ.

In the training of Moses we see the same careful mingling of joy and sorrow, of hardship and prosperity. To him was given the devoted love of pious parents, the care of a wise elder sister, the companionship of an elder brother; a model home life, though in the land of bondage. Exposed in infancy to the mercy of the Nile in the frail cradle boat framed by his mother whose prayers encircled him with a protecting halo while he lay among the rushes; given back to that mother through the wise watchfulness of that elder sister, when Pharaoh's daughter saw and had compassion on him, receiving through the first years of his life the teachings of his pious parents which fixed God's truth so firmly in his heart that thirty-three years in the palace of a heathen king could not efface it, these were successive classes in God's school. Through his adoption by the royal princess he was taught all the wisdom of the Egyptians, then the most learned nation on earth; rising by successive gradations to become the general of her armies, he became skilled in military tactics; thus was he fitted to become the leader of the exodus, the law-giver for all succeeding generations.

In Samuel's life we catch glimpses of almost an ideal childhood. A home of comfort and plenty, nestling amid the grand scenery of Mount Ephraim, a home marked by strong love between husband and wife, for in spite of his dual marriage the Bible presents few brighter pictures of a devoted husband than Elkanah. He sends Hannah a double portion of the sacrificial feast; he soothes and comforts her when her heart is utterly crushed, with the tender inquiry: "Am I not better to thee than ten sons?" and when, in fulfillment of her vow, she would send from them the child so dearly beloved, he says unto her: "Do what seemeth thee good, only the Lord establish His word," thus showing that he entered into and sympathized with her deep spiritual experiences. Samuel was received as one asked of God, and dedicated to Him by the vows of a Nazarite all the days of his life. This saved him from strong drink, the temptation which was to assail him when his temple life brought him in contact with the debauched sons of Eli. In such an atmosphere of strength and sweetness Samuel lived till seven years old. Then, in fulfillment of her vow, his mother takes him to the temple and leaves him there; she lent him to the Lord as long as he lived.

Instead of the sobs which would have been wrung from weaker hearts by this separation from her darling, so hardly won, we hear from Hannah's lips a triumphant burst of song, expressing not only her own joy and thanksgiving at having anything so precious to give to the Lord, but swelling unconsciously into prophetic strains applicable only to the Lord's Anointed.

Thus Hannah's song of rejoicing becomes the prototype of Mary's Magnificat.

The strength, the devotion, the poetic fervor of his mother unite with the calm, devout earnestness of his father to form in Samuel one of the grandest characters in history, worthy

to stand, as he did, at the pivotal point in Israel's history—the last of the judges, the first of the prophets.

“And the child did minister unto the Lord before Eli the priest.” There is no more beautiful picture than that of the innocent child, intent on his ministries in the tabernacle. He was eyes to Eli whose sight waxed dim, and his nimble feet ran joyfully on errands for his master. His hand lighted the lamps before the altar and drew aside the sacred curtains. We are told “he ministered before the Lord, being a child girded with a linen ephod”—the ordinary dress of the priest. The “little coat” his mother brought him year by year, was a miniature of the high priest's robe. Thus from his very infancy he was set apart in the sight of all Israel, as the minister of God. Amid the pollution wrought by the vile sons of Eli he walked untainted, his soul as free from spot as was the white linen of his ephod.

Now the call comes, in the stillness of the night, breaking the deep, sweet sleep of childhood:—“Samuel!” Accustomed as he was to being called to attend to the wants of blind, feeble Eli, Samuel springs up and runs to him with an obedience so perfect that it controlled even his half-awakened senses, saying: “Here am I.” The kind old man, thinking it only a dreaming fancy, sends him back to sleep; but again and again repeated, he recognizes in the call the voice of God, and bids the child answer, “Speak, Jehovah, for thy servant heareth.” He did thus answer, little dreaming, either of them, the fearful import of the words Jehovah was to speak. That God intrusted such a message to a child proves that His training had developed in Samuel a character of wonderful strength. This scene closes our view of Samuel as a child; when next the curtain rises, twenty years later, he is the acknowledged head of the nation.

David loves to claim God as his teacher, “O God, thou hast taught me from my youth up,” and his history is full

of God's lessons. In the sheep cotes of Bethlehem he learned to sing "The Lord is my shepherd;" as he slew the lion and the bear which attacked his father's sheep, he was in training for the slaying of Goliath when he defied the armies of the living God. All the bitter, the ecstatic, even the sinful experiences of his life—a life more intensely human in its joys, its sorrows, and its sins than any other pictured in the Bible—were only God's way of training David to write those Psalms, which through all succeeding centuries have comforted and uplifted the sorrowing, sinning, struggling heart of humanity, and furnished fitting expression to its deepest devotion, its highest ecstasy.

Esther, the "beautiful" maiden, was orphaned in childhood, and a captive in the realm of the vainglorious, despotic Ahasuerus. She was environed by all the dangers which beset captive youth and beauty, but God meant through her to work out the redemption of his people, now sufficiently punished for their sins. So for her he prepared a safe refuge in the home of her cousin Mordecai, to whom she became as a daughter, and who taught her that obedience to himself and to God which was to prove the salvation of her people. By strange vicissitudes the captive maiden becomes queen in place of the beautiful, pure minded, wronged Vashti. Into the royal palace the care of Mordecai followed Esther, whose young soul he infused with his own heroic courage. When the decisive moment came, his were no soft, sweet words of entreaty, but the stern setting forth of duty: "Think not with thyself that thou shalt escape in the king's house, more than all the Jews. For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place, but thou and thy Father's house shalt be destroyed: and who knoweth but thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" A teacher less strong or less loving would have failed in developing the

strength and beauty of Esther's character, as shown in her answer: "I will go in unto the king, which is not according to the law: and if I perish, I perish."

In the first Band of Hope, made up of the four captive Hebrew children whose power of self restraint was greater than all the attractions of the king's table, God trained Daniel for the lion's den, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego for the fiery furnace, and all to become rulers of men, by teaching them first to rule their own spirits.

The boy Saul at the feet of Gamaliel was trained in that knowledge of the law and that clear-cut logic which made the eloquence of the man Paul so convincing to both Jews and Gentiles.

Studying carefully these and other instances of God's special training of children designed for special service in after life, we find some characteristic points, suggestive to parents.

His own Son and most of the other children mentioned, passed their childhood in the country, near to nature's heart, looking through nature up to nature's God. The few exceptions seem recorded for the encouragement of those who must bring up children with the less favorable surroundings of city life. All have pious parents who consecrate them to God and teach them His word; each seems ever conscious of the personal presence of God, caring for, and loving Him: all are trained to habits of industry, obedience and reverence; all experience great vicissitudes, and each learns to bear the yoke in his youth.

God always recognizes and exalts the family relation. All his covenants with the patriarch are "to thee and thy seed after thee." In Christ, not only are all the nations, but all of the families of the earth to be blessed. "I will be a God to all the *families* of Israel" has a closer and dearer significance to the heart of every pious parent than is appre-



ciated by those commentators who make "families" synonymous with "tribes." Were there any doubt concerning this class of references, there can be none concerning the "ye and your households" recurring again and again and again throughout the law and the prophets, so frequently as to suggest the thought that in the sight of God, the family, rather than the individual is the unit.

The New Testament teaches the same truth; Christ sanctifies and exalts all home life, by His frequent visits to the home of Lazarus and Martha and their sister Mary. Here He went for rest, when worn and weary with the weight of the world's wickedness and woe, and here He found it. Here He gave one of His most impressive lessons: here Mary testified her devotion by pouring upon His head the "very precious ointment" whose perfume still fills all Christendom, and here was wrought His last and grandest miracle.

When Paul heard the Macedonian cry and in response to it came over to Europe, his first preaching was to a mothers' prayer meeting on the banks of the river, and his first European converts, Lydia, the leader of that meeting, and her household. The jailer at Philippi came not into the kingdom alone, though he entered so hurriedly, in the dead of night, but "he and all his" entered together.

John, the well beloved, writes the gem of his epistles to the "elect lady" with her children whom he loved in the truth, and "rejoiced that he found them walking in the truth which their mother had taught them."

Timothy's "unfeigned faith" which enabled him to so nobly "fight the good fight of faith," dwelt first in his grandmother Lois and then in his mother Eunice, and was his spiritual meat and drink from infancy.

And in the New Jerusalem with its foundations of precious stones, its gates, each one great pearl, and its streets of shining gold, the Lord Jesus himself tells us there are "many

mansions"—suggestive of family life—prepared by His own hand for those that love Him.

God trained not only children, but nations, and His example here is suggestive. He loves to present Himself to the world as a father. His favorite appellation for His people is "my children," and many of the illustrations by which He would make Himself known to men are chosen from family relationships. He rejoiceth over them as a bridegroom rejoiceth over his bride; He "carries them all the day long," as the mother does her ailing, fretful baby; like as a father pitieth his children, so doth the Lord pity us. "As one whom His mother comforteth" doth He comfort His sorrowing people.

And when His son came to earth He came as our elder brother, and taught us to say "Our Father which art in heaven." For fifteen centuries the children of Israel were in the training school of God. The Bible records many of His lessons, as models for human parents to follow in their training. "When Israel was a child then I loved him;" love is the vital qualification for all training. From loving springs courage, strength, peace; we have this from the lips of the angel Michael, when he was made to fly swiftly to Daniel and say to him, "O man greatly beloved, fear not: peace be unto thee; yea, be strong." "And when he had spoken unto me, I was strengthened," says Daniel, by the consciousness that he was beloved.

No training a parent can give a child will amount to much unless the child feels sure that the parent loves him.

God leaves his children in no doubt upon this point: He is never chary of telling them of His love, as some earthly parents are. "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee." This everlasting love fails not, even when His children wander away or rebel against him. "I taught Ephraim also to go,

taking them in my arms, I drew them with bands of love:" Through all this eleventh chapter of Hosea shine God's love and tenderness, even when "my people are bent to backsliding from me." Again, "Is Ephraim my dear son? is he a pleasant child?"—this rebellious nation joined to his idols—"I do earnestly remember him still, I will surely have mercy upon him still." The heavenly Father's pathetic cry, "How can I give thee up!" echoes the heart cry of many a human parent over a wayward child. So, too, does His appeal, "O Israel return unto the Lord thy God! thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thine help. I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely." Not alone for Israel were these words recorded, but that every parent's heart, too burdened with grief for an erring child to find words to express its grief, might in these words of God, find expression, as well as solace in the thought that the great Father has passed through His own experience and can thus sympathize with and help him.

God taught His people lovingly, patiently: "Out of heaven He made thee to hear His voice that He might instruct thee." "I have taught thee in the way of wisdom, I have led thee by right paths." Many shipwrecked lives are traceable to parental neglect to follow God's example in this direction. Absorbed in other cares, parents neglect to teach their children in the way of wisdom, to lead them by right paths, but leave the formation of their characters to chance. Not so our heavenly Father; He never wearies of the most careful teaching of his children: "Thus saith the Lord, thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel; I am the Lord thy God which teacheth thee to profit, which leadeth thee by the way thou shouldst go. O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea."

He corrects them when they sin. Their whole history is full of instances of this. The very greatness of His love for

them made it impossible for Him to allow them to go on in sin unpunished.

He forgave them freely when they repented, man's forgiveness is often grudgingly given: God is ever waiting to be gracious: rejoicing whenever His people make it possible for Him to forgive them. "He, being full of compassion, forgave their iniquity: yea, many a time turned He His anger away." "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions and will *not remember thy sins.*" He casts them all behind His back, so that never again can they come between Him and His children.

"Thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive, and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee: thou art full of compassion and gracious long-suffering." Perhaps in nothing does the heavenly Father teach a sweeter, more needed lesson to the earthly, than this of compassion for His children, sympathy with them in all their joys and sorrows. No child of God ever lacks appreciation from Him, but many a child goes through life sadly orphaned, even while His parents live, because they never give him the appreciative sympathy which God never withholds. "Since thou wast precious in mine eyes, thou hast been honorable." "The Lord delighteth in thee." "Whoso toucheth thee toucheth the apple of mine eye." "In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the Angel of His presence saved them: in His love and in His pity He redeemed them; and He bare them, and carried them all the days of old." His sympathy with them is so quick that He says, "Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." His ear is ever attentive to their cry, His hand wipes away all tears from their eyes.

He gives to each of His children a white stone in which is written a new name, "which no man knoweth save he that receiveth it," thus establishing between each child and himself the closest bond of personal intimacy.

Thus by loving them, teaching them, guiding them by His eye, punishing them when they sinned, forgiving them when they repented, and sympathizing with them always, God trained his children and taught us the necessity and the methods of training ours. Note the fact that God was not content with simply *teaching* His children: He *trained* them. Teaching is an essential part of training, but it is only a part: into training enter all the forces which influence and shape character.

God inculcates the right training of children, not alone by His example, but by direct command. He takes especial pains that the children should be taught His law. When the great congregation gathered, as on many historic occasions, to hear the reading of the law, it was not alone the fathers who were convened by the command of God, "but your wives and your little ones" were also commanded to stand before God and hear His word. "Take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul diligently, lest thou forget the things which thine eyes have seen, and lest they depart from thy heart all the days of thy life: but teach them to thy sons, and thy sons' sons; Specially the day that thou stoodest before the Lord thy God in Horeb, when the Lord said unto me, Gather me the people together, and I will make them hear my words, that they may learn to fear me all the days that they shall live upon the earth, and that they may teach their children."

Among the final commands given through Moses we find this: "When all Israel is come to appear before the Lord thy God in the place which he shall choose, thou shalt read this law before all Israel in their hearing. Gather the people together, men, and women, and children, and thy stranger that is within thy gates, that they may hear, and that they may learn, and fear the Lord your God, and observe to do all the words of this law."

In instituting the Passover, careful provision was made



for teaching the children its origin and significance; indeed, the whole ceremonial law was one great object lesson by which the young, as well as the old, were taught. Nor did their teaching end here; Moses, in his final address in which he sums up the most important commands of God, three times reiterates, as if to emphasize its importance—the command to teach God's law to the children: "And thou shalt teach it diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of it when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." This is as explicitly a command of God and as authoritative as "thou shalt not kill," the Lord will not hold guiltless any parent who disobeys it, or tries to shirk the responsibility of its fulfillment by laying it upon a Sabbath school teacher.

Again, "Train up a child in the way he should go," and lest we should say these commands are in the Old Testament dispensation and are abrogated by the New, we have it repeated in Ephesians, "Bring up a child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." All through both Testaments is recognized the necessity of training children: teaching is necessary, training is indispensable. If you simply teach a child, he may forget: train him in right principles, fix them in his heart and conscience, not simply by his hearing them, but by his putting them in daily and hourly practice, and they will become so truly a part of the warp and woof of his being, that when he is old he *cannot* depart from them.

God's especial blessing rests on those who thus train their children. In the early dawn of history he called Abraham away from his heathen kindred, and made with him a covenant in which all the nations of the earth were to be blessed, and whose blessings we now enjoy. The great reason given for choosing him was: "For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment."

The obverse of this picture teaches the same truth by an example of warning. The bitterest punishment was meted out to Eli, godly old man that he was, and to all Israel because "his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not." Commands, restraints and corrections are just as prominent in God's family government as love: "Correct thy son and he shall give thee rest: yea, he shall give delight unto thy soul." "A son left to himself bringeth his mother to shame."

The duty of rightly training children is taught incidentally, but none the less forcibly, in the Bible, by the kind of children commended by God. Many of those already sketched are highly commended by Him.

Indeed the children of the Bible usually make sweet and pleasant pictures. They are children such as God brings into sweet and "very tender love" with all around.

The darkness of the shadow resting on those who mocked Elisha, and through him the prophet's God, serve but to bring out in bright relief the picture of Solomon, whom as a child, it is said God loved. When called to the throne and asked by God himself, "What shall I give thee?" he answered, "O Lord, thou hast made thy servant king instead of my father: and I am but a little child: I know not how to go in or come out,— give, therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad." It is recorded that the answer pleased the Lord: the character it displays adorned with humility, teachableness, and a wish to discern between good and bad, always pleases him.

The boy king Josiah is another pleasant picture in a royal frame. Coming to the throne when only eight years old, succeeding a notoriously wicked father and grandfather, he yet did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and was blessed accordingly.

The Proverbs of Solomon are full of aphorisms showing the kind of children approved of God: "Whoso loveth wisdom rejoiceth his father." "A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." "The father of the righteous shall greatly rejoice. "My son, be wise, and make my heart glad." "Cease, my son, to hear the instruction that causeth to err from the words of knowledge." This command enforces the duty of parents' looking carefully to the company their children keep, the books and papers they read, lest through these avenues they be made to hear words that cause to err from knowledge.

"A wise son heareth his father's instructions." But how can he hear them except they be given? This and many similar commands, presuppose careful, thorough, conscientious instruction of children by their parents. Indeed, every precept of the Bible referring to the relation of parent and children, presupposes this. Every command to children has an understood correlative defining the corresponding duty of parents.

Often these correlatives are not only understood but are fully expressed. "Children, obey your parents, for this is right," has for its correlative, "And ye, fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." In Colossians we have a similar couplet: "Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well pleasing unto the Lord." And, "Fathers, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged." We are continually hearing the expression: "How provoking that child is!" God seems to think the danger lies on the other side; that fathers are more apt to be provoking than their children; we believe common experience proves that this is the case. It takes a great deal of grace to exercise the absolute authority which parents have over children without being provoking. The consequences which flow from a parent's

provoking his child to anger are vastly more serious than those resulting from a child's provoking his parent. The commands to children are often quoted, those to parents not so frequently; probably because parents, rather than children, write the books and preach the sermons on family government.

But both are alike the word of God; the one no less binding than the other. If parents wish to secure hearty obedience from their children, they must practice the correlative virtues themselves: if they would rule others they must rule their own spirits.

“Honor thy father and thy mother.”

To receive honor one must merit it. That parent alone is worthy of the honor of his children who honorably fulfills the obligations which parenthood devolves upon him. These obligations include right training of the children whom they have called into existence. It is impossible for a child to really honor a parent who does not train him aright, and thus fit him to act well his part in life. Thus this first “command with promise” does not exhaust itself upon children, but contains an implied command to parents, and furnishes strong ground for claiming God's authority for the careful training of children. Many children do not honor their parents because their parents do not rightly control them. Unperverted human nature feels respect for rightly constituted authority, rightly enforced; children are intensely human: they honor those who thus rightly enforce authority, and have undisguised contempt for those who ought to control them but do not.

In the fourth and fifth chapters of Proverbs, Solomon presents sharply contrasting pictures of children who receive their parents' instructions and those who do not. On the one side we see those who listen to His call: “Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father: get wisdom, get understanding: forget it not, neither decline from the words of my mouth.

My son, attend to my words: let them not depart from thine eyes; keep them in *the midst of thine heart*. For they are life unto those that find them, and health to all their flesh."

On the other side is the picture of one who hated instruction and whose heart despised reproof: who was "Almost in all evil in the midst of the congregation," and who would not obey the voice of his teachers, nor incline his ear to those that instructed him, "He shall die without instruction."

This has been called the children's century; certain it is that in no previous century did children receive so much attention. Never before were so many hands busy in ministering to them, in the manufacture of toys, of books, of clothing; never had they so large a place in literature; never did their education, both secular and religious, command so much attention. We are obliged to confess that some evil results from this prominence given to childhood, but it is greatly overbalanced by good.

It demonstrates the fact that the hearts of the parents are being turned to the children, and now as in the days foretold by Malachi, this is an omen of good. The prophecy is: "Behold I send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me: and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the angel of the covenant whom ye delight in. Behold I will send you Elijah the prophet, and he shall turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the hearts of the children to their fathers." The angel who announced to Zachariah the birth of John the Baptist, told him this prophecy was to be fulfilled in his son, and adds that the object of this turning the hearts of the fathers to the children and of the children to their fathers was "to make ready a people prepared for the Lord." No people, no family is ready for the coming of the Lord until the hearts of the fathers *are* turned to their children, turned to them in loving care and culture: and the hearts of the children



are turned to their parents in filial love and obedience.

God has made home life the type of his spiritual kingdom, by teaching us to pray "Our Father which art in heaven." It is only when home life becomes purified and elevated by interpenetrating it with God's ideal of parental and filial duty, each correlating the other and both transfigured in the light of God's love, that the thing typified can be discerned through the type, or the type becomes worthy to typify it. Into an unruly household in which the hearts of parents and children are not turned to each other, it is very hard for even the Sun of Righteousness to shine when he arises with "healing in his beams."



## The Child's Prayer.



**I** NTO her chamber went  
 A little girl one day,  
 And by a chair she knelt,  
 And thus began to pray:  
 "Jesus, my eyes I close;  
 Thy form I can not see.  
 If Thou art near me, Lord,  
 I pray Thee, speak to me."  
 A still small voice she heard within her soul—  
 "What is it, child? I hear thee; tell the whole."

"I pray Thee, Lord," she said,  
 "That Thou wilt condescend  
 To tarry in my heart,  
 And ever be my friend.  
 The path of life is dark,

I would not go astray;  
Oh, let me have Thy hand  
To lead me in the way."  
"Fear not; I will not leave thee, child, alone."  
She thought she felt a soft hand press her own.

"They tell me, Lord, that all  
The living pass away;  
The aged soon must die,  
And even children may.  
Oh, let my parents live  
Till I a woman grow;  
For if they die, what can  
A little orphan do?"  
"Fear not, my child; whatever ill may come,  
I'll not forsake thee till I bring thee home."

Her prayer was said,  
And from her chamber now  
She passed forth, with the light  
Of heaven upon her brow.  
"Mother, I've seen the Lord,  
His hand in mine I felt;  
And Oh, I heard Him say,  
As by my chair I knelt,  
'Fear not, my child, whatever ill may come,  
I'll not forsake thee till I bring thee home.'"



## CHAPTER II.

## The Child's Body.



CHILDREN are young animals." I well remember my indignation, when a child, at hearing this statement from my elder brother: many parents, especially fond mammas of first babies, share my indignation at this homely truth. Their darlings are "all heart," "all soul," are "so precocious," "so spirituelle"—it is a desecration to think of animal life in connection with them. Yet because these doting mammas fail to recognize the fact that their babies have a physical as well as a spiritual existence, that they are, in short, little animals, is due, in large measure, that other fact so terrible to contemplate in some of its aspects, the fact that one-half the children born, die before they are ten years old.

What we need is greater reverence for the body, that body so fearfully and wonderfully made, given by God to the soul, as its only means of communication and expression. No human mechanism was ever half so wondrous and beautiful, and in it are prefigured man's boasted inventions. The principle of the telescope and the microscope sparkled for ages in the human eye, and the wisest of earth's sages perceived it not till a little child led them to its discovery by calling her father's attention to the magnifying power of a drop of water held in a crevice of her plaything. The canals which made Egypt and Babylon famous, had their prototypes, from the

very creation, in human veins and arteries, through which course, more swiftly than do the steamers through Suez, iron-clad life-boats, literally life-laden, for if they stop, we die. No ingenious mechanical contrivance can rival the wondrous mechanism of the muscles; no pneumatic engine compare for a moment, with the lungs; no patent digester, with the stomach. The highest achievements of telegraphy are put to shame by the nervous system, in whose centre, the brain, resides a power undreamed of by human electricians. And who has solved this problem of the mysterious connection of mind with matter? Who can tell how *willing* causes the hand to strike, or sorrow brings tears to the eyes, or modesty mantles the cheek with a blush? Men talk learnedly of the "contractility of muscular fibre when acted upon by a nervous excitant," but what *is* this nervous excitant, and what sends it tingling along the white threaded nerves at behest of human will or emotion?

For centuries science has studied the human body and has learned many things about it, enough to demonstrate the truth of the Psalmist's words, "We are fearfully and wonderfully made": by means of delicate instruments, themselves the wonder of the age, she has discovered truths concerning it, undreamed of by our grandparents; still vast fields remain unexplored, many doors she can not open, many bounds on which is inscribed "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." This body, with a mechanism as complicated and far more delicate than that shown in "Celestia Mechanique," is God's first, best gift to the infant soul; this body, with all its plastic possibilities, is entrusted to the care of father and mother. Woe betide them and the child, if they undervalue this trust. "I knew that through ignorance ye did it" will *not* be received as a sufficient excuse for breaking nature's laws; those laws, once broken exact their dire penalty as ruthlessly as Shylock demanded his pound of flesh. To this truth thousands of

cramped, maimed, distorted bodies testify. In this age of free schools, free libraries and popular discussion of the laws of life, there is no excuse for ignorance. Those who dare take upon themselves the sacred office of parenthood without studying carefully the laws which govern the development of the little body they are calling into existence, exemplify the fact that "fools still rush in where angels fear to tread." We doubt if the highest archangel, knowing as he does, all the possibilities for good or evil wrapped up in the infant life, would dare evoke that life and take upon himself the responsibility of its training.

Baby enters the world with a scream. Why? It is the cry of its first awakened sense—that of touch. Thrust out from the warm shelter which has been its home, the contact of the outer air with its sensitive skin, sends a thrill along each tingling nerve to the tiny brain, in whose deepest recesses, by a process no alchemy has ever discovered, this tingling is transmuted into a sensation of pain; by an equally subtle alchemy, this sensation of pain is redistributed, as electricians say, and sent along other tingling nerves to baby's throat and bids its vocal organs give expression to the pain. Here is an epitome of that unsolved problem of the ages, how the outer world affects the soul within; no microscope has ever been able to discover the bridge which connects matter with mind; yet here, in its first unconscious cry, baby has demonstrated the fact of its existence.

The door by which its first sensation entered the baby soul is the skin; let us study its mechanism. It envelops the body in every part, and thus shows one of its three offices, that of protection: another is the office it fulfills in causing baby's first cry, that of sensation. It is composed of two coats, and a gossamer vest which gives the varying color to the body. The overcoat, the cuticle, firm and insensible, is for protection, and where protection is most needed, as on the soles of



the feet and the inside of the hand, it is increased in thickness. Children delight in "running a pin through their hand," as they say, running it, often its whole length, along the thickened cuticle at the base of the fingers. It draws no blood and creates no pain, because it reaches no veins or arteries to bleed, no nerves to feel. Let it penetrate but a thousandth part of an inch below, and blood starts and pain is felt, because it has reached the true skin, with the interlaced network of blood vessels and nerves so fine that you can not pierce it with the point of the finest cambric needle without breaking its meshes and thereby causing blood to flow and pain to be felt. This tissue is at once the faithful watchdog to guard the body and the swift messenger to convey to the soul news of the outer world—the Sirius and the Mercury of the human system.

No other membrane, except the conjunctiva enveloping the eyeball, which, indeed, is but an etherealized cutis vera, is so sensitive as this true skin. "O dear! I wish it wasn't!" exclaims little Miss Muffitt, as she tumbles off her buffet and cries with the pain of a bumped nose. "I wish I couldn't feel, then I should not get hurt." Softly, little maiden! If you could not feel you might smash your nose all to pieces and never feel it; then, what a looking object you would be! Or you might unwittingly hold your hand on the stove till it burnt to a crisp, and be forced to go through life wanting it, if this faithful watchdog, the skin, did not bark out, "It hurts," and the watchful sentinel up at the top, hearing the warning, telegraph to the obedient muscles, "Take it off."

It is well that over these sensitive nerve terminations is spread the protecting cuticle, otherwise every sensation would be one of pain. A blister is only the true skin laid bare by the removal of the cuticle. Every contact with its exposed nerves gives pain, hot iron or bit of ice alike; the intervening cuticle transmutes these sensations into those of heat or cold,

and of pain or pleasure, as they do, or do not, exceed a certain limit. Thus the cuticle is a transmuter and interpreter of sensations, as well as a protector.

The third office of the skin is excretion, throwing off waste particles from the body, and this function is so important that if it be stopped, as by coating the body with varnish, death follows; if it be obstructed, disease is engendered in proportion to the obstruction. On every square inch of the skin are thousands of little mouths, the termination of as many winding canals, which traverse the tissues and drain off such impurities as their little mouths can throw out. It is one of the beneficent provisions of nature that the impurities of the body are, by chemical changes constantly taking place in the human laboratory, changed from solid to gaseous or liquid form, which can easily be expelled. For example, one of these impurities is carbon, the black solid we know in charcoal. As a solid, no matter how finely powdered, the skin and lungs could not throw it off without inflicting injury and pain upon their delicate tissues. But by union with oxygen, it becomes a gas which floats harmlessly through those tissues. And this union of carbon with oxygen, in our bodies as in our stoves, produces heat, and thus vital warmth is secured to the body by the process which rids it of impurities. It is an engine keeping up its fires by consuming its own smoke. Nor does the beneficent action stop here. The carbonic acid breathed out from our lungs acts as deadly poison if breathed in again; but it is the food eagerly sought by the vegetable world. It is taken up by the leaves of growing plants, decomposed, the oxygen, which is the life of animals, set free to be used by them again, and the carbon wrought into the structure of the living wood. Thus the animal and the vegetable world supplement one another, each taking up and utilizing what the other rejects.

Even within the body, carbonic acid, deadly as it is to

become after it has once been breathed out, performs beneficent service by acting as a stimulus to cause the delicate lining membrane of the lungs to contract and expel the vitiated air. To this action is due most of our quiet, unconscious breathing where there is little motion of ribs or diaphragm.

Again, great quantities of water are necessary to keep the life currents of the body flowing, and this water must be constantly passing off, or the stream stagnates. The lungs and the skin, with the aid of the kidneys, divide between them the work of expelling this waste water, the skin doing the greater share of this work, as the lungs do that of expelling carbonic acid gas. Were this water to pass off as a liquid, our clothing would be continually drenched, as it sometimes is by excessive perspiration in summer. But the heat of the blood current transforms this water into vapor so attenuated that we can neither see nor feel it; in this form it passes through the pores of the skin and through our clothing, if it be of the right texture, imperceptibly. And this passing off of vapor, imperceptible as it usually is, performs an important office in the bodily economy. It is one of nature's laws that when liquids pass into vapor they take up heat: when the water in our bodies passes off in perspiration, whether sensible or insensible, it takes away heat in varying degrees according to the rapidity of the process. If by rapid exercise we raise the temperature, perspiration passes off more rapidly and carries off greater quantities of heat. Thus the temperature of the body is kept equible by the varying amount of watery vapor thrown out through the pores of the skin. This process of cooling, old as the creation of Adam, embodies the same principle and prefigures the modern process of making artificial ice.

But the water escaping through the pores, does more than carry itself away; it carries with it many impurities which, if retained in the body, would produce disease and death.

Water approaches nearer than any other fluid to being a universal solvent. Many impurities of the system are dissolved in it, and borne on its invisible wings out through the lungs and the pores of the skin. The number of these pores vary in different parts of the body, from twenty-five hundred to the square inch in the palm of the hand where they are most numerous, to only six hundred to the inch on the back and the lower limbs. If these pores are stopped up in any way, whether by lack of proper washing of the skin to remove the impurities constantly deposited at their mouths by the escaping perspiration, or by the use of pomatums, cosmetics or powders, these impurities are retained in the system, producing disease and sometimes death.

Hence the necessity of frequent bathing and rubbing "to keep the pores open," and sufficient common sense and knowledge of chemistry to prevent smearing the body or any part of it, with grease like an Esquimaux's, or daubing it with paint like an Indian's. An excellent physician once told me that many eruptions from which children suffer are caused, or aggravated, by the indiscriminate application of lard, so common with ignorant mothers.

Pomatums and cosmetics not only injure by stopping up the pores, but they often contain poisonous ingredients which, absorbed by the skin, produce disease and death. Not many years ago one of the royal heads of Europe was laid in the dust, through poison imbibed by the scalp from hair dye; hundreds of similar instances have been recorded where the victims were not of royal birth. Disastrous results often follow the use of cosmetics which have arsenic or other poisons in their composition.

The mechanism of the skin is so delicate that it feels the slightest change of temperature. The blood is the life of the body, and its flow to any organ is controlled by the delicate muscular coat of the arteries: warmth relaxes these muscles,

the arteries dilate and thus more blood flows through them; cold contracts them and less blood is allowed to pass. This fact, coupled with the close connection existing between the skin and the internal organs, especially the lungs, its co-laborers as we have seen, in throwing off the waste of the system, explains the phenomenon of taking cold. A sudden draft chills the surface of the body, or any portion of it, the arteries of the skin contract, forbidding the blood to enter; the skin becomes pallid and numb for lack of blood, while the internal organs are congested by having too much. There is just so much blood in the system; if the skin refuses its share, the internal organs must take more. If this chilling of the skin be long continued, this congestion of blood in the internal organs results in inflammation.

Again, the pores of the skin, as well as its arteries, feel the contracting power of cold, and do not allow impurities to pass off as they should; these are retained in the circulation to poison the whole body, while the other excretory organs, the lungs and the kidneys, are forced to do double duty, against which they often rebel. When one member suffers, all the members suffer with it. This truth, enunciated eighteen centuries ago, is still so poorly understood that parents by the thousand, subject their bodies or those of their children, to extremes of heat and cold, or leave them unwashed for weeks, and when disease and death naturally follow, account it a mysterious dispensation of Providence. Not less disastrous to the skin than sudden changes of temperature is variable temperature caused by over-dressing one part of the body and under-dressing another. Happily the day of short sleeved and low necked dresses for babies—and for grown folks too, except in ultra fashionable society—is passed, but there are other ways in which we violate the laws of equible temperature so essential to health. My heart has ached for the little boys and girls, seen by the hundreds



while visiting schools in the fall before mother thought it cold enough for flannels. There was plenty of clothing round the body, perhaps the murderous tippet coiled like a boa-constrictor around the neck, but the skirts, the panties and the drawers were so short, and the stockings so persistent in slipping down, that often the little blue knees stood out imploringly, as if begging to be taken in out of the cold. If you think this picture overdrawn, just notice the next hundred children you meet in October, especially if they belong to the so-called "better classes," and see if in at least fifty cases, the bare skin is not visible somewhere between the hip and the ankle. Then think what such exposure would do to you, old and tough as you may be, and at once start a society of one for the prevention of cruelty to children. We choose October for your experiment because the fall of the year, before winter clothing is put on or winter fires kindled, is the season when such exposure is most common and dangerous. It sows the seeds whose fruit is seen in much of the winter sickness among children.

This lack of clothing is not due to poverty; indeed it is most conspicuous in children who are considered finely dressed. This scant length of skirt is often accompanied by flounces and furbelows enough to stock the wardrobe of a Flora McFlimsey. It is evidence, not of lack of money in the father's purse, but lack of knowledge of the laws of life in the mother's head. Occasionally insufficient dress is chargeable to a mistaken notion that the child can be toughened by exposure, it more frequently comes from the mother's natural desire to have her children dressed prettily, joined with the mistaken idea that they must be dressed in the fashion, whether that fashion be sensible or nonsensical. This is inexcusable now, for there never was a time when so many sensible modes of dressing were in vogue as now. But the thoughtless or ignorant mother studies a fashion no

further than to see "the pretty of it," and if that suits her, adopts it without a thought concerning its effect upon health. She sacrifices her own health in the same thoughtless way. While the hips are loaded down with skirts, panniers and bustle, the feet are encased in silk stockings and kid slippers. These *do* set off a dainty foot exquisitely; but I never see them in winter time without thinking of a beautiful young bride by whose door I passed each morning, just in time to see the pretty picture of this daintily attired wife tripping to the gate with her husband as he started down town, and standing there to watch him till he reached his store, four blocks away. One morning's picture stands out with peculiar vividness. The night before there had been a two-inch fall of snow which now sparkled like jewels in the clear morning sun; yet its sheen was rivaled by the love light shining in that fair face. A pale blue morning dress set off her delicate beauty admirably, while beneath its folds, her dainty feet encased in rosebud embroidered silk stockings and French kid slippers, "like little mice peeped in and out," as she danced down to the gate. And there she stood as usual, stood in the snow. Before the year closed she was dead: "died of consumption" the doctors said. Died of kid slippers in the snow is the truer verdict.

"Keep the feet warm and the head cool" is an old maxim and a good one. Nor does it conflict with the equally good one, "Keep the temperature of the body even." Indeed, it is a corollary of that. For the head must be kept cool if we would preserve uniform temperature of the body. The brain, especially if it be an active one, uses such a large proportion of blood, that its great danger is of over-heating, in consequence of this rush of blood through it. There is as much danger of over-dressing the head as of under-dressing the feet. Witness the effect of air-tight head covering in the scores of bald headed men you see in every assembly. Women crimp

and frizzle their hair, twist it up into all sorts of fantastic shapes, to the amazement and often the ridicule of their brothers, but, it *stays on*; a bald headed woman is a rarity, but the glossy pates of her ridiculers testify to the direful effect of the stove-pipe hat. Still it holds sway over the wise heads that laugh to scorn the frivolities of women.

If any part of the body is heated more than the rest by over-dressing it, or from any other cause, an undue flow of blood sets in toward that part, often resulting in chronic inflammation. I once knew of a fatal case of kidney disease developed by working at a desk with the back near a heated stove. Similar effects are produced by having one part of the body more warmly clothed than the rest. Many a sore throat arises from the tippet worn by children, harm resulting both from over-heating the throat when on, and from the sudden cooling when it is taken off.

The true theory of healthy dress is to have it keep the temperature of the skin even all over the body. The best thing to secure this result is the combination suit, reaching from wrist to ankle, where it is met by a good, warm shoe. Over this put as many dainty, pretty things as you please, provided they be not heavy and are evenly distributed; but see to it first that the skin is well and evenly protected.

The baby's first cry started us in our study of the skin; anatomists would commence with the bones. But we cannot see the bones, especially in a little, roly poly baby; we *can* see the skin, with its delicate structure and its lovely seashell tints, and so, in accordance with a fundamental principle of good teaching, to proceed from the seen to the unseen, we have chosen to commence with it. We have only glanced at its manifold offices, its wondrous workings, but hope these glimpses will interest you sufficiently to awaken a desire to study into the subject farther.

Look at the baby's head, all the better if it has no hair on

it. Under the skin we see outlined the eight bones forming the incomparable arch which crowns the human body. In texture and form they are admirably adapted to protect the seat of life within. Each is a double plate of bone with padding between; their arched arrangement corresponds with that which mathematics has demonstrated as the strongest form and their sutures exhibit a nicety of workmanship no human joiner can equal. In the baby these sutures show plainly; the bones do not fit tightly together, but have room to grow to keep pace with the brain they encircle. Sometimes the opening at their intersections is large enough to show the brain within, pulsating through its encircling dura mater; when baby sleeps quietly the brain is still and pale, withdrawn within its case; if he wakens crying, it swells, grows pink and throbs from the blood's coursing through it.

The head is set upon the spinal column in a wonderfully ingenious way, securing at once stability and flexibility. The spinal column is a marvel of mechanical skill, flexible as a willow wand, yet in all the bendings, never once pressing on the vital cord within, which it guards as sacredly as the skull does the brain. From it go out twelve pairs of strong arms, the ribs, encircling in protecting embrace the heart, lungs and other vital organs, and clasping hands around the breast bone in front. The floating ribs, the lower of the twelve, are exceptions as they are fastened only to the back bone, trusting to the honor of humanity to allow them to retain their God assigned place; this trust is too often betrayed by tight swaddling bands, vests and corsets.

Below are the bones of the pelvis, the strong nether bulwark of the citadel of life. In these large bones are the deep sockets in which the thighs are set and held by a unique device in articulation, a ligature through the ball into the socket, thus helping to form the strongest joint in the body. Above, the shoulder blade and collar bone form the shallow

socket of the arm, a joint characterized by flexibility, as the thigh joint is by strength.

The single bone of each upper arm and upper leg gives strength, as the two bones of the lower arm and leg give ease and variety of movement. Elbow and knee joint are each characterized by peculiar mechanical appliances adapting each to the especial work it has to do.

The many jointed wrist and ankle, foot and finger, proclaim their builder an architect of greater than human skill. Were there no other proofs of the divinity of this Architect, the hand which distinguishes the human animal from the brute, would be sufficient to demonstrate it. The entire range of mechanics shows no other instrument so admirably adapted to such a great variety of uses. In the scant circuit of a closed hand is held the embryo of all the manufactories of the world, as the etymology of that word whose root is *manus*, a hand, indicates. This gives a hint concerning training the hand, which we shall follow out in a subsequent chapter.

The articulation of the bones is a beautiful thing. No bands of iron nor sinews of steel unite them, but living tendons bind them together, firm as hooks of steel, but yielding enough to permit free play in their movements. Over each end of articulating bones is spread an elastic cushion of cartilage which reduces friction and prevents jars. At every joint tiny sacks constantly pour out a lubricating fluid, thus making the human mechanism a self-oiling machine.

The very delicacy of this mechanism renders it susceptible to injury. For example: the tendons holding the arm in its socket are strong enough for all the motions an active child devises for itself, but are not strong enough to bear the weight of its body; this they were never designed to do, as this is the function of the deep socketed thigh joint. Hence when in playfulness we lift a child by its arms, or in fretful impatience jerk it by the arm, we risk doing it a serious injury.



No bad results may follow for months, perhaps years, but then may develop unexpectedly diseases of the joint for which the attending physician finds it hard to account.

The structure and mode of growth of bones give suggestions concerning their care. At first there is but the form, or matrix, in cartilage, an animal tissue often called gristle, very easily bent, but equally difficult to break. We can see this plainly in veal. Day by day, as the blood courses through this cartilage, it deposits therein little particles of earthy matter, mostly lime. Thus the bone, which in the child was nearly all animal matter, receives, each year, more earthy matter, grows harder and exchanges flexibility for strength. This goes on till maturity, when the proportion of animal and mineral matter, balance; and continues till old age, when the mineral matter predominates as the animal did in childhood. Hence the child's bones are flexible, those of his grandfather, brittle; the danger threatening bones in childhood is the danger of *bending*; while in old age the danger is of *breaking*. The mother, impatient to see it walking, encourages her little fat baby to bear its weight upon its feet too soon, and, in consequence, it grows to manhood bow-legged. Her vanity weights the little one down with long skirts, heavy with embroidery, and keeps them on after the child gains strength enough to kick, thus kicking—Nature's way of developing strength in the little limbs—is prevented and development is checked.

Nature provides for physical development by implanting the play spirit in all young creatures—that spirit which leads lambs to frisk and children to romp and shout. Left to herself she will develop the child symmetrically. But we often try to help her and the result is disfigurement. The Chinese mother thinks she knows the proper shape of a foot better than dame Nature does, and Christendom stands horrified at the torture inflicted by foot bandaging. The Christian

mother thinks she understands the proper shape of the waist better than does her Creator, and the consequent injury she inflicts is as much greater as heart and lungs are more vital organs than feet; while the guilt she incurs is as much blacker as the light against which she sins is brighter.

We have referred to the beautiful mechanism of the spinal column, its combined strength and flexibility. Its natural undulations are from front to back; viewed in profile these curves present the graceful line of beauty. Naturally it has no lateral curvatures; where these exist there is always danger. Yet girls are allowed, and required, to sit for hours on a piano stool, without any support for the back, till the worn-out muscles relax, the body droops to one side or the other, the droop at length becomes habitual, and lateral curvature of the spine follows. Thirty years ago stools without backs were common in school-rooms, and we are personally acquainted with several cases of spinal affection directly traceable to these instruments of torture, which are occasionally seen, even now.

Often children are allowed to lounge over table or desk, resting one elbow thereon, bringing one shoulder up, the other down, and this physical habit perpetuates itself in one-sidedness. Dressmakers and tailors tell us it is unusual to find a perfectly symmetrical figure, one in which the two shoulders exactly correspond, or the two hips are exactly true. Yet this is God's ideal of the human body, and any departure from it is proof of man's meddling with his plan. A scientific humorist represents doctors as laughing with glee at promise of fat fees, when they observe on one side of a lady's basque or a gentleman's dress coat, wrinkles which are not upon the other, for they know these indicate one-sidedness, which is apt to lead to spinal curvature and its attendant ills. Again, there is a symmetry of formation extending from the tip of the toe to the crown of the head, the arch of the instep

correlating the willowy suppleness of the spinal column. If anything interferes with the natural proportions and "spring" of this arch, like high-heeled shoes, the spine suffers. A successful specialist in spinal difficulties always examines first the *foot* of a patient coming to him for treatment. If he finds it encased in a narrow soled, high-heeled shoe, he prescribes a sensible shoe and sends the patient home to try the efficacy of this prescription for one month, before he pays any attention to the spine. At the end of a month many return cured by this simple treatment.

Another danger is that the bones may starve for lack of proper nourishment, even while the appetite is pampered with dainties. Remember, what they need are the carbonates and phosphates, and in proportion as these are deposited day by day, do the bones grow in symmetry and strength. These are not found in the "sugar and spice and everything nice" of which the traditional little girl believes she is made, but in the whole-wheat flour, the juicy beefsteak and the nutritious oatmeal. Give a child plenty of such plain, nutritious food, and his appetite is a safe guide regarding quantity. It is the pampered appetite which is not to be trusted. Give him or her plenty of romping in the open air, sensible clothing and comfortable, correct positions while at work or study, and Nature will insure him good bones.

As children roll and tumble, clamber and fall, it seems as though they would break their bones all to bits; and so they would were their bones as brittle as old people's are; but being mostly cartilage, they bend to the sudden pressure and spring back when it is removed. Even if the bone is broken, it is not a serious thing, for cartilage unites almost as readily as muscle and a child's broken bone knits almost as quickly as a cut finger heals. The danger to be guarded against is from long continued pressure on the plastic bone, which bends it

out of shape or place; like the tight swaddling bands of infancy or the tighter belts and corsets of maturity.

Over the bones, moving them whithersoever the will directs, are the muscles, each made up of innumerable fibres, every one encased in its own covering and all enveloped in a common sheath of contractile tissue. This tissue, extending out beyond each muscular fibre and uniting, forms the tendons which attach the muscles to the bone, and communicate their contractions to it. Each muscular fibre is a row of little cells endued with the property of contractility. Into each cell dips a nerve fibre, as the wire dips into the cup of an electric battery. Along this nerve fibre the brain sends the galvanic current which bids the muscle dilate or contract at command of the will, and thus the whole limb moves, obedient to the will.

There are other muscles upon whose regular action life depends, which are not entrusted to our control. The heart, that great pump through whose valves the life blood must flow unceasingly, or we die, is a four-chambered bundle of muscle, most richly supplied with nerves, over which the will has no control. So with the muscular coat of the stomach, the lungs, all the vital organs. Were we obliged to superintend their motions, we could think of nothing else, and with all our thinking, would often prove negligent where one moment's neglect entailed death. So our Father mercifully relieves us of this care and Himself is "the power behind the throne" keeping this complicated vital mechanism in harmonious action. There are many chambers in these houses we live in of which "He who made them keeps the master key."

We have now reared the outer walls of these dwellings of Man-soul, their bony frame work, surrounded by muscles packed in with fatty tissue to give plumpness and provide against want, and all enveloped by the skin. We have glanced at the heart centre and the brain centre; but who can penetrate into the arcana of life? We see the tiny babe grow

into the stalwart man; we know that this increased bulk comes from the air he breathes, the water he drinks and the food he eats; but how dead air, and water and food, are transmuted into blood and brain and brawn, we can not tell. We know that every movement of the active body, every thought which darts through the more active mind, destroys some life cells that must be renewed. How shall this constant waste be repaired? Building and repair are similar processes, depending on the same agencies, alike mysterious.

Chemistry leads us a little way into this labyrinth; let us take her hand and trust to her guidance.

We eat a piece of bread and butter; if the butter be butter, and not oleomargarine, and the bread be made from the whole wheat, with simply the irritating husk removed, and its rich phosphates preserved—our bread and butter contain more of the elements needed than we can find elsewhere, in the same compass. Here are the carbonates, and phosphates for bone, teeth and brain, gluten for muscle, starch to be converted into sugar.—“Why must it be converted into sugar?” inquisitive Kitty at my elbow asks. “Because starch will not dissolve in water unless it is boiling, so as to burst the cells of which it is made, and everything we eat must be dissolved before it can nourish the body. Digestion is changing solid food into liquid blood. Vegetables have much starch in them.” “Why couldn’t they have been made with sugar in them instead of starch, if it has to be made into sugar before it can do us any good?” persisted my little questioner. “Just imagine potatoes made of sugar instead of starch, Kitty, how much would be left of them after a good, soaking rain?” “Not much, I am afraid;” and Kitty concludes that Nature’s way is best, even if it does cause a little more chewing of our food.

Which brings us back to our mouthful of bread. If we have been chewing it all this time no harm is done, for chewing is the first part of digestion and as important as any



that follows. It exercises our teeth, which like all other organs can be kept healthy only by exercise, and do you notice that the bread which at first seemed tasteless, has grown sweet as we chew it? The reason is that the saliva which mixes with it as we chew, is turning the starch into sugar, hence the more thoroughly we chew it the sweeter it grows. This is Nature's reward to the mouth for doing its share of digestion faithfully. If half chewed food is bolted into the stomach, that much enduring organ has the work of the teeth to do as well as its own, while the intestinal juices must add to their work that which the saliva ought to have done.

But our mouthful of bread and butter was well chewed and receives a glad welcome in the stomach. It is patted and petted, carried round and round and bathed in gastric juice which acts upon its proteids as the saliva acted upon its starch, until the whole becomes a homogeneous mass. When the stomach has done all it can toward digesting the food, a faithful watchman at its lower extremity opens the pyloric gate and lets the chyme, as the mass is now called, out into the intestines—not all together, but little by little, as it is ready. This wary sentinel seems almost endowed with reason; if, with the bread and butter, we had swallowed a button which could not be digested, but would irritate the stomach, the pylorus would scan it closely, as it made a round or two, then open the gate and let it out where it could not do so much mischief. But the nutritious food is retained till the stomach can do no more toward digesting it. Then it passes into the intestines, the liver pours its bile, the pancreas and the intestinal glands their juices, and the work commenced in the mouth is completed, the insoluble food has become the soluble chyle, ready to nourish the body. All along the digestive canal, but especially in the intestines, are little mouths ready to suck up the pure nutriment as soon as it is ready to nourish the body, taking it up drop by drop,

and carrying it through their tiny throats to the thoracic duct, which takes it to the left subclavian vein, where it mingles with blood returning to the heart, and enters the right auricle of the heart with it. Where the milky chyle changes into red blood, we do not know. But sure we are that, mingled with the blood returning from its circuit charged with impurities gathered up in its course through the tissues, it pours into the heart and is sent thence to the lungs. Here it gives up much of its surplus water and carbon, and receives oxygen; it then returns to the left side of the heart, which forces it into the aorta, thence it flows through the arteries, continually dividing and subdividing, till they terminate in a delicate network of capillaries as we saw them in the skin. In each of these stand little workmen, ready to take from the life-giving flood just the particles necessary to build its portion up; the muscles, the bones, the nerves, the heart, the brain, the eye,—each set taking just what is needed to build up its own. If even one little worker should make a mistake, confusion would ensue; there might be a bit of bone built into a muscle, the white of the eye built into the clear cornea making white specks where should be the clearness of transparent glass; this sometimes occurs. When we come to study the effect of stimulants upon the body, we shall see how these little builders, stupefied by the alcohol with which the drunkard's blood is charged, forget their duty and deposit fatty, or waste matter in the muscles, thus decreasing their strength while increasing their bulk. But left to themselves, these careful builders never make mistakes; each does the work appointed it by God, and by the harmonious action of all is wrought out the perfect whole.

While fresh material for building up the tissues is being taken out of the blood, there is thrown back into it the refuse, worn-out cells which can no longer be used. Some of these are made over in the spleen and other glands, as the thrifty

mother makes over the outgrown clothes of the older children for the little ones ; but the dead cells must be thrown out of the system, or the whole body will die. The warm blood current sweeps through the blood-vessels of the skin, and the tiny drains with which we saw it permeated, carry off, by evaporation, great quantities of water in which various salts are dissolved ; it sweeps through the lungs and deadly carbonic acid—waste carbon united with oxygen—flies away ; the kidneys extract the still more deadly uric acid ; and thus the life-stream flows on, varying in composition every instant, yet always the life of every part.

This blood is the product of the air we breathe, the fluids we drink, the food we eat ; impure air makes impure blood, poisonous drinks or indigestible food poison the life-stream at its fountain. A healthy, vigorous body is impossible without pure air, proper food and drink.

All these vital processes go on automatically. In health, the mind takes no cognizance of them. It does not bother itself, nor should we bother it, thinking how the heart beats, the stomach digests or the lungs inhale. "Eat good food at proper intervals and forget you have a stomach," is good advice. But if Nature's processes are interfered with, dyspepsia and other ills forbid us to forget. If we eat improper food or breathe impure air, Nature warns us by the pain she sends, which makes it impossible to forget these organs. There seems to be always open roads from the vital organs to the consciousness. And yet, not always ; we may close them up. Nature gives warning of the *first* infraction of her laws, as, for example, when tobacco is first used ; if the warning is not heeded, after a time she ceases to protest, and leaves the victim to suffer the consequences of his sin.

We found the skin exceedingly sensitive to outward impressions. It needs to be so, since its function is to protect the vital organs ; but these organs are not as sensitive ; deadly

injury may be inflicted on them and they give no warning by pain. Instantaneous, painless death from heart disease, where disintegration of its substance must have been going on for months or years unnoticed, is not uncommon. Alexis St. Martin, whose stomach was laid open by a bursting shell in such a way that ever after its interior was exposed to view, felt no pain when its inner coating was a mass of ulcers resulting from drunken debauches. This is a merciful provision, as it relieves us from pain where pain would do no good; it is a wise provision, for it makes reason, not feeling, guide in caring for our bodies.

Thus far we have studied the body principally as a machine; wonderfully complicated and interesting, yet controlled by laws of which the soul within took little cognizance. Let us now consider it as that soul's minister, its exponent to the outer world and its means of communication with it. For *this* is the object of all the wondrous mechanism; for this it is, and was created. When the soul ceases to animate it, its delicate mechanism crumbles into dust; all its beauty and excellency perish. We mistake when we teach children that they have *souls*; rather we should teach them that the soul is *their very self*, and that they—the souls—have bodies.

Over all the body, beautiful as we have seen its organs to be in perfection of adaptation to the work each is designed to do, the brain, as the organ of the mind, sits regnant. It crowns the human body in power as well as in position.

We have described its dome-like chamber; look within and you shall see nothing wonderful to the sight—a soft, quivering, grayish mass, brightening to rosy pink when thoughts flit fast; in two hemispheres of delicate convolutions, filling the upper and front part of the skull, we see the cerebrum. Separated from it by thick folds of the dura mater, which we found lining the skull, is the cerebellum, little brain, and in the same cavity the medulla oblongata, as physicians

term the part of the spinal cord within the skull. From this extends the spinal cord, filling the channel made for it in the spinal column, and sending out its nerves to every part of the body, thus keeping all in vital connection with the brain. From the brain itself go out the nerves of special sensation and those that give feeling and expression to the face.

We know, in general, that the cerebral hemispheres are the organ of will and intellect; that the sensibilities and passions manifest themselves through the cerebellum, while to the medulla is delegated the co-ordination of muscular action, that supervision which secures harmonious movement among the numerous sets of muscles engaged in one operation or at one time. For example: simply standing erect requires the united action of many muscles; walking multiplies the number engaged; and if we talk as we walk, the number is still further increased. If one muscle fails to act in harmony with every other one, confusion ensues; the medulla presides over these actions and so co-ordinates them that perfect harmony prevails. It also sends nerves to the heart, lungs and other vital organs. Thus the medulla becomes the centre of organic life; this explains why a blow at the base of the skull where it is situated, is so dangerous.

Examined closely, the structure of the brain is found to be much more complicated than we have described it. It has many chambers we have not time to explore; there are, however, two sets of peculiar bodies which we must notice. Let us go back to the simple phenomenon which started us on this study—the contact of air with the new-born baby's sensitive skin. Were our vision keen enough to follow the thread-like nerves along which tingled that first impression, we should see them converging from all parts of the body till they meet at the base of the brain. Penetrating its substance and crossing from one side to the other without losing their identity, we find these nerves centering in one set of those

"central brains," the optic thalami, situated one in each hemisphere. We can trace them no farther, but here, according to Luys, the French anatomist who has devoted a lifetime of study to the human brain, "these gathered sensations intellectualize themselves," that is, what till now was but the vibration of nerve fibre, here manifests itself to the intellect as pleasure or pain derived from some exterior body.

As soon as the sensation of pain thus penetrated the baby mind, it screamed, that is, commands went forth from its will to its vocal organs which set them in motion. These commands proceeded from the other set of little bodies, the corpora striata, in which willing materializes itself, as sensation intellectualizes itself in the optic thalami. From these bodies are sent out the electric charges which set in motion every voluntary muscle in the body ; and thus the circuit is complete.

A simple illustration will make this clear: we carelessly strike the tip of our finger upon a red hot stove—quick there flashes to the optic thalamus a tingling which it interprets, "It hurts." Quick as lightning its co-laborer, the corpus striatum, telegraphs to the muscles, "Contract." They obey and the hand is withdrawn from danger. The interval of time between contact with the hot iron and the resultant motion is inappreciable, yet what we have sketched has been the actual working of this marvelous telegraph system. Every cell of every voluntary muscular fibre is controlled by nerve power, centering in the brain.

By constant repetitions, actions become automatic ; they seem to do themselves, so far as any willing on our part is concerned. On this fact depends the formation of physical habits, or habits of the muscles, as Dr. Luys more accurately calls them. We walk, and talk and write with no thought of the muscles employed or the movements made, because we have formed these physical habits. It is no easy matter to



form them, as baby's lisping speech, the manifold bumps he gets while taking his first steps, and the tears that blot every child's first copy-book testify; but when once learned they are invaluable, as by removing the care of these actions from the cerebellum to the spinal cord they set free the thinking power to be employed in noble service.

It is important that children be trained to correct physical habits, to breathe aright, to sit, walk, talk aright, and to use dextrously the hand in its manifold ways of working. Besides their value in themselves considered, these habits have a value in developing the brain. We have seen how from every part of the body nerve fibres run, mingling with it and helping to make up its substance. As each limb or organ is used, there is increased development in a corresponding part of the brain. When a limb has been amputated in childhood there is found to exist in certain regions of the brain distinct local atrophy, a wasting away of its substance from disuse. Most people are right-handed and right-sided; the right hand is stronger and more dextrous than the left, and obeys the dictates of the will more readily. If danger threatens, the right arm is always the one thrown out for defense, hence if an arm is broken, ten to one it is a right arm. The right leg and foot are stronger; this probably explains the well known fact that when pedestrians are lost in the dark they usually travel in circles. The nerves controlling the limbs cross in the brain, so that the left side of the brain controls the right side of the body; in all right-handed people the left side of the brain is more fully developed than the right. Dr. Brown-Sequard proposed a systematic training of the left hand in children for the specific purpose of making the right side of the brain equal the left, as a means of increasing the intellectual power of the race. We prefer Nature's arrangement as it now is, believing that the quickness and certainty of action in sudden emergencies secured

by having one hand stronger and more dextrous than the other, are of greater value than the proposed increase of intellectual power would be. But the fact of the effect of physical training upon the development of the brain has an important bearing upon industrial education, of which we shall treat hereafter. It also demonstrates the oneness of our being and verifies Whittier's words:

"Pluck one thread and the web ye mar;  
Break but one  
Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar  
Through all will run."

Nor is it voluntary action alone which is controlled by the nerves. Every pulsation of the heart, every peristaltic motion of the stomach and intestines, every action of every liver-cell as it secretes bile, in short, every vital function, is under nervous control. Hence, injuries to the nervous system are the most serious that can be inflicted upon the body, and because they give no warning by flowing blood or cracking bone, they are too often disregarded. The nervous system is injured by anything which lowers the healthy tone of the body—bad air, insufficient or improper food, the use of stimulants and narcotics, and in many other ways. Overwork, or rather overworry, is a potent source of evil in this direction. Worrying produces more nervous prostration than working. It is not the great workers, if they work quietly, who fall victims to this disease, but the great worryers, those whose business entails great nervous strain from anxiety. Quakers seldom suffer from it, though they are efficient workers, because it is part of their religion not to fret. Nobody who fully lived up to the standard set in the thirty-seventh psalm ever suffered from diseased nerves. Life-long injuries are inflicted upon children by fretting at and scolding them, thus keeping their nerves in a continual jar; by subjecting them to severe nervous strains, whether

by frightening them, by indulging in fits of passion in their presence, or allowing them to indulge in such ebullitions; by thrusting them "into society" when they should be playing with dolls or balls, or sound asleep. Sleep is a very important factor in healthy nervous development for old or young. Habitual wakefulness is a serious symptom, as it both indicates and aggravates, nervous derangement. Plenty of exercise in the open air is an excellent promoter of sleep, better than all the narcotics ever known. Standing side by side with exercise as a promoter of refreshing sleep is the quiet, restful state of mind such as those enjoy whose hearts are really stayed on God.

We have thus far sought to inspire such reverence for the body as will secure its proper care and culture, by pointing out something of the marvelous mechanism of this God's first gift to the soul and its only means of communication. A final reason for reverencing it lies in the fact, that it is not only the tabernacle of the soul, but the temple of God. We consider our temples sacred, and write upon their walls: "The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the Earth keep silence before Him," and we do well. "But know ye not that *ye* are the temples of God, and that the Spirit of God dwells in you?" This is God's own declaration before the foundation of the first Christian church was laid, and was reiterated again and again. Coupled with it is the solemn declaration, "If any man defile the temple of God, him will God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple *ye* are." This is not a mere theological dogma; it is an immutable physiological law. Anything which defiles the body, as hindering Nature's processes of cleansing by which she would throw off its impurities, works death to it by retaining within it its own defilement. Defilement may also come from without, by taking into the body anything hurtful or impure, like liquor and tobacco. The indulgence of any of those "fleshly

lusts which war against the soul," not only defiles, but in that defilement, destroys. The gourmand or the debauchee fails to live out half his days, or lingers through them imprisoned in a literal body of death, in accordance with this inflexible physiological law. He has defiled his body and inevitable destruction follows.

Note the words, "*Him* will God destroy." Destruction ends not with the body,—"*him*"—the entire man, body and soul, is destroyed. The laws written in our members are as much God's laws as those written in the Bible, and are as sacred. There may be minor transgressions which, because of ignorance, are winked at, while beneficent Nature employs all her recuperative agencies to avert the consequences of her broken law. But sins against the body, knowingly committed because passion and appetite are allowed to override reason and conscience, these are they which destroy both soul and body, because they have defiled the temple of God.

"I beseech you therefore, brethren, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." This is not only your reasonable service regarding your own bodies; it is equally reasonable regarding the bodies of your children. Do all in your power to make those bodies from their very conception, pure—fit temples for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. Thus let us reverence the body, and this reverence will assign it to its proper place, the minister of the soul, not its master. "I keep my body under," says Paul, the more than conqueror—under discipline and training, that it may be the clear, quick, accurate interpreter of the soul; under control that its passions and appetites may minister to that soul's upbuilding, not tend to its destruction.

A gentleman sat in his library, after dinner, reading the evening paper. His little boy sat in front of the fire, toying with two rosy cheeked apples, and finally eating one of them.

The father read on in silence which was at last broken by a voice saying softly, "That is enough, little master!" He glanced round his paper, but seeing no one except his little son, who was silently patting his remaining apple, concluded that he must have been mistaken and continued his reading. A few more minutes of silence and again he heard the voice saying unmistakably, "Thank you, little master." This time he laid down his paper, determined to investigate. Charlie's dog lay quietly dozing on the rug; he could not have spoken; it must be Charlie's self. "To whom are you talking, my boy?" he asked kindly. Charlie blushed till his cheeks were as rosy as the apple he held in his hand, hung down his head bashfully and did not answer. The wise father saw there was something behind this blushing hesitation, and taking Charlie upon his knee coaxed this pretty story from the child's lips:

"Our teacher tells us that the stomach is our faithful servant, working for us every day, to change the food we eat into blood to make us grow. When we give it good food, at the right time, and not too much of it, its work is easy; it is glad and thanks us. But if we eat too much it makes the stomach work hard, and it complains and aches. Now I had eaten a nice dinner, enough good food to make me grow, and then I brought these two apples here to eat before the fire. I ate one and then my stomach said, 'That is enough, little master.' I pretended not to hear, for this other apple did look so nice I wanted to eat it; but I thought of a verse about it teacher gave us out of the Bible, so I said to myself, 'I won't eat it,' and then my stomach said, or I said for it, for you know it can not talk, 'Thank you, little master,' and that was what you heard."

"You have a very wise teacher," said his father, taking the apple his little boy handed him and laying it on the table. By the way, next morning as he went to his office he took

the apple with him, stopped at the school-house, gave it to that wise teacher, telling her the story and thanking her for teaching this lesson of temperance to his son. Only a teacher can know how much good those words of commendation did her.

"You said, Charlie, that your teacher gave you a Bible verse which helped you make up your mind not to eat the apple; can you tell me what it?" he asked.

"I can't tell the very words," answered the little fellow, "but it means, 'keep your soul on top.'" The grave judge looked astonished for a minute, then turned away his head to hide a smile as he recognized Charlie's "free rendering" of Scripture. Then he asked, "Are these the 'very words' you can not remember, Charlie, 'I keep my body under?'" "Yes sir," said Charlie brightening, "those are the very words teacher told us. You see they mean just the same thing; if we keep the body under, of course the soul is on top." And little Charlie was right, both in his reasoning and his conclusion.

The soul on top, the body under! This is God's way; this is what we need, and to secure it we need wise parents and teachers to teach children this truth and to train them to its observance.



### For Love's Sake.

SOMETIMES I am tempted to murmur  
That life is flitting away,  
With only a round of trifles  
Filling each busy day;  
Dusting nooks and corners,  
Making the house look fair,  
And patiently taking on me  
The burden of woman's care.



Comforting childish sorrows,  
And charming the childish heart  
With the simple song and story,  
Told with a mother's art;  
Setting the dear home table,  
And clearing the meal away,  
And going on little errands  
In the twilight of the day.

One day is just like another!  
Sewing and piecing well  
Little jackets and trousers,  
So neatly that none can tell  
Where are the seams and joinings—  
Ah! the seamy side of life  
Is kept out of sight by the magic  
Of many a mother and wife!

And oft when I am ready to murmur  
That life is flitting away,  
With the self-same round of duties  
Filling each busy day,  
It comes to my spirit sweetly,  
With the grace of a thought divine:  
"You are living, toiling for love's sake,  
And the loving should never repine.

"You are guiding the little footsteps  
In the way they ought to walk;  
You are dropping a word for Jesus  
In the midst of your household talk;  
Living your life for love's sake  
Till the homely cares grow sweet—  
And sacred the self denial  
That is laid at the Master's feet."

—Selected.

## CHAPTER III.

### Babyhood.



MERSON pictures universal babyhood when he says, "The care which covers the seed of the tree with tough husks and stony cases, provides for the human plant the mother's breast and the father's house. The size of the nestler is comic, and its tiny, beseeching weakness is compensated perfectly by the happy, patronizing look of the mother who is a sort of high reposing providence toward it.

"Welcome to the parents the puny struggler, strong in his weakness, his little arms more irresistible than the soldiers, his lips touched with persuasion which Chatham and Pericles in manhood had not. His unaffected lamentations when he lifts his voice on high, or, more beautiful, the sobbing child—the face all liquid grief, as he tries to swallow his vexation—soften all hearts to pity and to mirthful and clamorous compassion. The small despot asks so little that all reason and nature are on his side. His ignorance is more charming than all knowledge, and his little sins more bewitching than any virtue. His flesh is angel's flesh, all alive. All day, between his three or four sleeps, he coos like a pigeon-house, sputters and spurs and puts on his faces of importance; and when he fasts the little Pharisee fails not to sound his trumpet before him. By lamplight he delights in shadows on the wall; by daylight in yellow and scarlet. Then presently begins the

use of his fingers, and he studies power, the lesson of his race. First it appears in no great harm, in architectural tastes : out of blocks, thread-spools, cards and checkers, he will build his pyramid with the gravity of Palladio ; with an acoustic apparatus of whistle and rattle he explores the laws of sound. But chiefly, like his senior countrymen, the young American studies new and speedier modes of transportation. Mistrusting the cunning of his own small legs, he wishes to ride on the necks and shoulders of all flesh. The small enchanter nothing can withstand,—no seniority of age, no gravity of character ; uncles, aunts, grandsires, grandames, fall an easy prey ; he conforms to nobody, all conform to him. All caper and make mouths and babble and chirrup to him. On the strongest shoulders he rides and pulls the hair of laureled heads. He lives daily among wonders : fire, light, darkness, the moon, the stars, the furniture of the house, the red tin horse, the domestics who, like foster mothers, befriend and feed him, the faces that claim his kisses, are all in turn absorbing ; yet warm, cheerful, and with good appetite, the little sovereign subdues them without knowing it. The new knowledge is taken up into the life of to-day and becomes the means of more. The blowing rose is a new event ; the garden full of flowers is Eden once again to the small Adam ; the rain, the ice, the snow, the frost, make epochs in his life.”

Thus the world begins anew with the birth of every child. “Every human being is a peculiar thought of God,” says Pestalozzi ; to the parents it is given to think God’s thoughts after him as they watch and guide the ever-expanding faculties of their little one.

Frœbel considers the family in its completeness, father, mother, child, as the holiest of holies of humanity, the human personification of light, love, life,—light predominating in the father, love in the mother, life in the child, the mother-love being the centre and pivot on which all turns.

He says, "The mother is the central point around which the child's being revolves at first." She is in closest union with it and is the interpreter of all other relationships to it. The natural order of introduction is first to father, then to brothers and sisters, and so on out to widening relationships. It is a bad thing for the child when this connecting link is broken, as by the mother's death. Children thus bereaved go through life feeling ever an undefined loss, in spite of all that other friends can do for them. It is even sadder if the living mother breaks this link by allowing others to have more to do with her baby than she does herself.

"Woe to the child who learns to run without ever, during its first exercise of this new freedom, hurrying back in terror to its mother's loving arms. To the end of his life there will be a void in his soul, for the love bond in his life was not knit closely and securely enough."

Dr. Bushnell says, "The precise point or time of birth is not a question of so grave import as is generally supposed, for the child, after birth, is still within the matrix of parental life, and will be, more or less, for many years; even his physical being is for many months dependent on organic processes outside of himself, while his independent mental and spiritual life has scarcely begun."

At first he is held a mere "passive lump" in the arms, and awakens to conscious life under the soul of the parent streaming into his eyes and his ears. Without a mother's love, a father's care, entrance into life becomes a sad thing. "My babies would not grow unless I loved them," said a devoted mother of many children, and she spoke the truth. Inanimate life never seems to thrive without love; no one who does not love flowers ever has great success in growing them. Much more is love necessary for the growth of the human flower, made in the image of Him whose very essence is love.

Loving your baby then is the first thing requisite. Nature

provides for this by making mother-love one of the strongest instincts of human nature. But love without the guidance of intelligence is not sufficient. Brutes share this instinct with us, yet the ape will crush the life out of its young one, pressing it to her breast. If instinct, which is so much stronger in animals than in man, can not be trusted in them, it certainly needs the assistance of reason in us.

Baby's first announcement of himself is by a cry, and for five or six weeks—often longer, this remains his only means of expression. But he has variety in his crying: sometimes it comes from a feeling of loneliness or fright on awakening from sleep. This is relieved by being taken into the mother's arms, or even by a touch, and it is cruel not thus to relieve it. The great, wide world seems so big, though it is enclosed within the four walls of his nursery, and baby is so little, no wonder he cries on finding himself all alone in it. His feeling is much the same that ours would be if we had gone to sleep in our own home, with all our loved ones around us, and awakened amid the strangeness, the rush and roar of Broadway. Never let this feeling of loneliness oppress your baby. Let his first cry on awakening be answered by your loving touch or voice, and gradually this feeling will wear away; he will grow braver as he grows stronger, and in a few months you will have that delight of mothers and fathers, a baby who always wakes up happy. It is not necessary that you should always take him up as soon as he wakens, it is better that you should not do so unless necessity requires, but let him know you are with him, and thus allay his fears. Just here is an illustration of the superiority of reason to instinct. Instinct would snatch up the baby, and thus fix on him a troublesome habit, without getting at the cause of his crying. Reason searches out that cause and finds that baby cries not so much because he wants to be taken, as because he is lonesome and wants the assurance of his mother's presence; this she gives

him by the loving touch, and he drops off to sleep again, or wakes fully up, contented. A touch is better than a word, for at first the drums of baby's ears are packed with areolar tissue which is only gradually absorbed, and until this is absorbed he is slow of hearing. By the way, here is a cause of much unnecessary worry to young mothers, who often exclaim, "O dear, I am so afraid my baby is deaf." Wait till he is at least six weeks old before you commence to worry on that score; by that time you will have no cause for worrying.

Some mothers from a mistaken fear of getting baby into bad habits, pay no attention to his awakening cry, thinking to harden him, but thus they fasten on him a worse habit than the one they would prevent, a habit of being afraid to wake up, since waking brings always this sense of loneliness, intensified by the mother's mistaken neglect, and he grows to be afraid to go to sleep, and always awakes crying. Fear, this sense of loneliness, is one cause of baby's crying. A second reason is, that he is hungry, and a third that he is in pain. For each, the cry is different, and the loving mother soon learns to interpret each, the wise mother to respond to it at once. Babies do not cry for the fun of it; when they cry there is some cause; when this cause is removed they stop. Baby gives expression to pleasure by a smile seen first when he is from five to eight weeks old, and his first smile is usually connected with the action of sucking, showing a pleasurable association of ideas. Up to this time, if he be a healthy child, existence is to him little more than eating and sleeping. In this is Nature's wise suggestion as to what baby most needs during those first weeks, when all the tiny organs are adjusting themselves to their new work in new surroundings; the heart is learning its rhythmic motion, the lungs are expanding to the unaccustomed air, the stomach is learning to do its own digesting, instead of depending on the mother's stomach to do it; these vegetative functions absorb all his ener-



gies, and nothing should be allowed to interfere with them.

No matter if your dear five hundred friends are "dying to see the new baby ;" let them die, such dying isn't dangerous, but don't, as you love your baby, don't let him be waked from sleep, carried out into the glaring light which hurts his eyes and his temper, handled by unaccustomed hands, and dandled and kissed till he protests by "lifting up his voice on high." Babies have some rights that grown folks ought to respect, and one of these rights is to be kept as quiet as possible during the first few weeks or months of their existence. We know it requires a sacrifice on the part of delighted parents not to show the baby of whom they are so proud to every one who wishes to see it, but make the sacrifice, and when he is a few months older, the little fellow will repay you for it an hundred fold.

A wise old doctor gives this recipe for a happy baby: "plenty of sleep, plenty of milk, and plenty of flannel." Thousands of healthy, happy babies, attest the efficacy of his prescription.

"But my baby will not sleep" says an anxious mother. Then something ails it, or you. If it does not wish to sleep during those few weeks it is not well: you have for some cause failed to give it that healthy body which is its birth-right, or its food does not agree with it.

But in nine cases out of ten, the trouble is, that it did wish to sleep and was not allowed to do so during those first few weeks, and thus a habit of wakefulness was formed. It is astonishing how soon such habits are formed. Observant mothers of many children say, that habits in respect to sleeping were formed in their children before they were a month old. Much of the restlessness and fretfulness of later months is traceable to those first few weeks, when the poor little innocents were on dress parade, wakened from sleep whenever anybody wanted to see the color of their eyes,

and made nervous and irritable by constant excitement.

Never waken a baby for any purpose whatever. Regularity promotes sleep. Nursing baby and putting him to bed in his own little cot or crib at the same time every day, encourages sleep. Be sure that he is perfectly comfortable, warm and dry, that no tight band squeezes him, no pin or button annoys. He sleeps better on his own bed than in his mother's arms, because there all of his limbs are equally supported, and straight; much sleeping in her arms may produce ugly curves in his thighs or legs. If he does not seem sleepy at the accustomed time, gently stroke his back, his body and his limbs with the hand and he will soon drop to sleep.

I have known a screaming child subdued to sleep, by simply tying a handkerchief over his eyes. Astonishment at the sudden darkness seems to silence him, and soon he cuddles down into his mother's arms and goes to sleep. Sometimes it seems to be a drink of water he needs, whatever it is that is lacking for his comfort, give him.

Be sure that his clothes do not hurt him in any way, that no band is too tight, and that there is no chafing anywhere. Safety pins and tapes have lessened the danger of his being scratched, but safety pins themselves when so placed that the child must lie on them, hurt the delicate skin. Babies often suffer torture from tight bands. They may not have seemed tight when you dressed baby lying quietly on your lap, but the exertion of crying which inflates his lungs, may make them very uncomfortable. Or he may be bloated through indigestion or colic, and this makes his bands a torture. I once knew a young father and mother frightened almost into spasms themselves by what, they thought, were spasms in their first baby. The doctor was brought in hot haste, and his first act was to loosen the child's clothing, when all convulsions subsided. "Madam," said he, "nothing ails your baby but colic, which has bloated him so that his bands cut into him."

Little babies often suffer from thirst, especially when teething; their mouths are hot and dry, and warm milk does not cool them. Give them a spoonful of cold water occasionally, and they will thank you.

“Plenty of milk.” Mother’s milk is God’s provision for baby and the best thing for him. Nursing her baby has much to do not only with its physical development, but with its spiritual, also. According to Nature’s plan, it continues the oneness between mother and child for months after birth, makes the separation gradual, not abrupt, and postpones it till a soul oneness has grown up, in place of the physical unity which is to be dissolved.

Sometimes the mother is not permitted to nurse her child. There must then be provided a substitute as nearly like her milk as possible. This is usually found in fresh cow’s milk, diluted, if need be. “Tell them not to sweeten it” says a friend at my elbow, who has raised seven children on the bottle. “It is almost impossible to have exactly the same amount of sugar each time, and varying the quantity disorders the stomach.” If the child throws up the milk curdled, put a little pinch of salt in its milk.

Immaculate cleanliness is absolutely essential in everything connected with baby’s food, especially with the bottle from which it is taken. It is well to have two bottles, one of which is filled with cold water while the other is in use, then both are kept perfectly sweet. The long flexible tube by which the India rubber nipple is attached to the bottle, is very convenient, but requires the greatest care to keep the milk from curdling in it.

Some babies whose stomachs reject fresh milk, thrive on condensed milk; often, however, this produces constipation. Sometimes baby receives by inheritance or through early mismanagement, a diseased stomach that will not bear milk in any form, and some substitute must be devised. In some

cases oatmeal gruel made very thin, thoroughly cooked and carefully strained, then taken from the bottle as milk is taken, will answer; in other cases one of the variously prepared foods proves satisfactory. When you find a food which does agree with baby, stick to it; frequent changes are dangerous.

I remember one dear little baby in Chicago, whose stomach had become so diseased by the poor milk which was all it could obtain there, that it could not retain milk in any form. Condensed milk, Horlick's food, imperial granam, everything, was successively tried, but in vain. Baby continued to pine away and seemed in danger of literally starving to death, in spite of all that the loving care and wealth of her agonized parents could do. As a last resort her physicians ordered broth, and on broth she revived, grew plump and strong, and to-day lives a happy, blooming girl. Chicken broth was first used, later her diet was varied by alternating with it mutton and veal broth. All were very carefully prepared, strained and taken from the bottle.

"Plenty of flannel" is the third article in the prescription, and equally important with the other

We saw in the last chapter that changes of temperature are injurious to any one: they are especially so to little babies, from the exceeding sensitiveness of their skin to all outside impressions. No other fabric is such a good protection against these changes while still allowing the exhalations of the body to pass off freely, as flannel. If every baby, summer and winter, wore flannel shirts, coming well down over the stomach and bowels, there would be much less mortality from bowel complaints among children than there now is. Of course the flannel must be fine and soft in texture, with no seams or rough edges to chafe the delicate skin. Occasionally a baby's skin is so sensitive that flannel in any form will chafe it. In this case raw silk may be substituted.

Baby in the bath tub is always a pretty sight, a theme

sung by poet and painted by artist. How the little fellow enjoys it, kicking and splashing, laughing and crowing! Maybe he likes it so well that he objects vociferously to being taken out; never mind, you must not let him stay in more than five minutes, or his bath will weaken, rather than strengthen him. Rub him dry with a towel, then polish him off with your hand, dress him in fresh clothes, nurse him, and, ten to one, before he is through his dinner, he drops off into a sleep so sweet a cherub might envy him.

Weakly children can not bear such a full bath every day: the sponge bath must sometimes be substituted for it. However the bath is taken, be sure it is mother who gives it, that everything which can be needed is in readiness before she begins, that the room is warm enough, and that no draft strikes the naked little body. A sneeze tells you he is taking cold, but not till after the mischief is done. Colds are not good things for grown people, they are much worse for babies. They are often made liable to take cold by being kept too closely in warm rooms. Wrap baby up warm and take him out of doors, if only for a few moments, every pleasant day—winter as well as summer, and he will be less liable to take cold.

Long skirts are held to be a necessity for a little baby, especially if he makes his advent in the winter, but do not let them be too long, or too heavy with embroidery, and do not forget to throw them back occasionally, to give a chance to kick; kicking is one of baby's inalienable rights and should not be interfered with; it is Nature's method of developing his muscles and making him grow.

Often fretfulness can be soothed by giving him a chance to exercise this right. Lay him on his back, turn up the hindering clothes and let him kick to his heart's content. He will often kick himself out of fretfulness into good humor.

Even a baby seems sometimes to feel the tyranny of



clothes, as is proved by his delight when relieved of them. A fretting baby is often quieted by undressing him, and if a warm bath follow, he is almost sure to be relieved. His bands may have been too tight, or there may have been an unperceived wrinkle in his clothing, or something else hurt him which you could not see, but which he could feel; the simple fact of being relieved of clothes and allowed to wriggle and kick to his heart's content, brings relief by allowing free play to his muscles.

Baby's first conscious possessions are his hands; he improves the first opportunity of making himself thoroughly acquainted with them. During those nebulous first days before he is sure that he has eyes, ears, or nose, he stuffs his fist into his mouth and sucks it hard whenever he is hungry. This he does instinctively, without having to be taught the way to his mouth. Experience soon teaches him that his fists are not very nourishing, but he keeps on experimenting, till he finds out what they *are* good for. At first he throws his arms about in an aimless way; soon their movements become purposive, and their first purpose seems to be to bring everything to his mouth. Then they are thrust out, with clenched fists, in comic defiance. Soon the little hands are extended with open fingers, exploring all mysteries within their reach through the sense of touch. This was his first awakened sense, and for months remains the most active; at least it is the one in which baby places most confidence. He is never quite satisfied with the report concerning anything brought him by the other senses, until it is corroborated by touch. This infantile characteristic continues through life with uncultivated people. They, like children, must touch everything before they feel sure they know it.

While the sense of touch takes precedence in order of developing, the other senses are also awakening. The eyes that at first could only wrinkle up the redundant skin of the



forehead, as they tried to open, or wink and blink in the unaccustomed light when that feat was accomplished, or wander aimlessly about, soon learn to fix their gaze on the bright candle and the loving mother face. Hearing, we have seen, awakens slowly, and taste more slowly still. Little babies will usually take anything presented to them, if it is warm, and reject anything cold, temperature seeming to be of more consequence to them than flavor. The reason is, that temperature is distinguished by the sense of touch, already well developed, while flavor is recognized only by taste, which sense still lies dormant. Thus one by one these avenues to the outer world open, and indicate the line of training baby's parents are to pursue. Their first work is to help him take possession of himself, by unfolding his physical powers and organs. Nature teaches him to do this by making him an embodied perpetual motion: our great care should be not to hinder Nature in this process of development.

Baby is no longer the passive lump Dr. Bushnell denominated him in the beginning; he is all alive and doing his best to gain possession of himself, his limbs, his senses, all his faculties. Nothing interests him so much as his own body—his little fat fingers which every day are learning something more to do; his ten chubby toes delight him as soon as he sees them, and his joy increases if he can get them into his mouth. He thrusts his fingers into eyes and nose, exploring their mysteries; in short, he is very busy learning about himself. Instinct assists this study by leading him to play with his own limbs, and this instinct of the child is correlated by that of the mother, which leads her to do the same.

Was there ever a mother who did not delight to play with her baby's limbs and tell off his little pink toes and fingers to the rhythm of some ditty, were it nothing better than "this little pig went to market"?

Fröbel, that great apostle of childhood, utilizes these instincts and makes them, guided by reason, means of symmetrical development for the little one. He spent years going about the cottage homes of his native Germany, watching mothers playing with their children, noting the songs they sung to them; in short, studying nature in both mother and child. Starting with the fact that motion is the infant's earliest mode of expression and continues to be an important means of development, he devised plays for mother and child, which aided their development by bringing all the muscles into play.

He takes the mother-songs as he hears them in the cottages, divests them of the coarseness which often mars them, and uses them with their accompanying motions, to make the little fingers supple, and as the child grows older, to carry some sweet meaning to the childish heart. For example, he utilizes their love of counting fingers and toes, which is universal, by making those fingers represent father, mother, brothers and sisters, instead of piggies, thus teaching family love and unity in the little song. The first five lines are told off as the mother sings, on the fingers or toes:

“ This is the mother dear and good,  
This is the father of merry mood,  
This is the brother strong and tall,  
This is the sister beloved of all;  
This is the baby still tender and small, (little finger)  
And this the whole family we call,

(Counts them)

One, two, three, four, five:  
To be happy and good we always strive.”

When the sixth line is reached, all five fingers are clasped by the mother's hand in loving embrace while she sings “and this the whole family we call,” then released to count them.

As the baby learns to notice things outside, and his little hands grow stronger, he enjoys the Weathercock song, sung

by his mother with appropriate motion of her hand which he imitates, thus strengthening the wrist :

“ As the weathercock on the tower,  
Turns about in wind and shower,  
Baby moves its hands with pleasure,  
Round and round in merry measure.”

Of the same character is the pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, which in some form has delighted babyhood in all ages and countries, delighted them because it unites action with song, and links both with a process connected with his food.

In common use we have very few such songs : Frœbel gives many and connects them with all the daily occupations of life. The keynote to the underlying principle in all these action-songs he gives in these lines :

“ Where there's movement, where there's action,  
To the child's eye there's attraction;  
Where there's brightness, melody and measure,  
Its little heart will throb with pleasure;  
Oh! mothers, strive to keep these young souls fresh and clear,  
That order, truth and duty always may be dear.”

No mother plays with her baby in silence : she talks to it and sings to it, and the influence of these “cosseting songs” in forming character is beyond computation. At first the tone in which they are sung, and the expression of the face, mainly impress the child ; gradually, and often sooner than we think, the sentiment conveyed by the words sinks into the soul, and the impressions thus made are most lasting, for now the new-born soul drinks in every new impression eagerly ; after a time it becomes saturated, so to speak, and receives impressions more slowly. These first impressions sink deep and are never obliterated. We may forget the grand oratorios heard in maturity ; we never can forget the songs our mothers sung to us in early childhood.

I have heard Mrs. Bottome of New York, superintendent of drawing-room meetings in the National Woman's Christian

Temperance Union, relate a case in point: On her way to one of her Bible readings in the drawing-room of a Fifth Avenue mansion, she met a lady who said to her: "Mrs. Bottome have you any faith that your meetings make any impression on these fashionable ladies? I have not. There is my niece who attends every one of them, but I know she never had a serious thought in her head." Mrs. Bottome could make no response to this sweeping charge, and went on to her appointment, with heart much cast down. On her return she again met the same lady, who rushed up to her saying, "Forgive me, Mrs. Bottome, for what I said going down, I have discovered that I was mistaken." "How?" asked Mrs. Bottome, quite relieved. "In this manner: I was on my way to visit my niece whom I thought such a butterfly, when I met you, and what do you think I found her doing? sitting at the piano, while the nurse stood by holding the baby, and she was teaching nurse to sing, 'Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee,' for, said she, 'I wish the first songs my baby hears to be those blessed Gospel songs Mrs. Bottome has taught us to love.'" That young mother, giddy as she was thought to be, had struck the keynote of vital truth, that what her baby heard sung would influence his character through life.

"Let me write the songs of a Nation," said Beranger, "and I care not who make their laws."

"Man," says Frœbel, "is at once the child of Nature, the child of humanity, and the child of God," and he adapts his cosset songs to development in these threefold relationships. As the child of Nature, he sings him the exercise songs which develop his body and direct his attention to growing life and beautiful forms; as the child of humanity, he sings of family relationships and all the ties which bind him to human kind, and through each he leads the child's thoughts up to the dear All-Father of both Nature and humanity. Thus these mother plays and songs are made to carry with

them all the sweet lessons he would teach the baby heart.

When the child reaches out his hand for the moon, or screams in anger because he can not have it, she does not give him his first lesson in lying by telling him "the moon is made of green cheese," or increase his anger by snatching him away from the pretty sight, but with appropriate motions she sings him a pretty song about the moon, which diverts and pleases him.

Instead of teaching a child cruelty, as I have seen it taught by a mother's catching a fly and allowing baby to tear off its legs and wings, kindness to animals may be taught by songs like the Baby-bye of a later child-lover :

Baby bye,  
Here's a fly,  
Let us watch him, you and I.  
    How he crawls  
    Up the walls,  
    Yet he never falls !  
I believe with six such legs  
You and I could walk on eggs.  
    There he goes  
    On his toes,  
    Tickling baby's nose.

He can eat  
Bread and meat :  
There's his mouth between his feet.  
    On his back  
    Is a pack  
    Like a peddler's sack.  
Does the baby understand ?  
Then the fly shall kiss her hand:  
    Put a crumb  
    On her thumb,  
    Maybe he will come.

Catch him ? No,  
Let him go,  
Never hurt an insect so.  
But no doubt  
He flies out  
Just to gad about.  
Now you see his wings of silk  
Dabbled in the baby's milk,  
Fie, O fie,  
Foolish fly !  
How will he get dry ?

Flies can see  
More than we,  
So how bright their eyes must be !  
Little fly,  
Ope your eye:  
Spiders are near by.  
For a secret I can tell—  
Spiders never use flies well.  
Then away,  
Do not stay.  
Little fly, good day.

Fröbel has many songs which thus utilize baby's interest in moving life, by teaching kindness to animals. A good example is his barn-yard song which delights the child by imitating the different languages of domestic animals. All these songs of animal life are made to reflect humanity through the family relations, and lead up through them to the dear Heavenly Father. "For," says Fröbel, "my system of education is based on religion, and leads up to it." There is no cant about this, nor is it done in any forced, unnatural way. It springs from the simplest things, and shows how nature, humanity and God, may be indissolubly linked, even in childish thought. Take the simple little bird song, whose first object is to make the little fingers supple, as the baby hands try hard to round themselves into the form of a nest, with the thumbs turned inward, representing two eggs.

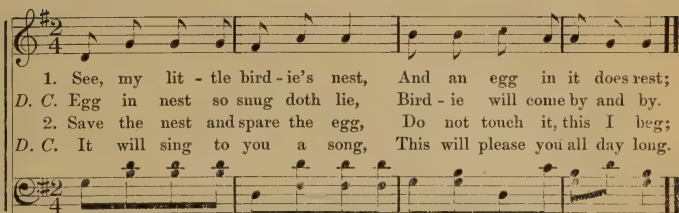


Mother sings, and when she comes to the words, "soon, wee birdies," the little thumbs rise and flutter:

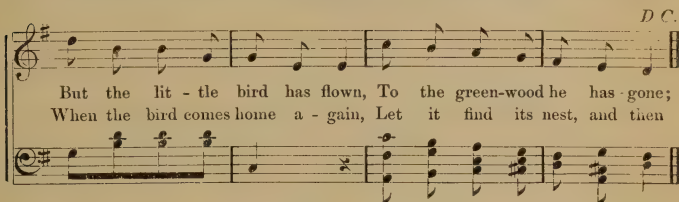
## See, My Little Birdie's Nest.

A. KOEHLER,

German.



1. See, my lit - tle bird - ie's nest, And an egg in it does rest;  
*D. C.* Egg in nest so snug doth lie, Bird - ie will come by and by.  
 2. Save the nest and spare the egg, Do not touch it, this I beg;  
*D. C.* It will sing to you a song, This will please you all day long.



*D. C.*  
 But the lit - tle bird has flown, To the green-wood he has - gone;  
 When the bird comes home a - gain, Let it find its nest, and then

"In the hedge a birdie dear  
 Builds a nest of straw and hay,  
 Lays two eggs so small and round—  
 Soon wee birdies there are found."  
 Twit, twit, twit, the young ones call,  
 Mother thou art dear to all."

Baby two-years-old can not hear this song without thinking of his own mother dear. The snug little nest is a picture of his own home life, and this in part explains the interest with which very young children peer into a nest of young birds. Fröbel uses this example of the visible providence of parents, both bird and human, to lead the mind up to the invisible providence of the all protecting Heavenly Father.

He has very many bird songs. A child who in infancy has heard them sung to him by his mother, will not when a boy take delight in bird-nesting or other cruel sports. Life habits are acquired in babyhood.

# Rock-a-bye, Birdie.

Words from the GERMAN.

*Slowly and smoothly.*

*p*

1. On a cra-dle in the tree-top Sleeps a ti-ny bird,  
 2. So the bir-die, soft-ly sleep-ing, Dreams of fu-ture days;

Sweet-er sound than moth-er's chirp-ing Nev-er yet was heard.  
 Dreams of flights on wings un-wea-ried, Neath the noon-tide rays.

*cres.* *cres.*

See the green leaves spread like cur-tains Round the lit - tle bed  
Sleep and rest then, lit - tle nest - lings, Thro' this sum - mer day:

While the moth-er's wings out-stretching, Shield the ti - ny head.  
Growing strength brings growing tri - al, Slum - ber while you may.

Patience is one of the earliest lessons a child needs to be taught, as it is one of the most important lessons of maturity. He must often wait; teach him to wait patiently, that is, not to make a fuss about it. To keep perfectly still even for a minute, is one of the hardest things for a child to do; indeed, it is sometimes quite impossible for him to do it "to order," but he can be trained to it unconsciously in play. He holds out his open hand and doubles down his fingers one by one counting them or calling off on them the names of father and mother, brother and sister, till all five are down and ends with:

Now I put them all to bed,  
Pillowed is each sleepy head,  
Let them rest in peaceful slumber,"

which mother sings while the little one stands perfectly still. He could not keep still unless he felt there was a reason for it, but here is a game of which he understands the meaning, and he will remain perfectly motionless for minutes, with an expression of greatest importance, lest he waken the sleepers; thus he is exercising self control and learning patience by the exercise. A baby can be taught patience in many ways. One is by not giving it what it cries for, *while it is crying*. We do not mean by this that the child should be left to exhaust itself with crying, but calm it tenderly, and then promptly give what it desires. If it can not be quieted but persists in screaming, do not give it the thing cried for. The instances are rare in which true mother love and mother tact can not devise some way of quieting the child; when quiet, give it what it wants in such a way that it shall feel you wish to gratify it, when it is patient and good. Feelings and sympathies are the rudimentary forms of thought. Baby can not reason abstractly, but he can feel your approbation, and he soon learns to do those things which call it out.

On the same principle you can teach your little one gentleness, even in the manifestation of grief or pain. Children

often cry loudly and make a great fuss over little hurts on purpose to excite pity. Often a little child who has received a tumble or a scratch, will not appear to mind it in the least, if mamma is not in the room, but the moment she appears he will begin to bellow lustily. Show him that you pity him when hurt, not in ratio to the noise he makes, but in proportion to the gentleness he shows in suffering. "Softly, softly," say to him in gentle tones, "then I shall feel sorry for you;" and as he quiets down, "Ah! what a good child to be so patient." Thus he comes to feel an honest pride in patience and endurance.

"In babyhood are the beginnings of all things." From their babyhood we would train our children to be loving, brave and true. Or rather, and here is where the danger lies, we can avoid teaching them to be hateful, vindictive, cowardly and untruthful. Have you never seen a baby taught to do hateful, vindictive things, because his impotent wrath looked "so cute"? To pound with his puny fist the unconscious chair or table against which he stumbles, to rattle in rage the spoon from which he has spilled his supper, even to stamp his baby foot in rage at papa or mamma when they crossed his will? I have seen all these things done; and I have seen the unavailing efforts of after years to efface the lessons taught in infancy.

Deceiving baby, absolutely lying to him, is done so often it passes unnoticed. "Baby does not know the difference" is pleaded as a sufficient excuse. Are you sure of that? Baby does know much more than you give him credit for, and feels more than he knows. I have not a doubt that often the seeds of that untruthfulness which so distresses parents in after years, were sown by their own unconscious hand, in the virgin soil of the children's souls. Indeed, noting how universal is the custom of telling lies to children, the wonder is, not that there are so many liars in the world, but that anybody tells

the truth. Let every little child from this day on hear nothing but the truth spoken, and never see an acted deceit in those about him, and the next generation will be far in advance of this one as regards truthfulness.'

God has placed infancy under the loving care of father and mother, which represents His own ceaseless love for all His children. This thought should make parents very tender, very careful in all their dealings with their little ones, to whom they are now the manifestation of God in the flesh.

In those young hearts are folded up tendencies, appetites, passions which are to mark all the future life for good or ill. Repressing the evil, developing the good,—repressing the good, developing the evil,—the one or the other you are doing continually, thoughtlessly, it may be, perhaps unconsciously—yet which you do may decide the weal or woe of an immortal soul throughout eternity. Pestalozzi, in his book for mothers says, "If a tender young leaf be pricked in springtime with the finest needle, it will show a scar of constantly increasing size till it withers in autumn." How many such needle pricks does the young child-soul receive—and in them the beginning of many scars, bad habits, faults and vices? Is there a single human being who has not to bear the weight—often a very heavy one—of the consequence of some neglect in childhood. For in each of us the roots of our being are planted in childhood, and "as are the roots so will be the tree." It is true that the origin, both of physical and moral disease, lies, to a great extent, in the innate dispositions which are the heritage from parents and ancestors, but it depends much upon early care and training whether these dispositions be developed or suppressed. A slight bodily infirmity becomes illness through neglect; many a delicate frame is crippled through ignorant treatment; so tendencies that might have been the seeds of virtue become fruitful of evil. All vices have in their germs the possibilities of good, as well as evil. Take for



example selfishness, which in its various manifestations seems to be verily the root of all evil, yet it has its starting point in the instinct of self-preservation, or rather in the very selfhood which makes individuality possible. If God had not implanted this very firmly in human nature how could weak, helpless beings preserve their existence, in the midst of their perilous surroundings?

Bodily safety might be secured by protecting paternal love, but were the infant soul the mere plastic thing some would represent it, how could it ever preserve its identity? Outside influences undoubtedly do mould its character very largely, but back of all these, deeper than all, is the soul's individuality stamped on it by God. To preserve this individuality is the unconscious effort of every developing soul. Each wishes to assert itself, to be the centre of its own little world, and as the child grows, the centre of his own activities. We have no right to blame a child for this egotism; it is our business to moderate this instinct of self-preservation, and by exercising his capacity for loving to lead the child out of the narrow range of its personal life, where he exists simply as the child of Nature, into that broader life he is to live as the child of humanity and of God, a social being whose interests are not confined to himself, but reach out to those around. We must oppose to the instinct of self, the instinct of love, and all that strengthens his power of loving helps to overcome selfishness. Love for his mother is the first step he takes out of his selfhood; from this point start all relationships, and they must be firmly knit around this point, before they can safely widen their limits. The mother does her child an injury much deeper than that resulting from the present physical neglect, if, by allowing anything to stand between herself and her baby, she prevents this close knitting of ties between them. By destroying this first bridge upon which his affections were designed to pass from self to

others, she runs the risk of having him grow up selfish, and with weak, unstable affections.

By encouraging love for others, bringing it into exercise by training him from babyhood to share his good things with those around, is the best way to lead a child out of selfishness. It is mistaken kindness to refuse the gift of a child, as he offers to share with you his candy, his food, his toys. Take what he offers you and show him that you appreciate his gift and the spirit which prompts it. Your approbation gives him pleasure, and thus linking it with self-denial, you foster the growth of a generous spirit.

Self-will is another perverted expression of the feeling of personality. It is aroused when something crosses the child's will, and by unthinking parents is condemned in toto: they seem to think that "breaking a child's will" is the beginning and the end of all government. A man with a broken will is about as profitless as a man with a broken back; what he needs is a strong will, rightly directed. The great lack of the world to-day, is moral backbone: who shall say that this lack has no connection with the mistaken theory of will breaking? The training which is to produce men and women of moral backbone, or of vertebral weakness, commences in the cradle, when self-will is first aroused in the infant. He wants something—wills to have it, and means to get it if screaming, his only means of making his wants known, will procure it.

If it is something which he is justified in wanting, like food when he is hungry, if it comes from his instinct of cleanliness or any other justifiable instinct of his nature, the child is right. If his wants are not attended to, neglect excites him to anger, his screaming shows it, and is set down to self will. But in this case it is the mother or nurse, not the child, that is to blame. On the other hand self will may be aroused because he will not submit to some justifiable de-

mand of his elders, and then he is wrong, and to humor him would make his will degenerate into obstinacy or willfulness.

The baby can not reason this out, he only knows what is agreeable to him and cries for that. It is for those about him to distinguish between right and wrong desire, and by promptly satisfying the one, and as promptly making him understand he can not have the other, begin that training which shall enable him to discern between the right and the wrong exercise of his will. This discovers the distinction so often overlooked, between right and wrong obedience. The child's will should be directed toward the right, not cowed into unmeaning submission: thus only can he be trained to rule himself, without this he can never attain to true moral independence, nor can the inner kernel of a strong character ever be fully developed.

It is essential that children should learn, from the very beginning, to submit to the conditions of life, to understand that they can not have all they wish for. But these exercises of self denial must not at first extend to giving up anything really necessary for them, and must never last too long. Nor is it necessary, as some conscientious parents seem to think, to make occasions for exercising the little one's self denial, lest it grow up selfish and self willed. Such occasions come fast enough, to the baby learner. Nature's restrictions are pitiless to his weakness; the bright blaze forbids his touch by burning; the moon and stars toward which he stretches eager hands, will not come for all his crying; the beautiful bird flutters away from him in tantalizing fashion; on every side of him are restrictions and prohibitions.

The part of wisdom is to teach the child cheerful acquiescence in these restrictions, not unavailing rebellion against them. And yet how often is just the reverse done; "naughty stove for burning baby's fingers, let us whip it," teaches incipient rebellion against the laws of both God and man.

Fröbel lays down the following general rules. "Satisfy the child's demand as much as possible : be wisely indulgent ; do not command or forbid unreasonably ; allow a child, so far as it can be done without injury, to teach itself by its own experiences." It is not difficult to make children obedient, if parents begin aright, and begin early enough, before selfish impulses and passions are aroused. Indeed it is only in very early childhood that a firm foundation for true obedience can be laid. The little one believes in his parents fully,—as we have seen, and we speak it reverently,—they are to him God manifest in the flesh. If this trust is never betrayed, if he continues to be inspired with a sense that they desire nothing but his welfare and happiness, he will obey them not only instinctively, but lovingly. It is only by patience and love that animals can be trained ; much more is this true of children, and there is no deceiving them in regard to that love.

Young children are keen character readers. In a room full of strangers, baby will pick out the one who loves children most, stretch out his little hands to her and nestle confidingly on her bosom. In dealing with the little ones, let us ever remember that love begets confidence, that only what is right and wholesome should be required of children, that compulsion should be avoided from the beginning ; that they should not be taxed beyond their strength, which, both physical and spiritual, is small, and that so far as possible, they should be shielded from everything disagreeable to them.

Another thing to be borne in mind is the fact that these young beings have as yet very little power of resistance ; everything outside themselves is stronger than they, and influences them. They inevitably copy the dispositions of those around them, and are good, cheerful and contented, or bad, morose and discontented, according to their surroundings.

If in his cradle, he sees only bright, happy looks, and

hears only cheery, loving words, his infant soul reflects the brightness, the cheer, and the love. One wise in baby lore can not be long with one, without gaining some insight into the habitual manner of talk and action of those among whom baby lives. Physicians tell us that violent fits of passion in the mother often cause convulsions in her nursing baby. Physical calamities are not the only dire effects which follow storm in the atmosphere of baby's home. Appreciating the full power of all these surrounding influences, wise old John Locke aptly says, "Only discreet persons should be allowed to be about children."

Love of approbation is a sentiment early developed in the soul, and one which can be wisely used in its training. Indeed it is the earliest and, for some time, the only avenue by which we can convey to the baby soul the idea of right and wrong. The desire to be loved and praised by others kindles in his soul the first distinct perceptions of his own personality. On the right or wrong guidance of this instinct depends its development into proper love and reverence on the one hand, or into vanity and ambition on the other. If we show approbation for only those things which are good in the child, and disapprobation for all that tends to evil, even the incipient stages in which it sometimes looks "so cunning" in a baby, we are day by day marking in the child's mind a sharp distinction between right and wrong, and are teaching him insensibly to seek the one and to shun the other.

Social impulses show themselves very early. No child likes to be alone; as we have seen, much of his crying in his first few months of life comes from this cause. Baby likes company, his mother's first and best; rather than to be alone, he will put up with the company of grown people: but the delight of his heart is the companionship of a child of his own age.

This probably is the explanation of the fact often insisted

on by mothers of twins, that two children are no more trouble to raise than one, as they amuse each other so much. Certain it is that two babies brought together for the first time will watch each other with the keenest interest for a time, and then in pretty baby fashion make love to one another. To be sure they often end in making each other cry, but this is not intentional; it results naturally from their eager explorations of each other's personalities, poking their fingers into each other's eyes, or noses, and in other ways hurting each other in their desire for a better acquaintance. But this is not as mamma sometimes tells them thoughtlessly, "naughty, naughty," it is simply the result of ignorance which awaits enlightenment. In this natural love for the society of their kind, lies the germ of family, church, state; indeed of all that makes human life what it is. It is cruel to shut even young children out from this companionship. Children brought up with only grown people constantly around them, always seem to lack something of that bright joyousness, that "abandon of joy" which characterizes those growing up in loving companionship with their kind.

Baby early asserts himself as a child of humanity by showing this love for his kind; he also demonstrates that he is the child of Nature by his love for "all out doors." Take a healthy baby out of doors and witness his delight; what causes it? It is due in part, to the fact that as Emerson says, "his flesh is angels' flesh, all alive."

Every avenue of approach to the soul is open; he drinks in delight at every pore; the sweet soft air touches the sensitive skin with caressing fondness, and the perfume which it brings, whether it be the earth smell from the freshly turned sod, or the fragrance of spring flowers, gives pleasure through his sense of smell. Various sounds delight his ear, waving trees, flying birds or running water respond to his love of motion, while bright colored flowers and all the



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brilliant tinting of nature's palette gratify his eye. In short, every sense is gratified, all the conditions of healthy, happy existence are fulfilled. It is cruel to deprive babies of the joy an hour each day thus spent in the sunshine gives them, if it can possibly be avoided. Herein Nature points out one of her best recipes for healthy, happy babyhood.

If baby cries on being taken out of doors, it may be because his eyes, either from inherited disease or from being kept too closely indoors, are so weak that broad daylight hurts them, or he may be very timid and the unaccustomed sights and sounds terrify him; or he may cry as older people sometimes do from very excess of joy, or rather from the nervous excitement to which this joy gives rise. The first is a case for the physician, the second and third causes will be removed by a wise and loving mother's care.

Even in infancy the playthings of a child affect its character. As harsh notes in the voices of those around it affect it unfavorably, so the discordant sounds of whistles and rattles and other jingling things which are sometimes used, like the drums of Tophet, to drown the baby's cries, work discord in his soul.

Baroness Marenholtz Bulow attributes the multitude of "confused heads" with which this world is largely peopled at the present day, to the meaningless playthings heaped together without the slightest order, for the amusement of year-old humanity. For their amusement it seems to us, but really it is for their instruction, for in these earliest years the child is continually studying—taking in new knowledge of the new world into which he has been ushered. If you do not believe this, note the grave, earnest face of baby as he examines a new toy. He is studying it, learning to know its color, form, material, size, and testing it to see what it can yield for his amusement. Can anything but confusion, of mind result from heaping before the eager little learner a

collection of things having no logical connection with each other? he soon tires of the whole, and pushes them from him in fretful impatience, not because he has exhausted their possibilities of amusement, but because he can make nothing of the jumble. Give him one thing with which he can *do something*, on which he can exercise his newly awakened senses, testing it by touch, sight, scent, taste, hearing, and it affords him an ever recurring source of pleasure. These conditions are met by Fröbel's first gift, the ball, light, soft, bright colored; an India rubber ball, covered with bright worsted. One of these balls, and later the entire set of six, under direction of skillful nurse or mother, furnish an almost inexhaustible fund of amusement for the child, and at the same time aids in healthy, symmetrical development. If all nurse girls could be trained, even for a little while, in kindergarten plays, and would carry these principles into plays with the children entrusted to their care, it would be a great blessing to both children and mothers, and might not be without effect in giving the next generation clearer heads than we of this generation possess.

Besides the many ways in which the child will amuse himself with the ball, Fröbel designed many plays in which mother or nurse join. Attach the ball to a string held in the hand so that the ball hangs within easy range of vision for the little eyes. Twirl the string and the eyes of even a little baby will follow the revolving ball with evident pleasure. And Fröbel learned by repeated observations, that the child's eyes will soon leave the ball and follow the string till they come to the hand that is turning it, thus showing that even in the baby mind, reason is awake and is striving to travel from the effect to the cause.

Here is a play which pleases the little one and often ends by lulling him to sleep. Nurse makes a cradle of her hand, placing the ball, or sometimes the baby hand clasping the ball,

within it. She then sings softly, as she rocks the mimic cradle:

"The little ball is lying here,  
So quiet and so still;  
We'll gently rock it to and fro,  
And nurse it well, we will.  
The little ball is lying here  
Within my hand asleep,  
And as I rock it to and fro,  
A loving watch I'll keep."

Older children who can rock the ball in their own hands, enjoy this song very much. It gives them not only the combined music and motion, in which children so much delight, but it also gives expression to that mother love which, in greater or less degree, exists in every human heart.

Another pretty game which delights baby as well as his older brothers and sisters, is the sun bird. The sun's rays reflected by a bit of glass, or decomposed by a prism, are made to play on the wall; baby laughs and crows with glee as the bright image flits hither and thither; he tries to catch it, but it eludes him, or if he thinks he has caught it and shuts his little fingers tight around the prize, it is only to find it gone when he opens them. The wonder of the thing keeps his mind busy. He is learning, too, even at this early age, that it is not material possessions alone that give pleasure; that beauty has a power to give pleasure, even when it eludes the grasp of the physical senses.

No one at all conversant with babyhood can deny that love of the beautiful is very early developed; the same is true of the imagination. Peek-a-boo, which in one form or another has probably delighted every child born into this world, owes its delight to the baby's imagination. Every mother can give instances showing how imagination was a prominent factor in her baby's enjoyment and experiences. One of the pictures most deeply engraved on my own

childish memory is of my baby brother, sixteen months old, in a room lighted only by moonlight, which, streaming in through the uncurtained window, lay in bright cross-barred patches on the floor. When ready for bed, he had escaped from his mother's lap and run into this vacant room to hide. Seeing the "pretty thing" upon the floor, and imagining that where there was light there must be heat, he sat down at its verge, and stretching his little bare feet out into the glow, exclaimed when we came to look for him: "Johnnie warm ess feet."

"The human heart equals itself in all ages," says a French metaphysician; the same is true of mother love and babyhood. We are apt to think that only in refined, enlightened society can the parental feeling expand to full proportions. But a close study of infancy and childhood among uncivilized races will convince us that we are mistaken. The same sentiment governs the Indian mother as she bends over her pappoose, which inspires the heart of her fair browed sister. Many customs which shock us by their apparent cruelty grow out of perverted mother love. Indeed, to this we think can be traced infanticide in all heathen countries, especially the form it usually assumes, that of murdering the *girl* babies.

In all countries where it is practiced, the lot of woman is a fearfully hard one. This is true everywhere except in lands where the principles of Christ, the emancipator of women, bear sway. The heathen mother is urged to sacrifice her child as an act of devotion to her God. This appeals to the spirit of devotion innate in every woman's heart. Her dim faith feels, though it can not express or explain how, that a child thus sacrificed gains in some way the favor of the gods. If it live, it is only to bear the "dreary doom of labor" and wretchedness under which she is sinking; from this her mother love would rescue it even at the expense of its life.

The lullabys of all nations exhibit a wonderful similarity

of sentiment—protecting love guarding baby's sleep, often the father working for it, and Nature bringing its fairest things for baby. Here is one from the Swedish :

Hush, hush, baby mine,  
 Pussy climbs the big green pine,  
 Ma turns the millstone,  
 Pa to kill the pig's gone,  
 Sister in the garden there  
 Culling buds and flowers rare,  
 Sweetest flowers for baby.

Frequently, as in this case, the national lullaby suggests the popular occupation of father and mother, at the time and among the class with whom it originated. In the highlands of Scotland where flocks of sheep are seen on every hillside, and where the Bible is the household book, the mother sings her baby to sleep with,

Sleep, baby, sleep;  
 The father watches his sheep,  
 The mother shakes the dreamland tree,  
 Down falls a little dream on thee,  
 Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
 The large stars are the sheep,  
 The little stars are the lambs, I guess,  
 The silvery moon is the shepherdess,  
 Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
 Down where the roses creep,  
 Be always like the lamb so mild,  
 A good, and kind, and gentle child,  
 Sleep, baby sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
 I would not, would not weep,  
 The little lamb he never cries,  
 And bright and happy are his eyes,  
 Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
 The Savior loveth his sheep;  
 He is the Lamb of God on high,  
 Who for our sakes came down to die;  
 Sleep, baby, sleep.

The same thought runs through this from the *Gælic*:

Hush! the waves are rolling in,  
 White with foam, white with foam.  
 Father toils amid the din,  
 But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep—  
 On they come, on they come;  
 Brother seeks the wandering sheep,  
 But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the snows,  
 Where they roam, where they roam;  
 Sister goes to seek the cows,  
 But baby sleeps at home.

The Hottentot mother knows no Savior who loves little children, but she weaves into her lullaby pictures of the brightest, most beautiful things she knows, thus giving unconscious evidence that the uncivilized mother longs to bring brightness and beauty to her sleeping babe. She sings:

The sky is bright, the sun is shining,  
 All the silver rivers sing;  
 Amid the trees the flowers are twining,  
 Gay, green birds are on the wing;  
 Hush! sleep and rest, on mother's breast.  
 Sleep and rest,  
 Sleep and rest.

The lullaby sung by England's poet laureate to the Princess breathes the same sentiment in more polished verse:

Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
 Wind of the western sea,  
 Low, low, breathe and blow,  
 Wind of the western sea!



Over the rolling waters go,  
 Come from the dying moon and blow,  
     Blow him again to me,  
 While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
     Father will come to thee soon;  
 Rest, rest on mother's breast,  
     Father will come to thee soon;  
 Father will come to his babe in the nest;  
 Silver sails all out of the west,  
     Under the silver moon,  
 Sleep my little one, sleep my pretty one, sleep.

The Indian mother straps her pappoose on to its basket-board and hangs it on a swaying limb near her wigwam, furnishing the original of the familiar

“Rock-a-by-baby upon the tree top,  
 When the wind blows the cradle will rock,”

and often it proves the truth of the refrain,

“When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,  
 Down comes rock-a-by-baby and all.”

But even if the bough does break, baby is seldom injured; he is so well wrapped up that he is not easily hurt, and the wicker frame on which he is strapped, extends out beyond him on every side, and is so elastic that it breaks the jar.

But that is not the song his mother sings; it is only an Anglo-Saxon imitation. If she be an Algonquin, this is what she sings:

“Wa—au—wa, —wa, —wa we yea,  
 Nebaun—nebaun—nebaun  
 Nedauuis—au, re ua yea,”

and so on with slight variations in the musical syllables. Mrs. Schoolcraft thus translates this lullaby :

“Swinging, swinging, lullaby,  
     Sleep, little daughter, sleep,  
 Tis your mother watching by,  
     Swinging, swinging, she will keep  
 Her little daughter, lullaby.

'Tis your mother loves you, dearest,  
 Sleep, little daughter, sleep.  
 Swinging, swinging, ever nearest  
 Baby, baby, do not weep,  
 Little daughter, lullaby."

When the little one awakens, an older sister delights it with this motion song. Peeping around so as to see baby she sings:

"Who is this? who is this?  
 Eyelight bringing  
 To the roof of the lodge?"

Then in tones of the little screech owl she pipes baby's answer, swinging him towards her:

"It is I! it is I! hither swinging,"

and responds in her natural tone as she swings him back:

"Dodge, dodge, baby, dodge."

Old Nokomis as she nursed the little Hiawatha

"Stilled his fretful wail by saying,  
 Hush! the naked bear will get thee!  
 Lulled him into slumber, singing,  
 Ewa-yea! my little owlet!  
 Who is this that lights the wigwam?  
 With his great eyes lights the wigwam?  
 Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

Among German mothers Luther's cradle song is a great favorite, and it well may be for it is the sweetest one of all.

Away in a manger,  
 No crib for his bed  
 The little Lord Jesus  
 Lay down his sweet head.

The stars in the sky  
 Looked down where he lay,  
 The little Lord Jesus,  
 Asleep on the hay.



Swinging, swinging, lullaby,  
Sleep, little daughter, sleep,  
'Tis your mother watching by,  
Swinging, swinging she will keep  
Her little daughter, lullaby. . . .



'Tis your mother loves you dearest,  
Sleep, little daughter, sleep;  
Swinging, swinging; ever nearest,  
Baby, baby, do not weep;  
Little daughter, lullaby.





The cattle are lowing,  
 The poor baby wakes,  
 But little Lord Jesus,  
 No crying he makes.

I love thee, Lord Jesus,  
 Look down from the sky,  
 And stay by my crib,  
 Watching my lullaby.



"There is no flock however watched and tended  
 But one dead lamb is there."

Earth's lullabys often hush to a sleep which awakens only in heaven. It is a little one who is taken, but the gap it leaves in the household is very great. It is hard to read through falling tears the words thus made real: "Jesus called a little child unto him," and it is only the thought that it was Jesus who called, and has taken the little one in His arms and blessed it, that can dry those tears.

"The baby wept:  
 The mother took it from the nurse's arms,  
 And soothed its grief and stilled its vain alarms,  
 And baby slept.

Again it weeps,  
 And God doth take it from its mother's arms,  
 From present pains and future unknown harms;  
 And baby sleeps."

We can not close this chapter on Babyhood more fittingly than with George McDonald's sweet poem on

## Baby Mysteries

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Where did you come from, Baby dear?  
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?  
Out of the skies as I came through.

Where did you get that little tear?  
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?  
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheeks like a warm white rose?  
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three cornered smile of bliss?  
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?  
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?  
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?  
From the same box as cherubs' wings.

How did you all come just to be you?  
God thought about me and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, my dear?  
God thought about you and so I am here.



## CHAPTER IV

### Childhood.



R. ISAAC TAYLOR says that infancy merges into childhood whenever there comes to the child a distinct consciousness of the passage of time. Baby takes no note of time as measured by the passing of slow numbering hours and days. But with his fourth or fifth year, often earlier, there comes to him the consciousness of time that he must fill, or he is unhappy. As soon as time comes to be *felt*, idleness becomes, not a passive, but an active evil. The listlessness of a child is a very different thing from the thoughtlessness of the infant, and should always be relieved. This is best accomplished by giving, not only the mind, but the hand something to do.

As we have seen, the child's first utterances are in the form of movements, outward movements of his limbs, inner movements producing screams. As he grows older, instinct drives him, as it drives all young growing animals, to exercise his muscles and his senses in play, thus developing them. In these early years physical life takes precedence of intellectual and spiritual life. The child is a little animal before he becomes a little angel, and the angel within can never be fully developed unless the body is built up well and strong. Sickly children are anything else than angelic; they are almost necessarily "spoilt children;" obliged to think so

much about themselves, they are apt to become selfish, self-willed and fretful.

Exercise and fresh air are most essential elements in child-life, and Nature provides for them by implanting in all children a strong instinct to play out of doors. Make it your first care to gratify this instinct. Play is within the reach of all, and nearly all can play in the open air. Some poor children, closely shut up in cities, are necessarily deprived of their full share of God's blessed sunshine and fresh air; but most parents who read this book can give their children this prime necessity of healthy growth, if they are but convinced that it is a necessity. Children are often deprived of it through ignorance and thoughtlessness; quite as often, through fear of soiling their clothes. We do not wonder that a tidy mother who has never thought much about the importance of sunlight to every growing thing, but who, perhaps at the wash-tub and ironing board, has gained a vivid conception of the difficulty of keeping clothes clean, should think it better for her little white-robed daughter to play in the clean sitting room, under her own eye, than out of doors "in the dirt." For it must be confessed that immaculate frocks will not stay immaculate long, if their wearers are allowed to make mud pies; but the making of mud pies is so much more important to the child's well being than is the wearing of immaculate white dresses, that we should take it in preference; as another has said, "In the case of clean clothes versus mud pies, I take the side of the mud pies every time." Not that we would decry that instinct of mother love which makes her delight to adorn her little one; we would only direct this instinct into a better channel. Your children can be neatly dressed, but so plainly and simply that the washing of their clothes will not be a great burden, and outdoor play will not injure their clothes. Could I convince every mother in the land that the body is really more than

raiment, I should feel amply repaid for writing this book.

The principle that a child must grow and learn by *doing*,—that all development, whether of muscle or of mind, comes through exercise, is a vital one. Fröbel takes as his starting point the fact that man, made in the image of God, is, because thus made in His image, a creative being: hence, the first principle of education is to make him practically creative. Instinct teaches this by leading every child to desire to make something with his own hands. Children's favorite occupation is dabbling in some soft mess, out of which they can shape something. Modeling seems to be a necessity to childish happiness. All the heavy-hearted years that have passed since my own childhood have not been sufficient to deaden the remembrance of the delight afforded by a lump of dough, out of which I could model crude images, to my heart's content. Even a keener delight was experienced when permitted to make mud pies, because these must be made out of doors.

But this species of culinary operations is attended with difficulties, especially when the material is the rich black mud of the prairies, as it was in my own case. A pile of sand in the back yard obviates all these difficulties, and is a veritable child's paradise. It is much cleaner than mud, and when moistened, can be moulded as well. Then out of it the children can make, not only pies and images which it would not break the second commandment to worship, because they are not in the likeness of anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath, but they can build houses, forts, towns. This building instinct is very strong in children, and shows itself in the nursery, where stools, tables, and chairs are pressed into service as material. But its appropriate field is out of doors, and a sand pile gives it full scope. If every father knew how much pleasure a load of dry sand would afford his children and how much it would relieve his wife by keeping the little ones safely, health-

fully and happily employed, he would have one at whatever cost.

A little wooden spade, "mine dig," as a little friend of mine calls it, should be in the possession of every child. With it he digs holes in his sand heap, or tosses the sand about, exercising his muscles and growing strong thereby. Next he goes to grubbing in the ground, making little beds and shaping a mimic garden. If he chooses the beet bed, or your flower garden as the scene of his operations, as he is apt to do, because the ground is all prepared for him, there is trouble in the camp, but don't, we beg of you, pour out the phials of your wrath upon the incipient gardener, nor drive him out of your garden without giving him one of his own. The pleasure and health he will gain will be rich rental for the few feet of ground he occupies, while the mischief out of which it will keep him, and the consequent vexation of spirit you will be spared, is measured only by the amount of "surplus energy" he possesses. By giving him a garden of his own, you are teaching him to distinguish between mine and thine, and are thus giving him lessons in the duties and privileges of ownership. Such lessons are the foundations of honesty in future life. I remember once sitting with a young mother, when her three-year-old boy came up to her, tugging with all his might at a little trough, but exhibiting the greatest delight in its possession. His mother recognizing it as belonging to a neighbor, sprang up exclaiming, "Oh! you naughty, naughty boy!" and took it from him.

The little fellow sobbed as though his heart would break, and his mother seemed no less distressed, though from a very different cause. He cried because he wished to retain his prize, and did not understand why he could not. Her distress voiced itself in the tearful exclamation, "What if my Freddie should grow up a thief!" But the fact that he took the little trough which pleased his fancy, from his neighbor's adjoining yard,

instead of from his own, did not indicate any danger of his growing up a thief; it had no moral significance whatever. It simply proved that the idea of ownership was not clearly enough developed to make him distinguish between mine and thine, and that boundaries had as yet no place in his mind. A little garden patch of which he is sole proprietor, will give him these ideas. It will also help develop the agricultural instinct; this is a very important instinct, as without it man would never have given up nomadic life, made for himself a fixed home, founded communities which developed into nations, nor would he ever have felt any strong love of country. It may seem absurd to thus trace patriotism back to a child's playing at making garden, but the connection is logical and the links unbroken. Such play gardening, merged into the real work as the child grows, has a great influence in attaching him to his home. On the same principle we have seen farmer boys, restless to leave the farm and seek their fortunes in the city, cured of this restlessness by giving them a field to cultivate for whose care they were responsible and whose profits were their own.

Every mother knows that having a little patch of his own delights her child and develops in him a certain stick-to-it-iveness which nothing else does. Ownership widens personality by giving it power to work and means to carry out its will. The garden is his and he loves it, first, because it is his, then because of what he can do in it, and this very doing still deepens his love. A man loves anything which he carefully tends, and the same is true of a child. In manhood and womanhood, love of the home built and beautified by their care succeeds childish love of the garden; this love of home broadens out in turn, into love of country.

What we call the plays of children are real work to them, and are most important factors in their physical, mental, and spiritual development. Hence the kind of playthings given

children has a great influence on the formation of character. Ready made, elaborate toys do not afford children as much pleasure as crude ones do, because they can do nothing with them. The eye is pleased for the time, but soon tires because the hand finds nothing to do unless it smashes the toy, and this it is very apt to do. Destructiveness is only constructiveness turned wrong side out; the instinct which leads children to pull their toy to pieces, is the same that would lead them to make it from the beginning, if only they knew how. If you would afford children lasting pleasure, as well as train their hands and their brains, give them playthings with which they can do something—building blocks, slate and pencils, a blackboard, tools and materials for work. Very simple things give great pleasure to a child if they fulfill this condition.

A basket of clothes-pins will keep a child pleasantly employed for hours, if only mamma will take time to show him how to put them together, and occasionally stop to admire his handiwork. Here is a point worth noting, the intense desire your child has for your companionship, even in his play. Many loving, conscientious mothers deprive their children of much pleasure, and lose one very powerful means of moulding their characters, by ignoring this natural desire. Play with your children if you would enter fully into their lives. Do not think it is waste time; no time is better spent than in making yourself the companion of your children. It does you as much good as it does them, by keeping your heart young. And more than this, too many children grow to maturity with the idea that mothers are made to work. The father has certain hours for his work, after which he is free to play with his children; the mother's work, in hard-working families, is never done, and forgetting that the children are unable to appreciate this, she, by neglecting to take time to play, gives her children the impression that it is father only that loves to play with them.



The next step beyond their toys is, their books, and they go to father with their lessons and their school excitements, and perhaps go through college with the idea that it is father who is sacrificing most for them; only because he seems most interested, while really mother is working her life away for them. An hour's romp with his children in the evening, after an harassing day's work, has saved many a hard pressed business man from insanity, or despair. Lincoln would have been crushed utterly by the burdens which he bore, could he not sometimes have thrown them off as he frolicked with little Tad.

A quantity of smooth, brick-shaped blocks, such as a kind elder brother can easily prepare, or a carpenter will make for a trifling expense, furnishes the best kind of play-things for children; the variety of things which an ingenious child will make with them is astonishing. This kind of play helps children of different ages to be company for each other. A brother four or five years older, can cut with his knife, from little blocks, toy houses and other pretty shapes, which will delight his five-year-old sister more for having seen them made, than any similar toy, though much more beautiful, purchased at the store.

My childhood was passed in a farm-house on an Illinois prairie, where kindergarten gifts and boughten toys were almost unknown; but I am sure I managed to extract as much pleasure out of the basket of cobs my father was accustomed to bring me from the barn, on rainy days, to keep me out of mischief, as any city child ever derived from a whole nursery full of elaborate toys. With them I fenced in my miniature farm, built the house, and then peopled it with cob dollies. I wonder if children nowadays know how to make them! My grandmother taught me, and I have never seen one since I was a child.

No toy should ever be given a child that is too nice for him

to play with, at least if such a thing is given do not deceive yourself—you can not deceive him—by supposing you are giving him pleasure. It is not the fine French doll, dressed up so elaborately that it is fit only to sit in the parlor and never be played with, that her little mistress loves; it is the old, maybe shabby, doll whose clothes she can make and mend, wash and iron, put on and take off, the doll which she can hug and kiss and pet, that she loves. This is not, as I have heard people say it was, because children naturally love ugly, shabby things; it is because they love things with which they can do something, on which they can use their hands.

To fix the child's attention long upon anything we must permit him to use his hands. Sight satisfies children for a little while, as they take in impressions greedily; but unless you allow them to work out these impressions with their fingers, they soon become listless or fretful according as their temperament is lymphatic or nervous.

Watch little children looking out of a window, how eagerly their eyes follow everything passing in the street! How they notice every little detail in the house opposite and in the passers by. But they are not long content with watching, they wish to give expression to what they have seen; often they do this by mimicking the movements they see, or by tracing rude outlines with wet fingers on the window pane. If no means of expression is allowed them, they soon tire of the show in which they have no part. If a slate and pencil had been given them and their fingers had been trained to make even rude drawings, in which their vivid imaginations could discover a likeness to the panorama without, it would have held their pleased attention much longer. This is explained by the close connection which, as we saw in chapter second, exists between the hand and the brain. Keep a child's hands busy and you are sure to hold his attention. Neglect

of this principle is to blame for the habit of inattention acquired by children, and no mental habit is more hurtful, for attention lies at the base of all learning—whether it be from books, from nature or from men. The hand is the sceptre of humanity, distinguishing man from the brutes and rendering possible all the myriaform industries of the world. The advantage of training children to use the hand dextrously can not be over estimated. Steam and machinery are doing much of the hard, rough work of the world, but everywhere there is a growing demand for delicate and artistic processes which can be done only by hand. In this age of the world, what the human hand needs is not so much strength, as skill, and this is best gained by acquiring complete control of the muscles in childhood. All know how necessary this is if one would become an expert piano player; it is just as necessary in all departments of labor.

Teachers find a wonderful difference in the faculty with which children of the same age, coming to school for the first time, use their hands. Some are so awkward and clumsy they can not grasp the pencil, much less use it; other fingers no larger than theirs are dexterous and quick. This is not all, or mainly, due to natural difference; it depends much upon training. If children have not been allowed, or encouraged, to use their hands in work or play as Nature designed; if from infancy they have been waited upon continually by nurses who did not know how to train their hands; or they have been always supplied with ready-made playthings, and have not been allowed much play out of doors, where they can not help using their hands, they are found to have little dexterity. Their hands are so helpless we can not help pitying them, no matter how daintily pretty they are. At the opposite extreme we find children's hands so stiffened by rough work too hard for them, that it will be very difficult in later life to train them to work requiring delicate manipulations. Thus, in very child-

hood they are condemned to a life of hard, unremunerative toil, because in mature life remunerative fields of labor will be closed to them by this abuse of the muscles in their childish hands.

But many children, and we are glad to find the number increasing, have parents far seeing and wise enough to commence in early childhood that training of the hand which will make it ready for whatever work maturity offers it to do. Much of this training is given through the plays of children, if we are wise enough to utilize this instinct. What child does not love to play piano on stove hearth, table or chair? Encourage them in it. To be sure it does not produce much music, but it makes the little fingers supple and dexterous. Fröbel, quick to seize on these indications and adapt them to use, supplies the music which the piano fails to give in this little song:

“ Now a carol gay,  
We with our fingers play,  
As each finger down we press,  
Hear the tone of loveliness.”

He gives many hand exercise songs and games. For example, *The Fishes*, in which the hands represent the movement of fishes swimming. This brings into play all the muscles of the hands and fingers. “*The Windmill*,” by another child lover, is one which little children enjoy.

These songs also cultivate the sense of hearing. Another means of cultivating this sense, as well as the voice, with which it is closely allied, is by frequently directing the child's attention to the various sounds in nature, and encouraging him to imitate them. Nature thus becomes his first music teacher. Jenny Lind tells us that at four years of age her musical talent first manifested itself in this way: she would sit for hours on the ground, listening to and imitating the singing of birds, the humming of beetles, the buzzing of bees, all the

# The Windmill.

MRS. M. H. FIELD.

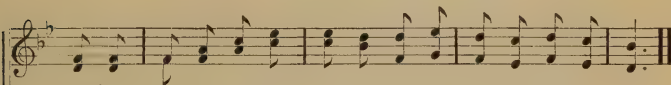
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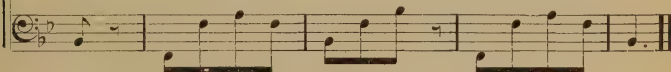
1. The windmill needs the wind to blow, Or else it can-not go, go, go;
2. It pumps the wa-ter as it whirls, The on-ly drink for boys and girls;
3. It pumps no foam-ing wine or beer, But wa-ter cold, and pure, and clear;
4. We love to watch it while it whirls, For we are temp'rance boys and girls;



It needs the wind to blow, blow, blow, Or else it can-not go, go,  
 But first we want the wind to blow, Or else it can-not go, go,  
 Hur - rah! we want the wind to blow, And make the windmill go, go,  
 Hur - rah! we want the wind to blow, And make the windmill go, go,



go; Hur - rah! we want the wind to blow, And make the windmill go.



NOTE.—A little boy is placed in the middle with a hoop around his waist, wound with bright colored tapes and with the ends of the tapes left long so that a circle of children can move around him, each holding the end of a tape. Four little ones stand outside the ring and represent the four winds blowing in turn or together, while all sing.

sounds of nature. In later years, as all who ever heard her bird song know, she entranced thousands by reproducing these tones, first learned in childhood.

Each year the world's great industries are demanding more discriminating eyes, thus making early cultivation of the sense of sight a necessity. Every railroad train, every steamboat, signals in colors; to mistake a signal often means destruction to train or boat, and sacrifice of precious lives. Many such accidents remained inexplicable till they were traced to color-blindness,—inability to distinguish one color from another. This led to the employment of tests to determine whether engineers and other employes on railroads were affected with color-blindness. The results show an amazing prevalence of this deficiency.

Now on most, or all, our great routes of travel, tests for color-blindness are applied before men are employed. Similar tests are applied to applicants for admission to the United States military and naval academies. A case lately came under my own notice where a young gentleman applying for admission to Annapolis Naval Academy, passed all literary tests successfully, but was rejected on account of color-blindness.

In some cases color-blindness is undoubtedly due to natural defect. That very much of the trouble arises from neglect to educate the sense of sight seems indicated by the fact that ladies are seldom affected by it, and the reason given is that women's work requires them to be continually noticing difference of color. Engineers are not the only ones to whom keen, discriminating sight is necessary. To the merchant, the painter, and many others, it is indispensable, and each year widens the circle of employments wherein it is a decided advantage. The cultivation of this sense becomes, then, of great importance, in a pecuniary point of view. Childhood is the time when it can be most successfully done; indeed, no



training in mature life can make up for the neglect of it in childhood. Children's sight can be trained by letting them match the color of a bit of bright stuff with flowers, with colored cards, or other bright stuffs. Give them first the three primary colors; when these are readily distinguished, teach them the shades and tints in a similar way. It is fun for the children to take a bit of bright colored cloth or paper and test it with the colors of the dresses, the curtains, the carpets; it is greater fun for them to run out of doors and bring in to mamma bright flowers and leaves that seem to the childish eye to match it in color. He is thus kept happily busy while his eye is receiving the training which may decide his future vocation in life. One of the tests for color-blindness applied at Annapolis is to give the applicant a quantity of bright worsteds of various shades, all mixed up, and he must lay them down in their right order. Something of this kind can be done in the home; it will afford amusement to the older children, and be a good training, not for the young eyes only, but for those of their parents.

Mother-wit will devise many pleasant ways of training the senses, if only the importance of this training is felt. A little reflection will convince every thoughtful parent that the senses—the avenues to the soul—should be kept in the very best possible condition, and that to accomplish this, systematic training is necessary. Sense training forms a very important part of Fröbel's system. It begins with the first gift to the infant, the balls; the young eyes are trained to distinguish their different colors, and this training is systematically carried on through his home and kindergarten course.

Here is a song about the body, which will please the little ones. It will also interest their older brothers and sisters to study out the significance of the figures used in the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes, which is always a favorite chapter

with children, probably because of the play it gives their imagination.

## Our Wonderful House.

Rev. W. F. CRAFTS.

A Movement Song.

F. C. T.

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major, 6/8 time. It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are as follows:

1. A won - der - ful house have I, That God has made for  
 2. The door has a tune - ful harp,— A mill to grind my  
 3. A foun-tain is in the house; A pitch - er lies at  
 4. The keep-ers must work for God; The harp must sing His  
 5. And when this house shall fall, As death at last shall

me, With win-dows to see the sky, And keep - ers strong and  
 bread, And there is a gold - en bowl, A beautiful sil - ver  
 hand; And strong men God has giv - en To bear me o'er the  
 praise; The win-dows look to heav - en; The strong men walk His  
 come; The good have a bet - ter house A - bove in Je - sus'

free, And keep - ers strong and free.  
 thread, A beauti - ful sil - ver thread.  
 land, To bear me o'er the land.  
 ways, The strong men walk His ways.  
 home, A - bove in Je - sus' home.

Let the teacher study and explain the allegory in Ecclesiastes, xii, 1-7. "Keepers"—hands; "Strong men"—legs; "Grinders"—teeth; "Windows"—eyes; "Door"—mouth; "Music"—the voice; "Silver cord"—spinal cord; "Golden bowl"—top of skull; "Pitcher" and "Wheel"—lungs; "Cistern" and "Fountain"—heart; "Long Home"—grave. It will add much to the interest, while singing, to touch the parts of the body symbolized, when it can be appropriately done.

From Songs for Little Folks, by per.

Eating is a very important factor in the life of every growing plant and animal. Growth depends upon it and God has made it a pleasurable thing, because it is so necessary to life. It is not to be wondered at that most children are little epicures; but if they show greediness, daintiness or gluttony, it is proof of bad bringing up. Plenty of plain, nutritious food should be given children, and then they should be taught to "eat what is set before them, asking no questions." The less children or grown people think about what they eat, the better. It is bad hygiene, as well as bad taste, to talk about the food at table.

We have known families where a great part of the table talk was about the food—praising it, or apologizing. This should never be allowed. Meal times are almost the only times when the whole family are together; they should find something better and pleasanter to talk about than their food; if they can not, they impress the children with the feeling that eating is the best part of life, whereas it is only a means to a higher end. "The life is more than meat."

Finding fault with food should never be allowed. If indulged in it will soon grow into a habit; how disagreeable this habit is, is too often demonstrated in the father's fault-finding at table, by which the peace of many families is destroyed. That it is nothing but a habit is proved by the fact that often the very men who thus make their homes miserable are heard, away from home, boasting of their wives' cooking.

As to the quantity a child should eat, Nature is a safe guide if the quality of the food is right, and the child is not allowed to eat too fast, as he is often inclined to do if his play is then more attractive than the table talk. As before remarked, the food should be simple, nutritious, such as will nourish the body without pampering the appetite. Of such food the child will eat what Nature requires, and stop when

he has enough. If, instead of eating such food, he is brought up on dainties, he will be apt to have a disordered stomach and capricious appetite. Stimulating foods and drinks are never good for children who need nourishing, not stimulating.

The almost universal liking for sweets which children possess points to a necessity for it; as a child, my private opinion was that the reason grown up people thought sugar unhealthy for children was, that they were stingy—did not wish to give it to them. I must confess I still think that depriving children of sugar is a mistaken notion. In my own case I always ate it freely, and have always allowed children under my charge to do so, and we thrive on it. The danger seems to me not in eating sugar, but in eating candy, most of which is adulterated, and much of it poisoned in coloring. Be very careful about giving it to children; but good, pure sugar is not dangerous. If they are allowed to have it they are not so apt to run wild after candy.

Eating between meals is another vexed question, many grave doctors telling us that it should never be allowed. I think they forget how ravenously hungry they used to be when they came home from school in the afternoon, two hours before supper time. A wise mother says: "Let a child eat when he is hungry, but do not pamper him. If my children wish something to eat between meals, I give them a piece of bread and butter; if they are hungry, they eat it and it does them good; if they are not hungry, they let it alone. I never give them dainties between meals." Children often ask for something to eat when their only desire is for something to do, and sometimes they are able to understand this themselves, as in the case of a little boy I knew of, who asked his mother to "give me a piece of bread and butter or something to 'muse myself."

The child's table manners should early receive attention. For lack of this, many tables are anything else than the cir-

cles of peace they ought to be. We have all seen a whole table-full annoyed by an untrained little child. His victuals do not suit him, and he whines or storms; or he musses with his food, spills his milk, and in other ways destroys the appetite of those around. On the other hand, he may be good natured and eat properly, and yet by his constant talking usurp the entire time and prevent any connected conversation. These offenses usually arise from neglect of the principle before stated. Too much prominence has been given to eating and to the character of food. The child has been pampered till his taste has been vitiated, and he has never been trained to eat what is set before him, "asking no questions." Probably he has been given too great a variety of food.

Scotch children, than whom none are heartier or happier, take their oatmeal porridge and the other simple foods their parents provide, not only without grumbling, but thankfully, and thrive as no pampered children ever do. Nothing is worse for a child, physically and morally, than allowing him to form the habit of fretting and fuming at table. It is sure proof that his training has been neglected in many important particulars. He has been allowed to think himself the most important personage in the family, to feel that his whims must be attended to, no matter how much they may interfere with the comfort of others; in short, he has not been taught the golden rule. Most examples of bad table manners, as well as of bad manners in general, can be traced to this cause, "for manners are lesser morals." Ingrained regard for the comfort and pleasure of others would banish all bad manners from society. Take, for example, those things in the table manners of a child which seem farthest removed from connection with morals: gobbling down his food, "pig fashion," as it is sometimes described, not only impairs his digestion, but annoys those at table with him. Mussing in his food, as children sometimes do, destroys the appetite of those near

him, and so on through the whole list. All these things start in small beginnings and grow upon the child. At the first they are easily checked, but if allowed to go on unreprieved, soon harden into lifelong habits. To allow them to become habits, is cruelty to the child. There are men now—grand men—high in the councils of our State and Nation, who daily suffer from the tyranny of such habits fixed in childhood. Train children to behave properly at table, when they first come to the table, and such habits will never be formed. And this does not require continued harping; indeed, this aggravates the evil.

The principles of good behavior here, as elsewhere, are few and simple. Impress them on the child's mind not simply by telling, but by *doing*, till right doing becomes habitual. Train children to behave at every meal just as you wish them to behave when you have company or take them visiting. Do not neglect their training when you are alone, and expect them to behave well when you have company. Nothing betrays good training, or the neglect of it, more certainly than a child's table manners.

Children should be trained to self-denial. Without it no strong characters are developed. They can not reason the matter out and know what is best for them, but they can be trained to so trust their parents' wisdom and love as to accept cheerfully the self denials imposed by their parents; this lays the ax at the root of the tree on which grows most of the fretfulness, complaining and grumbling, which often make childhood so hateful. Prompt obedience to rightly constituted authority is the most important lesson for a child to learn, as it is the prime characteristic of a good citizen.

Closely connected with training in obedience, is training to work. Without this training no child develops symmetrically. All should be trained to take their share in home work; this makes them feel themselves a part of the



family, necessary to its well-being, and thus is developed a feeling of responsibility. Let the work be suited to their age and strength, but so far as possible let it be regular work, to be done each day at a specified time, and let the children feel that if they do not do it, it goes undone. Thus will be laid the foundations of steady industry, without which they will accomplish little in mature life. It is often very difficult to find suitable work for children to do, especially in town, and at first it is always easier to do the work ourselves than to train them to do it, but this is great unkindness to them. Thoughtless parents, or those who care more to have the work done than to train children by doing it, often say: "I can't bother with children's work; it is so much easier to do it than to teach them how." True, it is easier, but it is both lazy and selfish to put our own ease before the child's well-being. Remember that idleness is an active as well as a passive evil. God made the child to be busy, and if you do not find work for him to do and train him to do it, he will be busy with evil. The old motto is a true one, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

In every household the father or mother can find or make some regular work for their children to do. The best kinds of work are those that take them into the open air, those that occupy the thoughts as well as the hands, that allow the children to work with parents, that bring many muscles into exercise, and that develop independence and a feeling of responsibility. No one occupation will meet all these conditions, nor would we wish to confine the children to one employment, but in the variety of occupations the wise parent plans, these various conditions can be fulfilled. The happiest families are those where every member has his or her work, and does it feeling that it is for the good of all. Children soon come to feel an honest pride in what they do, and in being trusted

to do it; thus is wrought into their character respect for honest work, one of the strongest safeguards for their maturity.

I remember one lovely family in which I was a guest, the children all told me with great delight what they did each day. A little four-year-old was standing by my side; she seemed so little I did not think of asking her daily work, but she did not mean to be left out, and straightening up with an air of great importance, she said, "I pick up." "You what?" I asked, smiling in spite of myself at the little midget's eager earnestness. "I pick up," she repeated, with an air that showed astonishment because I failed to understand such important work. The mother explained that Annie's work was to pick up any bits of paper or other rubbish which might be dropped upon the beautifully kept lawn, or might be blown there from the street. It was a little thing to do; none but a wise mother would have thought of dignifying it as a regular employment; but as I looked from the velvet-like sward to the eager, happy face of Annie, I thought that the training being given to the child was developing a character as beautiful as the lawn, and infinitely more precious.

Training to punctuality and promptness is closely allied to training to work. Determine how much time a child ought to occupy in doing a certain amount of work, then see that he does it in that time. Do not gauge his powers by your own, make due allowance for his weakness and inexperience; but having made this allowance and set the time, have him do the work in that time, and when it is done, send him off to the play he likes best, feeling that he has your hearty approval. If you allow him to be two hours doing what he ought to do in one-fourth of that time, you are training him to shiftless, lazy ways. "Work while you work, play while you play," should be the motto of every household. By the way, there

is one species of work that every child should be taught in connection with his play, that is to put his playthings away when he is done with them. Often children are allowed to leave their playthings all scattered about, to be picked up by the tired mothers, thus teaching them carelessness and selfishness at the same time. A good motto for the wall of every play room, be that room nursery or sitting room, is

“When you are done with play, put all your things away.”

Teach it to the children and train them to observe it; when they forget, as they will, remind them by pointing to the motto, till the habit becomes fixed. Thus they are being trained in orderly habits, and what is of more importance, are trained to “save mother trouble.”

“Punctuality is the comfort of life, the lack of it is selfishness,” said the mother of Dean Stanley. “Train children from childhood by being always punctual yourself, by expecting them to be so and allowing them to suffer the consequences when they are not. Unless regularity and punctuality rule in household arrangements, it is difficult to train children to this which Washington considered a cardinal virtue. If a child never knows when his meals are to be ready, or when he is to go to bed and get up, how can he be punctual? Have fixed hours for rising and retiring, and you will find it not only a great saving of time, patience and health, but an essential aid in training your children to punctuality. Regularity being the rule of your household, see that the children conform to it. Johnnie loves to sit up late, and when he does, is too sleepy to get up in time for his breakfast, or he does get up, but frolics and plays instead of dressing or allowing himself to be dressed, and is not ready for breakfast in time. Don’t keep his breakfast warm for him, and sit chatting with him while he eats it; let him eat his breakfast cold if it has grown cold waiting for him, and alone, that he may appreciate the pleasure of the happy family gathering

around the breakfast table by being deprived of it. I once knew a family which had grown slack in regard to breakfast hours, cured by a rule made by the father that any one being five minutes late must go back to bed and stay an hour, this rule to apply from father down. The first to incur its penalty was the grown daughter, but it was enforced, and soon wrought a reformation. Mary is promised a ride if she will be ready at five o'clock. Five o'clock comes and so does the carriage; father and mother are ready, but Mary is not. What is to be done? Call and call her again, and wait till she comes? Yes, if you wish to teach her that time is of no consequence. But if you wish to teach her punctuality, go and leave her; she will be on hand next time. When we remember all the time lost and vexation endured by waiting for unpunctual people, we sympathize with Washington, and feel that few things are more important than punctuality. So do not, we beg of you, train your children to swell the ranks of the great army of the unready.

Truthfulness is the corner-stone of character. We have seen how it is often undermined, even in babyhood. John Locke said, "Lying is so ready and cheap a cover for any miscarriage, and so much a fashion amongst all sorts of people, that a child can hardly help observing what use is made of it on all occasions, and so can scarcely help, without great care, from getting into it. But it is so ill a quality, and the mother of so many ill ones that spawn from it and take shelter under it, that a child should be brought up in the greatest abhorrence of it imaginable. When occasionally it comes to be mentioned, it should always be spoken of before him with the utmost detestation, as a quality so wholly inconsistent with the character and name of a gentleman, that nobody of any credit can bear the imputation of a lie. \* \* \* The first time he is found in a lie, it should rather be wondered at, as a monstrous thing in him, than reproved as an ordinary fault.

If that keeps him not from relapsing, the next time he must be sharply rebuked, and fall into a state of great displeasure of his father, mother and all about him who take notice of it.

"Children afraid to have their faults seen in their naked colors, will, like the rest of the sons of Adam, be apt to make excuses. This is a fault usually bordering on, and leading to, untruth, and is not to be indulged in them; and yet it ought to be cured rather with shame than roughness. If, therefore, when a child is first questioned for anything, his first answer is an excuse, warn him soberly to tell the truth; and then if he persists to shuffle it off with a falsehood, he must be chastised.

"If he directly confess, you must commend his ingenuousness, and pardon the fault, whatever it be; and pardon it so that you never reproach him with it, or so much as mention it to him again; for if you would have him in love with truth, and by a constant habit make it habitual to him, you must take care that it never procure him the least inconvenience, but, on the contrary, his own confession, bringing with it always perfect impunity, should be besides encouraged by some mark of approbation.

"If his excuse at any time be such as you can not prove it to have any falsehood in it, let it pass for true, and be sure not to have any suspicion of it. Let him keep up his reputation with you as high as possible; for when he once finds he has lost that, you have lost a great and best hold upon him. Let him know that twenty faults are sooner to be forgiven than one straining of the truth."

Closely allied to training children to be truthful is the character of those around them. Companionship influences the character of grown people, but much more that of children, for the reason of their greater impressionability, and because they are better discerners of character than their elders. Children, having less to occupy their minds than we, are close

students of character. They have leisure to study us and they improve it. They watch us closely, see, hear, study us continually. It is no use for us to attempt to hide our real selves from them; their keen eyes pierce all disguises; we must *be* what we wish them to believe we are.

They can not reason about the matter and tell you why they like this one, and why they do not like another, but they feel the difference in character, and I would trust their judgment sooner than I would that of their elders. And they read our character as well as the characters of strangers. Their love for us may make our faults seem virtues to them, and herein lies a great danger. If they hear us send a message of "not at home" to an unwelcome visitor, or report their age as less than it is to the conductor to secure half fare, how can truth ever seem to them the thing altogether lovely? If Johnnie sees his father sell for sound a horse he knows has been foundered, how can cheating seem to him such a dreadful thing? The whole air of the home must be saturated with truth, purity, honesty, if we would have the children therein grow up truthful, pure, honest.

But the best of earthly parents are fallible. We must therefore early give the child a higher standard by bringing him to know his Heavenly Father, and to recognize himself as not only the child of Nature and of humanity, but as the child of God.

How shall this be done? It has been beautifully said that "childish unconsciousness is rest in God." And this is true, but we wish to awaken consciousness of God's loving presence. Fröbel says: "The most delicate, the most difficult, the most important part of the training of children consists in the development of their inner and higher life of feeling and of soul—the religious life that is at one with God in feeling, in thought, and in action." How shall this



work be done? Not, certainly, by teaching children to babble over set prayers which are meaningless to them. Oh! how much "taking the name of the Lord in vain" is done by unconscious children, whose parents never taught them the beauty and significance of the words they say!

Music finds its way to the human soul more readily than does speech. Through it, influences may be brought to bear even upon young children, to draw them to God. A mother instinctively sings her children to sleep. Let the songs she sings bear on their wings the truth she would impress on the childish heart. Thousands of children have been hushed to rest by their mother's voice singing this simple hymn, and have learned to love the gracious Savior of which she sung:

"Gracious Savior, gentle Shepherd,  
Little ones are dear to Thee;  
Gathered with Thine arms and carried  
In Thy bosom may we be.

Tender Shepherd, never leave us,  
From the fold to go astray,  
By Thy look of love directing,  
May we walk the narrow way.

Taught to lisp the holy praises  
Which on earth Thy children sing,  
May we with Thy saints in glory,  
Join to praise our Lord and king."

As the child's life centers in the mother and she is its interpreter of earthly relationships, so is she of the heavenly. As her children are going to sleep she kneels by their bedside and prays. At first they may not understand the words, simple though they should be, but gesture, the direct expression of the soul, is understood by the youngest child, as it is by animals and savages. The kneeling form, the bowed head, the clasped hands, all speak to the little one's heart

of a being above his mother, whom she loves and to whose care she confides him.

His little hands are clasped, Nature's symbol of prayer.

"Nature with folded hands seemed there  
Kneeling at her evening prayer."

Soon the child is able to join in his mother's prayer. That it may not degenerate into parrot-like repetition her prayer must be in close connection with his experiences and feelings. She should know how to draw out these feelings. As he lies there in the peace and quietness of his own bed, she can talk to him of the pleasures and the blessings of the day, arouse in him a feeling of gratitude toward all who have helped to make his day happy, and thus lead his mind up to gratitude to God. "In such a mood the simple words, 'dear Father in Heaven I thank thee,' will be a real prayer."

If the child has been naughty during the day, going over with his mother all the events of the day will help him to discover how he came to commit the fault, and now when the anger has all died out of his heart, and he is alone with his gentle mother and the dear Heavenly Father whose presence he is beginning to feel, he can be led to that sorrow for his fault which is the root of all repentance. He has seen the sorrow of his parents when he did wrong,—and it is sorrow always he should see, not anger,—and when his mother says, "You have grieved us, your parents, very much, but you have grieved your Heavenly Father much more, you must ask Him to forgive you and to help you to be a better child," his broken petition, "dear Father in Heaven forgive me and help me to be good," will come from the depths of his heart, and be heard in Heaven.

When prayer has thus become a real thing to the child, it is well to help his devotions by teaching him the little prayer so dear to the heart of childhood that many of us, though in

the midst of life's battle, or in life's decline, never close our eyes to sleep without repeating it:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep,  
If I should die before I wake  
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take,  
And this I ask for Jesus' sake.

It is said that Sir Isaac Newton never went to sleep without kneeling as he had done at his mother's knee, and repeating the prayer she had taught him. The same is true of John Quincy Adams, and all who have read the life and letters of that wonderful woman, Abigail Adams, do not wonder that her son carried thus through life the memory of her teaching. Oh! when we think of the possibilities for good in this half hour's communion with her little ones at the close of the day, we wonder how any mother can ever resign this privilege to another! Whatever hired hands may do for your children, never, never let them be put to bed by any but your self. Never let them go to sleep with a feeling of loneliness, because they have missed your good-night kiss and prayer, and never let them go to sleep unhappy. Whatever the day has brought of pain, or sorrow, or wrong, should be taken away in that bedtime talk, and your little one go peacefully to sleep resting in the love of his parents and his heavenly Father. The time will come soon enough when the day's sorrows can not be dissolved in the sweet alembic of a mother's prayer. Blessed it will be then if our manhood's or womanhood's heart can turn for comfort to

"One of the sweet old chapters,  
After a day like this;  
The day brought tears and trouble,  
The evening brings no kiss.  
No rest in the arms I long for—  
Rest and refuge and home;  
Grieved, and lonely, and weary,  
Unto the Book I come.

One of the sweet old chapters,  
The love that blossoms through  
His care of the birds and lilies,  
Out in the meadow dew.  
His evening lies soft around them;  
Their faith is simply to be,  
Oh! hushed by the tender lesson,  
My God, let me rest in thee!"

That they may be able to thus turn to God's Word for comfort and strength when the cares of maturity press heavily, children should learn to love it. This they easily do, for no other book has such attractions for the childish heart as the Bible. It is ever young and has for young hearts a peculiar charm. The children of the Bible being real children are felt by every child to be near of kin to himself. He never tires of the story of Moses in the bullrushes, little Samuel in the temple, of Joseph, of Jairus' daughter, and the little children whom Jesus took in His arms and blessed. Best of all is the sweet old story of the child Jesus, in the manger, on His mother's breast as she bore him to Egypt to escape from cruel Herod, in the temple, in His home at Nazareth. Thus through the gate of childhood, children gladly enter into the study of the Bible and gradually learn to make it "the man of their counsel" "a lamp to their feet and a guide to their way."

John Woolman tells us that when a small child he read from Revelations—that book which so perplexes wise-headed commentators—the words, "He showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb," and that his mind was drawn by this beautiful word picture to seek after that wonderful purity here portrayed; and he adds, "The place where I sat when I read those words, and the sweetness of that child-yearning remain still fresh in my mind." The spirit of that "mystical anthem," hidden so often from the wise and prudent students

of the letter, was felt, if not comprehended, by the simple heart of the child. The impression thus fixed on his childish heart by reading God's Word went with him all through life; that purity typified by the water of life ever marked his character, and to-day, as he stands before the throne, "washed in the blood of the Lamb," no doubt he looks back with rejoicing to that day when to his young soul the entrance of God's Word gave light.

Nothing is more important than that God and His Word should be made to seem real to the child, or rather, that we shall not make Him seem unreal; Jean Paul says, "Ye stand nearest to Him, ye little ones," and until the exhalations of our own unbelief hang a mist before their eyes, God does seem very real to children. They feel him in Nature though they may not be able to express this feeling. Who does not remember the vague yet happy thoughts of God and Heaven which came to his child soul as he gazed into the starlit heavens, and how God was in all his thoughts as his soul drank in the beauty and beneficence of Nature? To every childish heart there comes early questionings: who made the trees, the flowers, the birds? who made my father and mother? who made me? Like the untutored savage the child "sees God in clouds and hears Him in the wind." It is His voice in thunder which affrights him. But in the softer aspects of Nature he loves best to recognize Him. In the brightness and beauty of a spring morning he feels God's loving smile, and who shall prove that this undefined feeling is not one subtle element in the delight a young child feels in being out of doors? Looking back to my own childhood I am strongly impressed with the belief that it is. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and not all of its curtains are close shut against childish eyes.

Baroness Marenholtz-Bulow gives us this beautiful word picture from Frœbel: "A child with his lap full of sweet-

smelling flowers which he is going to weave into a garland, sits on the grass under a blossoming apple tree in which the birds are warbling their spring song; the warm rays of the sun penetrate his being; a cooling wind plays gently around his face and showers over him the white blossoms of the tree; a flood of newly experienced bliss uplifts his soul, and his lips gently whisper: 'It is the good God who is passing by'—the first revelation of Deity has entered his soul."

The lesson of God's care and providence comes to children through their little gardens. They plant the seeds and water them and wait impatient for their growth. Perhaps in their impatience they pull them up, but nothing they can do hastens growth. They leave the flower bed at night and it is only black dirt, not a sign of life. But lo! in the morning they find there little green shoots forcing their way up through the ground. A miracle has been wrought; what their hands were powerless to do has been wrought by an unseen power. The wise mother leads them through their garden to God. "You see how the seeds have come up, or was it you who made them grow?" "No" respond the children. "Who then has done it?" "The good God," they answer reverentially. "Yes, the good God made the sun shine so that the earth became warm and warmed the seeds, and then He sent dew and rain to soften the earth, and the damp earth softened the hard seeds so that the little germs could force their way out, as you saw had happened in the seeds you dug up yesterday, and last night when you were sound asleep the little germs pushed their way up through the soft dirt and here they are. The good God did all this to give you pleasure, as He does in so many other ways, will you not try to give Him pleasure too? How can you do it?" "By being very good," and the lesson is learned as didactics could not have taught it.

Two little children who had received such a lesson from their mother one morning, were later in the day playing with



some bright-colored papers, which they were twisting into garlands for their friends. "For whom are you making yours?" was asked of the younger. "I am going to give mine to God," she answered just as simply and naturally as her sister had told me she was making hers for mamma. At the close of the morning talk she had said, "I will do something to please God to-day." The garland had pleased her mother, why should it not please God? who shall say that it did not please Him?

Browning's "Boy and the Angel" shows God listening to a child's praise, missing it when it ceases:

Morning, evening, noon and night,  
 "Praise God" sang Theocrite.  
 Then to his poor trade he turned  
 By which the daily meal was earned.  
 Hard he labored, long and well;  
 O'er his work his boy's curls fell,  
 But ever at each period  
 He stopped and sang "Praise God."  
 Then back again his curls he threw  
 And cheerful turned to work anew  
 God said 'A praise is in my ear,  
 There is no doubt in it, or fear."

And when it ceased, he said:

"Clearer loves sound other ways;  
 I miss my little human praise."

The story of the dear little girl who, awaking on a lovely summer morning, and feeling grateful to the bright sun for waking her, after her usual morning greetings, said: "Mamma, may I say good-morning to God?" expresses the sense of nearness to God often felt by children, as well as their gratitude to Him for things which give them pleasure. Doubtless your own experience will furnish similar illustrations. One in my own experience with a little cousin shows

the child's sense of God as giver of all things, though it was coupled with anything but gratitude for the gift. He was three years old, and had a baby brother who was sick and very cross. One day the baby was unusually bad; he screamed and screamed till Charlie could bear it no longer. He ran outdoors, turned his little troubled face up to the sky, clasped his hands and exclaimed, "O God, do come and take away this baby and bring us anoder one that won't cry all the time." Another little friend of mine was an only child, and very happy with her dolls till one day she went to visit Marcia, carrying her doll with her. Marcia made fun of her doll. "I wouldn't be seen playing with such a baby; why don't you have a real, true, sure-enough, meat-baby to play with, as I do?" she said, catching her baby brother from his cradle. Mary had never seen a baby before and was delighted with it. That night, after saying her accustomed prayers, including, "God bless papa and mamma and make Mary a good girl," she astonished her mother by adding, "and give me a really, truly, sure-enough, meat-baby brother." A few weeks after, a foundling was left on their door-step, a little baby boy, and Mary never doubted that God sent him in answer to her prayer. Her parents adopted him, and he grew to be such a comfort to them that they, too, shared their daughter's belief.

An instance is given, on good authority, showing a child's faith in God's nearness and power. A little girl of three years old was ill used by a nurse in whose care her mother had left her; she wished to tell her mother, sure of her sympathy and protection, but could not reach her. Falling on her knees, she exclaimed, "Father in Heaven, tell her."

Thus we see how the religious training of children can be wisely carried on, through sacred music as sung by the mother, by example of reverence and devotion and the language of gesture before they can understand the language of speech, by making God real to them and leading their young



"It is the Good God passing by."



hearts out in real prayer and thanksgiving to Him. This much accomplished during the first five or six years, and you have laid good foundations for the temples of the living God, into which you wish your children to grow. Does any one say this is doing too much? Will anything less satisfy the demands of your child's spiritual nature? No one who understands children, and observes them closely, will fail to discover among their other wants a necessity for the knowledge of God, and "this necessity being the highest of which the human soul is capable, should, before all things, be satisfied."

It can be satisfied as we have seen, not by dogmatic teaching of theological truth, not even by set reading of God's own book, but by following the path God marks out for us by the instincts implanted in the child's heart, and utilizing life and nature that speak to him of God.

In the same way we may implant in him reverence for his parents and trust in them. It is always unwise, often hurtful, to talk to your child as though you would convince him of your goodness, your wisdom, your care for his happiness. These should be so much the light and warmth of his life that he no more doubts their existence, than he doubts the shining of the sun. We do not try to reason him into a belief that the sun shines; we simply take him out where he can feel its genial rays. If you must be continually arguing your children into belief in your wisdom, or your goodness, they have good reason to doubt both. And as for their happiness, it is not something to be found ready made for them; they must make it for themselves, guided and aided by your loving sympathy. It must permeate the entire atmosphere of home, and be breathed in as they breath their native air, unconsciously, yet with life-giving power, for happiness *is* a life-giving power. No nature attains its fullest perfection without it, any more than plants flower without sunlight.

Happiness in the home depends much upon loving sympa-

thy between parents and children. No parent who forgets he was once a child, can make his children happy, because he can not have this loving sympathy with them in their plays, their little troubles and cares, great to them—nor can he come near enough to them to lead them to God.

Every family has common means of happiness; each is known to all; all have common interests and common loves, and if all respect the principles of justice and kindness, the home must be a happy one. Parents need to pay great regard to the happiness of their children, and remember that while adults depend upon external means of happiness, the happiness of children comes almost wholly from within. A cross word or look paining their hearts takes all the brightness out of their day, and we must not forget that to their inexperienced minds everything seems final. What seems to us a light trouble because we know it can be remedied, or will soon pass away, distresses them, as it seems to us, beyond all reason. It is simply because they have not yet learned to reason it out, and it seems to them that the pain or the trouble, or the mortification will *never* pass away.

A loving temper in both parents is necessary to the happiness of children. It is not enough that parents love their children, and children their parents; they should tell each other so. Many hearts starve for lack of loving words from those who really love them, but think it weak to give expression to that love. Says another: "Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness; speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and be made happier by them; the kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go; the flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of



fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary, troubled hours, and open them that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy."

And nowhere is this truer than in the family circle. The mother songs that we remember most fondly breathe out mother love. Did ever your mother sing this to you? If so we are sure you will thank us for giving it to you here.



### A Mother's Song.

As I walked over the hills one day,  
I listened and heard a mother sheep say:  
"In all the green world there is nothing so sweet,  
As my little lammie with his nimble feet,  
    With his eye so bright,  
    And his wool so white,  
Oh, he is my darling, my heart's delight.  
    The robin, she  
    That sings on the tree,  
Dearly may dote on her darlings four,  
But I love my one little lambkin more."  
So the mother sheep and the little one,  
Side by side lay down in the sun;  
They went to sleep on the hillside so warm,  
While my little lammie lies here on my arm.  
  
I went to the kitchen, and what did I see,  
But the old gray cat with her kittens three;  
I heard her whispering soft. Said she,  
"My kittens, with tails all so cunningly curled,  
Are the prettiest things that can be in the world.  
    The bird on the tree,

And the old ewe, they  
May love their babies exceedingly;  
But I love my kittens from morning to night.  
Which is the prettiest I can not tell—  
Which of the three for the life of me,  
I love them all so well.  
So I'll take up the kittens, the kittens I love,  
And with them lie down beneath the warm stove."  
So the kittens lie under the stove so warm,  
While my little kitten lies here on my arm.

I went to the garden and saw the old hen  
Go clucking about with her chickens ten.  
She clucked, and she scratched, and she bristled away,  
And what do you think I heard her say?  
I heard her say: "The sun never did shine  
On anything like these chickens of mine.  
You may hunt the full moon and the stars if you please,  
But you'll never find such chickens as these.  
For lambs nor for kittens I won't part with these,  
Though the sheep and the cat should go down on their knees.  
My dear downy darlings, my sweet little things,  
Come nestle now cosily under my wings,"  
So the hen said,  
And the chickens sped  
As fast as they could to their warm feather bed.  
And there let them lie in their feathers so warm,  
While my little darling lies here on my arm.

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Over many families there rests a shadow because some child is denied those perfect gifts which make life a delight—sight, hearing, speech or right use of the faculties. It is a very dark shadow, yet even it often serves to bring out brilliant stars. Around such defective ones parental love clings with peculiar tenderness, and if this love is wise, even the great affliction may be used as a means of training the other children to a nobler character. There may be families in which are defective ones where no such good results are obtained; where the well and strong are allowed to hector

and tyrannize over the poor unfortunates, and even parental love seems dead, or lives but to feel the disappointment of hopes and the burden of the maintenance of those who give no promise of ever being able to maintain themselves. But these cases are too sad, too monstrous, to contemplate; we will not believe that there can be any such among our readers, so we shall only write for such as have hearts to pity and love these unfortunates, and an honest desire to do all in their power to lighten the burden Nature has laid upon them. This is seldom hard for a parent, but it is not easy for brothers and sisters.

Even love in the parent is not enough, it must be wise love, such love as seeks the highest good of its object, even at the expense of present pain. The tendency is to "spoil" defective children by over indulgence, thinking thus to compensate for their deprivation. But this is here, as everywhere, mistaken kindness. Train them to obedience, even more carefully than you train the other children, as the lesson is more needful for them. The limitations of their lives are so many that they must learn to submit to them, or be forever beating against the bars. Arouse them to hopefulness by keeping ever before them the possibilities life has for them, in spite of their deficiencies. Tell them of great deeds accomplished by those deprived, like them, of one or more senses. History and the living world are full of such examples; search them out and have the other children search them out, it will do them good by bringing them into close sympathy with the afflicted brother or sister. Edgar Fawcett, England's great postmaster-general, the ablest one any nation ever had, was stone blind. Prescott wrote his great works while only a glimmer of light could pierce his eyes; the most famous musician at our National capitol to-day is blind. There are numerous instances of men and women to-day deprived of other senses who have accomplished a grand

work in the world, while in every community are instances of those who are doing good work in their own homes. In Laura Bridgeman we see what can be accomplished by a determined will, under wise and loving guidance, when all the senses seem like locked doors to chambers of which "their Maker keeps the master key."

The tendency of such afflictions is to mental depression, especially if they are not congenital, but have come through sickness or other causes, after the child once enjoyed his senses, hence we need to guard against this tendency. To educate the child gradually losing its sense of hearing, requires very careful study on the part of parents and teachers, especially if the child is a sensitive or bashful one, and almost any child will become so under this infliction, or the other extreme, bold and exacting. We know of many more cases where the loss of hearing is gradual than where there is sudden and entire deafness. This accounts largely for the tendency to despondency in cases where the child is old enough to realize it. We know that a large per cent of our happiness is in anticipation, the hope of doing or having in the future something more and better than we do or have now; but the child who is looking forward to a future of silence and loneliness, and perhaps dependence, hopes little. And this begins before they are old enough to explain it.

Above all things else then teach them to love books; first, *the Book*, then the best of books; in them they will find their society and friends. Happy the boy with mechanical genius or inventive ability, or the girl that loves to paint, and draw, or use her needle. At any rate let parent and teacher make these things as charming to the child as possible. It will perhaps save him from despair or insanity when a little older. Be very careful of their eyes while doing it, for the child will not think of this. If possible, have a place to cultivate flowers, and have the girls practice walking much out of doors.

Natural history has many attractions although sound has much to do in its study.

Mother, go to your little boy's teacher and tell her of his defective hearing; do not leave it for him to do, for he dreads it and perhaps will not do it at all. Even the "black mark" is not so terrible to him as to speak of this infirmity that seems to make him, in his own eyes, inferior to other boys. One doctor says all the deaf are liars, and this is true, I think, if pretending to hear when you don't is a lie. "I missed eight words in spelling to-day," says a little deaf boy. "Why don't you tell the teacher you can not hear her pronounce the words?" "I did, but she *can't* speak loud enough for me to hear," says this boy who gets along very well at home and on the play-ground, and was the best speller in the school where his teacher *could* speak loud enough for him to hear. In a room where there are several people, do not begin talking to the deaf child without first getting his attention; remember that one of the first losses to the deaf is the ability to tell the distance and direction of sound, and the embarrassment of not knowing who spoke to him is very confusing. Embarrassment we know quickens the pulse, sending a blush to the cheek, and where the ear is defective and sensitive, at times the blood seems to strike with a quick and heavy thud, thud, against the drum of the ear, increasing the deafness and confusion. The fear that some one is going to speak to him and he will not hear, causes a deaf person as much suffering in company as an actual blunder. Some people have the idea that no matter how harsh and loud you speak the sound is low and natural to the deaf ear; this is not so. It is heard just as it is spoken. We know it is hard work, as well as unpleasant, to talk loudly, and the sound of loud voices is disagreeable to the refined and cultivated senses. But the deaf know this too, and the fact that loud sounds are all they do hear, is no harder to bear than

the fact that they are the cause of annoyance to others.

The mother of a deaf mute wrote the following poem. We give it entire, believing that other mothers will be comforted by its exquisite setting forth of what their hearts feel but their lips can not express.



### The Dumb Child.



She is my only girl.  
 I asked for her as some most precious thing;—  
 For all unfinished was Love's jeweled ring,  
     Till set with this soft pearl!  
 The shades that time brought forth I could not see.  
 How pure, how perfect, seemed the gift to me!

Oh! many a soft old tune  
 I used to sing unto that deadened ear,  
 And suffered not the slightest footstep near,  
     Lest she might wake too soon;  
 And hushed her brothers' laughter while she lay;  
 Ah! needless care! I might have let them play.

'Twas long ere I believed  
 That this one daughter might not speak to me;  
 Waited and watched—God knows how patiently!  
     How willingly deceived.  
 Vain Love was long the untiring nurse of Faith,  
 And tended Hope until it starved to death.

Oh! if she could but hear  
 For one short hour, till I her tongue might teach  
 To call me mother, in the broken speech  
     That thrills the mother's ear!  
 Alas! those sealed lips never may be stirred  
 To the deep music of that holy word!



My heart it sorely tries,  
 To see her kneel with such a reverent air  
 Beside her brothers at their evening prayer;  
     Or lift those earnest eyes  
 To watch our lips, as though our words she knew;  
 Then move her own, as she were speaking, too.

I've watched her looking up  
 To the bright wonder of a sunset sky,  
 With such a depth of meaning in her eye,  
     That I could almost hope  
 The struggling soul would burst its binding cords,  
 And the long-pent-up thoughts flow forth in words.

The song of bird and bee,  
 The chorus of the breezes, streams and groves,  
 All the grand music to which Nature moves,  
     Are wasted melody  
 To her; the world of sound a tuneless void;  
 While even silence hath its charm destroyed.

Her face is very fair;  
 Her blue eye beautiful; of finest mould  
 The soft white brow, o'er which, in waves of gold  
     Ripples her shining hair.  
 Alas! this lovely temple closed must be,  
 For He who made it keeps the master-key.

Wills He the mind within  
 Should from earth's Babel-clamor be kept free,  
 E'en that His still, small voice and step might be  
     Heard, at its inner shrine,  
 Through that deep hush of soul, with clearer thrill?  
 Then should I grieve? O, murmuring heart, be still!

She seems to have a quiet sense  
 Of quiet gladness, in her noiseless play,  
 She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way,  
     Whose voiceless eloquence  
 Touches all hearts, though I had once the fear  
 That even her father would not care for her.

Thank God it is not so!

And, when his sons are playing merrily,  
She comes and leans her head upon his knee,

O, at such times, I know,  
By his full eye, and tones subdued and mild,  
How his heart yearns over his silent child.

Not of all gifts bereft,  
Even now. How could I say she did not speak?  
What real language lights her eye and cheek,  
And renders thanks to Him who left  
Unto her soul, yet open avenues  
For joy to enter, and for love to use!

And God in love doth give  
To her defect a beauty of its own;  
And we deep tenderness have known  
Through that for which we grieve:  
Yet shall the seal be melted from her ear,  
Yes; and my voice shall find it—but not here.

When that new sense is given,  
What rapture will its first experience be,  
That never woke to meaner melody  
Than the rich songs of Heaven—  
To *hear* the full-toned anthem swelling round,  
While angels teach the ecstasies of sound!

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Do not take it for granted that the child can do nothing because he is blind, or deaf and dumb. Rather take it for granted that he *can* do whatever he tries, and you will be astonished at the results. One such case was a blind boy who grew to be twelve years old without being allowed to do anything, his parents and elder brothers and sisters doing everything for him. He determined that he could do what any boy with sight could do and he *would*. He first essayed chopping wood; knowing that his friends would not allow it if they knew it, he took an ax and went off into the woods practicing by himself day after day, and never once cutting

his foot or hurting himself in any way. When he felt sure his lesson was learned, he invited his father and brothers out into the woods and astonished them by chopping down a tree. It took weeks and months of practice to accomplish this, but it was accomplished at last. From this time he went on "conquering and to conquer" and filled his life full of usefulness and blessing.

Give these children every possible chance for improvement. One of the grandest triumphs of Christian civilization is the care it takes of its unfortunates. Dr. Gallaudet, Dr. Howe and their co-laborers, following in the footsteps of their Master, have virtually opened the eyes of the blind, unstopped deaf ears and awakened dormant powers. Every State now has asylums and schools for the training of these who need special care, and it is great unkindness, though it comes from mistaken fondness, to deny your defective children the benefit of training which these schools afford. There they will be taught by those who have devoted their lives to learning the best methods of teaching them, and will return to you fitted to *do something*, instead of being compelled to a life of idleness, which is always an unhappy life, in spite of all that love can do to brighten it.

The unfortunates that excite my deepest sympathy are not those whose physical senses are defective, but those whose mental powers are impaired. There are so many gradations here that it is hard to draw the line; if a child is blind or deaf we know it of a certainty, but when the mind is impaired, or in the expressive vernacular, "the child is lacking," it is hard to draw the line between slow-working mental powers and deficient ones. Then parents are so sensitive on this point, much more so than upon any other—they can not admit the thought that their darling is an idiot, which indeed he is not, so they will not admit that anything ails him. They send him to school with the other children, hoping that

he will brighten up, but he does not; the methods suited to other children will not do for him, and evil, rather than good, comes of his going.

In nine years spent in visiting public schools, I saw many such cases, and my heart always ached for them, and for their teachers, if they were, as I always found them, conscientiously trying to do their best with the poor unfortunates. As before stated, the methods used for bright children, and which must be pursued in a public school, or sacrifice the interests of the whole school to a single child, were not at all adapted to that one, he could not learn in that way; the restraints of school were irksome to him, and he was usually very troublesome. Then, with all her trying, it was almost impossible for the teacher to make the other children treat him as they should on the playground or elsewhere out of her sight. They would either plague and vex him, thus spoiling his temper, or give up to all his whims, thus making him tyrannical.

Wherever possible, I have persuaded parents to send such children to our State school for defective children, and never once having had cause to regret it, this is the advice I give to parents of such children everywhere.

In most such cases, I do not know but we are justified in saying in *all*, the difficulty is not that some particular faculty of the mind is lacking; it lies in the lack of the power of attention. This power must be supplied, attention gained and held. When this is accomplished the rest follows with comparative ease. This is what the teachers in these schools are especially trained to do; it is what they do accomplish as no one can without this special training. To accomplish it requires infinite patience and loving care.

In all the annals of philanthropy there is nothing more pathetic, nothing grander, than Dr. Howe's efforts to gain the attention of an idiot mind, and thus lead it to the light. The

class had been considered hopeless ever since the world began, but Dr. Howe's great heart could not rest till he had discovered a way to reach and bless these darkened minds. He chose a boy so utterly imbecile he could do nothing, not even carry food to his mouth. He had never spoken, or laughed, or cried, never given any sign of intelligence. The doctor took him and spent a certain number of hours each day trying to unlock the close shut faculties. He tried every way his ingenuity could devise to attract his attention, knowing that was the pivotal point, but without success. The boy lay like a lump of clay upon the floor, moving not, heeding not. Then the doctor lay down beside him, and for months the blessed man spent hours each day beside that repulsive form, trying by all the arts of an intense devotion to win some sign of recognition. At last it came, the hand which had never before obeyed the will, slowly rose and dropped upon the hand of the doctor beside it with a slight pressure. Love and faith had gained the victory; the dormant mind awoke, and before as many months had passed as the doctor had spent in what seemed vain endeavor, the boy could sit upright, feed himself, and in many ways testify his devotion to his savior. This was the beginning of instruction for imbeciles; the blessings which have come to them through the heroic devotion of Dr. Howe are incalculable. His methods are the models for all schools of this class, and much of his spirit has descended upon the teachers. Indeed, without it they could do nothing, for it is the spirit of the Master.

A poor widow, dependent upon what she could earn by washing to support herself and four children, came to my notice. "I could do very well," she said, "if it was not for Annie, but she, poor child, is lacking, and gives me no end of trouble; I can not take her with me to my washing places, for the folks will not have her around, and I dare not leave her at home with the younger children, for she beats and abuses

them so I am afraid she will kill them." Annie was sent to our State School for Feeble-minded Children, and was there a little less than a year. Once she visited home, and all were amazed at the improvement made. Instead of the torment she had been before, she was gentle and kind to the little ones, and could do many things to help her mother, setting the table, washing dishes, and the like. She returned to the school at the end of the vacation; soon her mother received word that Annie was sick, and went to her. She reached there only a few hours before Annie's death. But she knew her mother, kissed her fondly, lay back on her pillow, and said, "It is night; I must go to sleep.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep,  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take,  
And this I ask for Jesus' sake,"

and in a few moments she was asleep—asleep in Jesus to awake in Heaven.

The mother brought the body back, but there were no tears in her eyes or in her heart for Annie. "It was so beautiful," she said, "I can't cry to think the dear child has gone where she will be like other children. But Oh! Miss," and here the tears did come, "to think strangers should have to teach her her first prayer, because her own mother never thought she knew enough to learn one. God bless that teacher." And all who heard it echoed her prayer.

Childhood stretches out in our thought almost illimitably, and we must leave for other chapters many things we had planned to say in this. We close it with a few thoughts upon taking children to church as a part of their training. We believe in it thoroughly, believe in it for the sake of the children who are thus forming habits of church-going which are invaluable; for the sake of the minister to whom, if he is of the right stuff, their presence is an inspiration, and for the



sake of the people who get better sermons because of the habitual presence of children in the congregation. We have said they are an inspiration to the minister; so they are. A minister who habitually has children to preach to, comes to express himself more simply and clearly, and thus, more effectively. A "good children's preacher" is always a good preacher for grown folks. He naturally grows into the habit of preaching less theology and more gospel, and giving his people fewer flowers of rhetoric and more of the sincere milk of the Word, when he sees before him the eager faces of devout children. Fröbel thinks it is a religious instinct which makes young children like to go into assemblies of grown people. We do not know how this may be, but we know that it is no better for children than for adults to "neglect the assembling of themselves together on the Lord's day."

The Sunday-school, much as we love it, does not meet all the requirements of the case. The church is more for worship, worship with his father, mother, and other dear ones. Here they come together before the Lord. And the impressions produced on the childish heart by this common, sacred service are not made in any other way. Then, if a habit of church going is not formed in childhood, when is it to be formed? The hosts of non-church goers, many of them grown-up children of Christian parents, give the sad answer, "Never." If the child goes only to Sabbath-school, and his parents go only to church, he naturally infers that children have no place in church nor grown folks in the Sabbath-school. When he is grown he stops going to Sabbath-school, but having formed no habit of church going, he does not go, at least regularly, to church. So take the children to church for their own sakes, for the sake of the minister, and for the sake of the congregation present, and that is to be. Teach him how to behave as well as you can, but if he sometimes forgets, as he most certainly will—still, take him to church.



## The Restless Boy in Church.



How he turns and twists,  
And how he persists  
In rattling his heels;  
How uneasy he feels,  
Our wide awake boy in church.

Then earnest and still  
He attends with a will,  
While a story is told  
Of some hero bold,  
Our dear, thoughtful boy in church.

But our glad surprise  
At his thoughtful eyes  
Is turned to despair,  
As he twitches the hair  
Of his little sister in church.

Still, each naughty trick flies  
At a look from the eyes  
Of his mother so dear,  
Who thinks best to sit near  
Her mischievous boy in church.

Another trick comes?  
Yes, his fingers he drums,  
Or his kerchief is spread  
All over his head,  
And still we take him to church.

He's troublesome? Yes,  
That I'm bound to confess;  
But God made the boys,  
With their fun and their noise,  
And He surely wants them in church.

Such children, you know.  
Long, long years ago,  
Did not trouble the Lord,  
Though disciples were bored;  
So we'll still keep them near Him in church.



## Sunday.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

RANDEGGER.

1. O sweet Sab - bath bells! A mes - sage of mu - si - cal  
 2. The day we love best! The brightest and best of the  
 3. Oh sweet Sab - bath rest! The gift of our Fa - ther in

chim - ing Ye bring us from God, and we know what you  
 sev - en, The pearl of the week and the light of our  
 heav - en; A her - ald sent down from the home far a -

say; Now ris - ing, now fall - ing, So tune - ful - ly calling His  
 way; We hold it a treasure, And count it a pleasure To  
 way; With peace for the wea - ry, And joy for the dreary, Then

*rall.* *slower.*

chil - dren to seek Him, and praise Him to - day.  
 wel - come the dawn - ing and praise Him to - day.  
 oh let us thank Him and praise Him to - day.

*cres.* *rall.*



## CHAPTER V.

### Boyhood and Girlhood.



CHILDHOOD succeeds babyhood by imperceptible degrees, and is itself merged into boyhood and girlhood by degrees as imperceptible. We can not mark the exact time when the change takes place, but we feel the change. The laughing, romping little maiden who used to run into our arms, or perch upon our shoulder with the abandon of a bird, grows shy and thoughtful, greets us demurely and blushes as she speaks; the boy, too, grows shy and awkward from self consciousness, and both unconsciously proclaim that they have crossed the invisible line which forever separates them from childhood.

These years of transition are often marked by a thoughtful, pensive tendency. The child has reached the first hillock of life's journey and pauses to look back over the way he has come, and to ponder the landscape which stretches out unknown before him. Each marked period of life is preceded by such a period of thoughtfulness. At such seasons the mind delights to test its developing strength upon insolvable problems, hence the truth of the proverb, "a child will ask questions which a philosopher can not answer." This is emphatically the age of questioning; much of the future development of the mind depends upon how these questions are met. Nothing more certainly quashes the intellect, than



to meet the child's honest questions with a banter, a frown or a sneer.

On the other hand there is great danger of pert, forward children growing into nuisances by their meaningless questions resulting from mere idle curiosity. In the case of the little child the greatest kindness is to answer its questions in the shortest and simplest way, not trying to tell him *all* about the topic, for that he can not grasp, but be sure that what you do give is absolute truth. Abbott illustrates this point well; Johnny, at first sight of a rainbow asks: "Mother, mother, what makes the rainbow?" His wise mother does not attempt to give the little fellow a lecture upon the properties of light, and talk learnedly of its decomposition into primary colors and so on, nor does she say, "Do be still, don't bother me with questions about things you can not understand;" she simply answers, "The sun," and goes on with the conversation Johnny's question has interrupted. Johnny is satisfied for the time; it is a new and grand idea to him that the sun makes the rainbow, and he thinks it over and over.

Presently he is ready for another step, and he asks "*How* does the sun make the rainbow?" she answers simply, "By shining on the cloud," and here is another new thought for him to ponder, and he does ponder it; he notices that there is a black cloud just behind the rainbow, that the beautiful arch is exactly opposite the sun, which is low down in the west and shining straight upon it, and thus he fixes in his mind the necessary conditions for a rainbow. Thus far he he can go, but now he has reached the end of his own powers, and he appeals again to his mother: "Mother, how does the sun make a rainbow by shining on a cloud?" She replies that it shines on millions of little drops of rain in the cloud, and makes them of all colors, like the drops of dew on the grass, and all the colors together make the rainbow." Thus step by step she has given him all that his mind can grasp

concerning the rainbow, and in giving it has exemplified the principles which should govern us in meeting the questions of children of a larger growth.

She answers him truthfully. When Johnny studies philosophy in the high school he will not have to unlearn what his mother told him about the rainbow. She did not tell all she knew at once. If she had done so his own mind would not have been kept active; she gave him one simple fact at a time, and let his mind work on *that* till it had fully taken it in, and asked for more. She did not give him any information until he was ready for it, as shown by his asking for it. Here comes into play a principle, not generally recognized, but true nevertheless; each answer should be studiously designed to communicate only a small amount of knowledge. It thus sets the mind of the questioner at work and brings into play that law of self activity, which we have seen is the foundation of all true development.

Now apply these principles to the problem of meeting the questions of boys and girls. They should be answered truly, and thus a firm foundation laid for future knowledge; they should be answered in such a way as to keep their powers active in searching out answers for themselves; they should purposely give only enough information to assist the young minds in searching out the answer.

Another thing: never be afraid to say "I don't know."

"There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than were ever dreamed of in thy philosophy."

This is as true now as in the days of Shakespeare, and these things undreamed of in our philosophy are often the very ones on which the keen, questioning spirit of the boy or girl seizes. When this occurs do not be ashamed to say, "I do not know; perhaps by the time you are as old as I am, the answer will have been discovered, but we do not know it now." Such an answer at once satisfies and inspires the

young heart. If with it you give the story of the boy Watt, sitting for hours watching the steam of his grandmother's teakettle, questioning what power it was which lifted the lid, and showing how from these boy-questionings grew the knowledge of the power of steam which has revolutionized the industries of the world, you deepen the inspiration. Or, if it is your daughter who questions you, tell her the story of Jenny Arkwright's overturned wheel, whose spindle, still whirling as it lay on the floor, gave the idea of the spinning Jenny, which perpetuates her name and makes it possible for one girl, now, to attend to sixty spindles turned by steam, each doing more work than her single wheel could have done in the old days, before steam spinning superseded our grandmother's spinning wheel.

Many of the questions boys and girls ask are answerable. Answer them in accordance with the principles governing Johnny's mother, remembering that another element enters here, the ability of our boys and girls to learn many things for themselves, if only they are taught to use their eyes and their reason. Many of their questionings relate to the processes of Nature, and our boys and girls should be taught to study Nature. It is astonishing how much they will find out for themselves if only they are started on the right track. It is more astonishing how many things going on all around us we never do know because we never noticed. I was brought up on a farm, familiar with cows all my life, yet never knew till I learned it in the academy out of a book, that cows have no upper front teeth. I had never learned to question Nature. That I am not the only one who thus walked with my eyes shut, is shown by the story of the old farmer who had bought a fine young heifer at a fair. He was leading her home in triumph when he met a couple of graceless students, intent on having some fun and airing their knowledge. "Hello, where did you get that old cow?" they asked, stopping and

looking over his prize. "Old cow indeed!" he answered indignantly, "that's as much as you city chaps know; let me tell you she is a three-year-old heifer, pure Alderney." "Three years old!" they answered contemptuously, "she is nearer thirty. If you bought that old carcass for a heifer you are mightily fooled. If you don't believe us just look in her mouth. She is so old, all her upper front teeth are worn out." "It's no such thing; they are all there, sound as a nut, as you'll see," retorted the old man. But his confidence forsook him, when, on opening her mouth, he saw there only empty gums. In high dudgeon, he turned around and went back to the man of whom he had purchased the animal, rating him soundly for palming off an old, toothless cow upon him for a heifer.

We do not wish our boys and girls thus to make themselves ridiculous because having eyes they see not.

In my connection with schools I met many bright, observing children; one boy I think of, almost entirely self educated, growing up to young manhood with, comparatively, few months of good school training, who had earned his own living from a little child, yet with his eyes and thoughts perpetually at work in the study of Nature. He was ready to stand by his knowledge, sometimes, in opposition to trained students and teachers in questions of natural history, and he usually proved to be in the right. The habits of birds and insects and all animal life with which he came in contact on the farms where he worked, were familiar to him. He could describe minutely the lines and markings of color that distinguished the different families of wild ducks and other game; could tell you on what kind of tree or shrub, or where to look for the cocoons of the various kinds of moths; could tell you the number of mice and insects a crow would eat in a day, as well as the number of hills of young growing corn he would pull up—and in such cases



*Childhood.*







always stood up for the birds, claiming that they were a benefit to man, in spite of what he might read, or the fact that neighbors' boys were shooting birds, robbing nests, and trying to destroy the feathered tribe.

I know a school which is but a wider home, where an observation book is kept, and it is very helpful in training children to use their eyes. It is opened in early spring, and each pupil is given some particular plant to observe, watch its growth from day to day, and once each week, oftener if anything of especial interest develops, each is to note down in the book what he has seen. A wonderful enthusiasm in the study of growing plants was thus aroused; those sharp young eyes saw many things which had escaped the notice of their elders. Such a book could be kept in the family, and would prove a benefit in many ways. Besides cultivating habits of close and accurate observation, it might be made the means of unifying the family, old and young joining in making the observations. It would cultivate a spirit of mutual helpfulness, the older brothers and sisters writing down what the little ones saw, but could not write out for themselves. It would furnish pleasant and profitable employment for odd moments, thus helping to form the very useful habit of utilizing them. "The use we make of the odd minutes," says Dr. Bateman, "determines whether we shall become wise or remain ignorant."

These observations could include animal as well as vegetable life; no one can thus watch the habits of domestic animals and birds without becoming too much interested in them to do them harm; thus kindness to animals is secured much better than it can be by strict orders on the subject. The facts thus learned in regard to plant and animal life are often useful to the farmer and gardener. Especially is this true in regard to injurious insects.

In China all the children are systematically taught to dis-

tinguish injurious insects in all stages of their growth, and to destroy them, also to know their natural enemies, and to spare them. If this were done in America, the lady-bug, that good friend to man, because she feeds on the eggs and the young of the Colorado beetle, would not be ruthlessly killed for being in company with the potato bug. In France, similar training is given children in the parish schools.

We must have something of the kind in America, unless we are willing to surrender our country, of which we boast, as "the land of the free and the home of the brave," to the dominion of insignificant little insects which every year destroy millions of dollars worth of crops. Here is a chance for our patriotic boys and girls to show their patriotism in a more practical way than by firing crackers on the Fourth of July. Form yourselves into armies to fight the foe which lurks in the potato vines and wheat fields, or skulks at the roots of the corn. And be sure that in your zeal you do not destroy friend as well as foe.

We have wandered a long way from our starting point, but if we have impressed boys and girls, or their parents, with the importance of studying Nature you will forgive us. An incidental good comes from this study of Nature which is worth considering by parents. By encouraging it you often learn the bent of your child's mind as you would not in any other way. In a group of brothers and sisters who have grown up together, and who have roamed the fields and woods together, you will find one who can tell you all about the flowers, trees, and other forms of vegetable life; another who knows very little about these, but has an intimate acquaintance with all the "little folks in fur and feathers" in the neighborhood. Another has tested with his mimic mill the water power of every stream, and can describe accurately every wind-mill, threshing-machine, and reaper in the region.

Our boys and girls should be trained to seek for answers

to their questions in books, as well as in Nature. We know it is the fashion now to decry book knowledge, and insist that our young people must gain all their knowledge at first hand. This is foolish. "Everybody knows more than anybody," and everybody's knowledge is embalmed in books, so teach the boys and girls to go to books for information they can not gain from observation, and to test the truth of their own knowledge. For this purpose every home should be furnished with a few good books of reference, Cyclopedias, where possible, and other books containing information upon common topics. It is not enough that these books are on the shelves of the family library; our young folks should be taught to use them.

At this period of life the vital forces are intensely active. There is much "surplus energy," which must be disposed of, for good or for evil. A whole life may be wrecked by giving a wrong tendency to this surplus energy; rightly directed, it will become an immense power for good. The animal life surges strong within our boys and girls, and they begin to feel temptations to "fleshly lusts that war against the soul." In all their lives there will never be a time when they will be more in need of wise, loving, parental guidance than now. As you value your own happiness and your children's souls, see that you do not fail them in this their hour of need. Prepare them for the physical changes whose premonitions are now making themselves felt through every fibre of their tense-strung being. Let your children learn all they need to know concerning their own bodies—and this is very much—from your own lips. Do not leave your boys to gather this knowledge from ribald tongues upon the streets, nor your girls to go without it till they perish for lack of knowledge.

Very few of us, in the circle of our own acquaintances, have not known cases of girls dying of quick consumption, or living invalid lives, because, from feelings of false mod-

esty, their mothers failed to prepare them for the coming change; it came upon them unawares, and reckless exposure, which the mother should have guarded against, wrought dire vengeance for the neglect. At this critical time, if at no other, let us be honest with our boys and girls, true to their better nature; let us impress upon them the sacredness of the body, as the temple of the living God, that they shall never defile it; and so exalt their ideas of their spiritual natures that they shall ever "keep the soul on top." Remember, too, that at this period the physical resources are severely taxed. Growth is rapid, and it absorbs the strength of the body. See that the body is not overtaxed, lest it be stunted or deformed.

Physical changes are not the only ones going on now. The whole being is in a turmoil; newly awakened emotions and passions surge in perplexing whirl; the whole nature seems in a state of chaos and uncertainty. No wonder there is irritability or peevishness. This is the season when the girl cries "for nothing," and the boy swaggers and struts and takes to tyrannizing over his younger brother and sister. Yet he doesn't seem happy withal; as Mrs. Stowe says, "At this period he often wishes himself dead, and makes himself such a nuisance that other people sometimes wish so too."

But patience, fathers, mothers and teachers, almost infinite patience seems sometimes needed,—patience and loving care, and your boy and girl will come through the ordeal safely. One of the most important things is pleasant occupation, which turns thought away from self while it does not overtax the physical system. Many fond parents err just here; for fear of overtaxing their children, they give them nothing to do, than which nothing could be more hurtful. A tendency to moody introspection is one of the characteristics of this age, and idleness fosters it. Keep the young folks busy and interested in something outside of themselves. If from childhood you have trained them to systematic industry, you will

now have your reward, for nothing will go so far as such habits in tiding them safely over this critical period. The lighter work of the household and the farm, such as would naturally fall to the share of boys and girls, is excellent for this purpose. But brighten it up, as you can; don't make it mere drudgery; and don't forget how you felt when you were of their age, and how much you needed sympathy. I don't believe there is one of us who really does remember how we felt then, that can look back at our forlorn selves of that period without pity. Now will come into good play the love of Nature and of natural history whose growth we have encouraged from childhood. It will give the thoughts something to dwell upon and will lead to health-giving outdoor excursions.

Another danger is thus pointed out by an eminent English physician in the *British Medical Journal*. It speaks particularly of the danger to girls, but we believe the danger to boys is quite as great, probably greater when we take into consideration all the results. He says, "I am certain that harm is done to many girls from their rigid exclusion from the companionship of boys; under proper supervision, no wrong could happen from more unrestrained association of boys and girls at this critical period, and it seems to me a mischievous plan to draw wide barrier lines between the sexes at a time when they ought to begin to understand themselves and each other. By harmless intercourse many of the risks may be obviated which afterward beset them when an unaccustomed association is opened out at an age when passion has the chief ascendancy."

There is a whole volume of argument for co-education in this utterance; and it is in the line of God's directing, when he placed boys and girls in the same family. "What God has joined together let not man put asunder." Until God gives all the boys to one set of parents and all the girls to



another, we shall not give our voice to "disjoint education," Dr. Clark, the author of "that dreadful little book," "Sex in Education," to the contrary notwithstanding.

About this time comes to most boys and girls the awkward age. Who of us does not remember, and the remembrance brings the hot blood to our faces, the tortures experienced as we entered our teens and became suddenly conscious of our own bigness—physically; especially the bigness of our hands and feet which seemed suddenly to have grown beyond the limits of our jurisdiction so that we could in no wise keep them in order. Worst of all everybody seemed to be watching us and thinking, and perhaps saying, "How stupid and awkward," or "How silly and bashful."

Why are people ever awkward? I wonder. It certainly is not because God made us so, for the motions of childhood are always graceful; it must be that awkwardness comes from allowing these movements to become perverted. Several causes conspire to bring about the awkward age, some physical, some metaphysical. It is a time of rapid growth, the boy or girl rapidly shoots up, and really does feel at a loss what to do with suddenly acquired length of limb. This feeling produces self-consciousness, and except where there is perfect self-confidence such as young people never have, this always produces awkwardness. Just as soon as we think about ourselves and how we are appearing to others, our movements become constrained, and hence, awkward, for there is no grace without freedom of movement. One of the most difficult things to do gracefully is to cross a room alone, in which people are sitting quietly; it is because we are sure everybody is looking at us. A little child bounds across the same room as graceful as a fawn, graceful, because unconcerned; to his older brother and sister the same passage is a terror, because they can not be unconcerned in making it.



I was an overgrown girl, as large at thirteen as at twenty, and so awkward that even to-day I can not remember the tortures of that period without a shudder. The pity I feel for every boy and girl now undergoing the same ordeal moves me to tell you how I was rescued. Edward Everett Hale drew me out of this slough of despond, and I have loved him for it ever since. This is the way he did it. After describing his feelings at his first party, when he stood by a pillar, feeling that he looked like a fool, and sure that everybody was making fun of him he says, "At this moment the revelation flashed upon me which has ever since set me all right in such matters. Expressed in words it would be stated thus: 'You are a much greater fool if you suppose that anybody in this room knows or cares where you are standing. They are attending to their own affairs, and you had best attend to yours, quite independent as to what they think of you.' In this reflection I took immense comfort, and it has carried me through every form of social encounter from that day to this." So it has me, and I thankfully commend it to all our boys and girls, as I do the book in which it is found, Hale's "How to Do It."

If we can forget ourselves we will never be awkward; so that the cure for awkwardness like the cure for every other ill, reaches down deep into our hearts; it is near akin to that charity which seeketh not its own, and because it seeketh not its own "it doth not behave itself unseemly."

Awkwardness is greatly aggravated by the course of snubbing to which our boys and girls are often subjected. Friends laugh at their ungainliness, and if they chance to make a blunder, as who does not sometimes, reprove them sharply, it may be in the presence of strangers, instead of correcting their mistake kindly and in private. Parents often unconsciously wound children in this way, and the scar lasts through life. Says one who to-day has the ear of the Nation:

"To this day the old tingling pain burns my cheeks as I recall certain rude, contemptuous words said to me when a child, and stamped on my memory forever. I was once called a 'stupid child' in the presence of strangers. Nothing could be said to me to-day that would give me a tenth part of the hopeless sense of degradation which came with those words."

The smart from such wounds as these, and the fear that others will follow, make it impossible to be self-forgetful, and therefore easy and graceful. Then there is an uncertainty about this age which increases the difficulty. Our boy and girl are in doubt as to whether they are to be treated as children or as grown people, and so they do not quite know how to behave themselves. Older people are quite as much at a loss sometimes on this point.

I remember a laughable blunder of my own, which grew out of mistaking a woman for a child. It was at a school exhibition where every seat was crowded. A little figure stood before me in soft wool cloak and swan's-down hood. She seemed to be so intensely watching the stage that she never once looked towards me. I never doubted that she was one of the school children, and thinking she must be very tired with the long standing, I lifted her upon my lap saying, "Little girl, sit here and rest;" she turned her face to me then, not a child's face, and said, "Thank you, I am not very tired, but I can write better sitting than standing; I am reporting the exercises for my husband's paper."

She was our new editor's wife; we had many a laugh together over my blunder afterward, but such blunders are no laughing matter to the overgrown girl who feels herself a woman, but is snubbed, or chided, or overlooked as a child. The best remedy for the evil is to treat every child, every boy and girl just as courteously as we treat grown folks; by so

doing we shall greatly mitigate, if we do not entirely banish, the horrors of the bashful age.

Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson in her "Bits of Talk upon Home Matters," has a talk upon the awkward age, in which she says, "No wonder your son comes into the room with a confused expression of uncomfortable pain on every feature when he does not in the least know whether he will be recognized as a gentleman, or overlooked as a little boy. No wonder he sits down in his chair with movements suggestive of nothing but rheumatism and jack-knives, when he is thinking perhaps there may be some reason why he should not take that particular chair, and that if there is he will be ordered up. No wonder your tall daughter turns red and stammers and says foolish things on being courteously spoken to by strangers, at dinner, when she is afraid she may be sharply contradicted or interrupted, and remembers that only day before yesterday she was told that "children should be seen and not heard."

She thinks that the real misery of the awkward age comes not from change of voice, thinness of cheek, sudden length of limb and lack of length in trousers and frocks, but from the horrible feeling of not belonging anywhere; not knowing what a moment may bring forth, in the way of treatment from others: "Never being sure what impulse to follow, to retreat or advance, to speak or to be silent, and often overwhelmed with unspeakable mortification at the rebuff of the one or the censure of the other."

We old folks can do much to help our boys and girls through this transition period "with safety and dispatch." Indeed I have known parents so wise and winning that they have carried their families through without knowing any awkward age. I have now in mind a family of five boys who had no sisters, but whose mother is a queen among women, and their father a knightly man after St. Paul's

pattern. From their cradle these boys knew nothing but the most courteous treatment from father and mother, and they grew into courtesy as a second nature. They were wide awake, manly fellows, every one of them, full of fun and frolic, as healthy, happy boys ought to be, yet never rude, awkward, or ungainly. I have often called at the house when the mother chanced to be away, and although she was my dearest friend, I could not regret her absence because I was always so beautifully entertained by the boys. It made no difference whether it was the tall, dignified college student, the harum-scarum twelve-year-old, or little Artie, all seemed equally at home in ladies' company, and each had a fund of interesting things to talk about. They knew no awkward age. I think the secret is that each was his father's confidant, and the "lover, friend and son in one," of his mother.

Be careful not to train your boys and girls to value smartness more than goodness. Francis Gardner, a noted English teacher who has had over two thousand boys under his charge, says that no parent ever forgave him for saying, "Your boy is not quick or bright, but he is thoroughly pure, true and good." They did not forgive him because they really prized smartness above goodness, and took it for granted that purity, truth, and goodness could be attained at any odd hour. If he told them their sons were bright and quick, but he feared they were not honest, pure, unselfish, the father replied, "Well, I was a little wild myself when I was a boy; that will all come right in time." They were willing to leave that line of training to chance, if only their boys came out of school brilliant, smart scholars. But it is written in tears of blood on many a hearthstone, that it is not safe to leave the most vital part of training to chance, that it will not all come out right, if girls are allowed to run wild, and boys to sow their wild oats unheeded.

This leads to the consideration of the relation of parents

to teachers, of the home to the school. For all our boys and girls go to school and enjoy it, growing better and stronger by the discipline, in spite of all the croakers who try to convince us that school children are martyrs to teachers who out-Herod Herod. The boys and girls know better; still such talk does harm, as it tends to antagonize those whose aims are identical—the home and the school. The school is but the broader home, seeking like it, the good of the children.

What ought school to do for our boys and girls? It ought first to make them good readers of English, and so train them that when they read it aloud they shall follow the Bible rule, "reading distinctly and giving the sense." In order to do this they must gain the sense for themselves, hence must be trained to read thoughtfully and attentively, when reading silently. It should give such command of language as shall enable them to express their thoughts clearly and concisely. It should train them to observe closely and accurately; and to fit them for the many emergencies of American life, they should be trained to think while standing on their feet. They should become accurate and quick in figures; they should learn enough of geography to read the newspapers intelligently, and in this day when all the nations are bound together by bands of iron and nerves of steel, that includes a knowledge of the whole earth.

They should know enough of history to be worthy their grand birthright as citizens of the great American Republic, and this includes a knowledge of the history which is being made to-day and recorded in the newspapers, which is quite as important to them as is the history inscribed on the Moabite stone. They should know sufficient physiology to keep their bodies in health, and to know how to keep a healthy home when they become the heads of one; of philosophy to explain every day phenomena, and, if necessary, to run the steam engine which is fast becoming a farm and

household necessity; and of botany and zoology to know the laws governing plant and animal life and successful growth.

They should also have such a taste of good literature as shall create an appetite for it, so that vile, trashy books and papers will offer no temptations to our boys and girls, their mental appetite refusing such trash, as their physical appetite does the garbage of the street. It should train them to be prompt, efficient, accurate; to be industrious, honest, temperate; to be truthful, respectful and obedient to God and man. You have a right to demand this from every school as the least it ought to do for your children; let them do as much more as they can, but let these foundations be laid in solid rock. Is your school doing this for your children? if not, is the home at all responsible for the failure? home and school must work together to secure the highest results.

In order that the two may thus work harmoniously, each must know what the other is doing. We sneer at the "boarding round" of a half century ago, and it was hard for the teacher, but it had some advantages. It did much to unify the home and the school. The teacher became acquainted with the home surroundings of his pupils and thus knew better how to understand their character, while the parents became acquainted with the teacher, which is always a thing to be desired.

Boarding round has gone out of fashion, but we may retain its good features. Visit the school where your children spend six hours each day, at least as often as you do the pasture where your cattle feed, or the bank where your money is invested. Parents sometimes say, "I don't believe teachers like to have us come; they think we are meddling with that which is none of our business." In the name of teachers in whose ranks I spent twenty-five years, I deny the imputation. If the teaching of your own children is not your business, I should like to know whose business it is. Nor do



you come as meddlers, but as helpers, and teachers soon recognize you as such. The teacher may know more of books than you do, but you ought to know more of human nature, especially of your child's nature, than she does. Even if you can not help her in this way, your very coming and evident interest will encourage and inspire her. Then you will learn to know each other and form juster estimates of each other's character than you could from hearsay. You will not be so ready to listen to complaints about the teacher, which discontented children love to bring home, and by checking these complaints you will prevent the formation of a despicable habit. Indeed there is no end of the good you can do by interesting yourself in the school, and unifying its work and that of the home.

If you would have the virtues enumerated wrought into the characters of your boys and girls, help the school to do it. Help to train to promptness and punctuality by seeing that they are in school every day and on time. Remember that your child's time is worth more to him for education, than it can be to you for service, and that since the State has provided education for every child, you are defrauding, not only your children, but the State, if, through negligence or selfishness, you allow them to fail of receiving the full benefit. Help the school to train them to do thorough work by refusing to accept any slipshod performance from them at home. If you set Mary to sweeping and dusting the room, see to it that she does not leave the corners untouched, or the baseboards undusted; if John is told to weed the onion bed, see to it that he does not simply pull up the big weeds so as to give the little ones a better chance to grow. Help the school to make them quick and accurate in figures by giving them plenty of practical problems connected with home life. It is often very stupid work to "do sums out of a book," but set them to finding out how much carpet is needed for the

parlor floor, or how much corn can be put into the new crib, and their eyes and their wits brighten up wonderfully. You wish them to become good readers, but they can no more do this without practice than they can become good players on the piano without it. If they are taking music lessons you are careful to have them practice their hour every day; be just as careful to have them practice reading aloud at home, for it is a more difficult accomplishment than playing the piano, and one that brings more pleasure and profit to the family circle. Finally, most important of all, help the schools to train your boys and girls to be honest, industrious, temperate, truthful, loyal to God, country and home, by your own royally consistent example.

In infancy and childhood a single term includes both genders, we wish it did so in boyhood and girlhood. We would draw no sharp distinction between the training suitable for a boy and a girl; in all essential things they should be identical. Boys and girls are but men and women in embryo, and God created man and woman equal halves of one whole—humanity. The Christian world is fast outgrowing the heathen idea, that woman is an accident in creation, created only to satisfy man's passion or to be his slave. It is also leaving behind it the idea inherited from feudal times, when woman was the plaything, not the helpmeet of man, that it is disgraceful for a woman to work for her own support, and is coming out into the fullness of the gospel of Christ which knows neither male nor female.

The exigencies of life are teaching us that our girls as well as our boys should be taught to consider work honorable, and be trained to do well something by which they can if necessary, earn an honest living. No matter how tenderly sheltered your daughter may be to-day, the fearful uncertainties of American business life render it uncertain whether you can thus shelter her to-morrow. The failure of a far away

firm may involve you in ruin, or death may snatch you forever away from her clinging arms.

To one in such conditions, the figure of the vine clinging to the oak, which many are so fond of using as an emblem of all womanhood, is the bitterest mockery. It is as cruel to allow your daughter to encounter such risks without being thoroughly prepared to meet them, as it would be to send her out to sea in a frail skiff, unprovided with life-preservers.

For many years I occupied a position which brought me in contact with hundreds of girls and women seeking employment. Many of them were well prepared for their life work, and, as giving hope for the future, I am glad to note that the majority of the well prepared were in the ranks of the girls, rather than among the women. But there were enough utterly unprepared for their fight with the world to make my heart ache. A friend of mine occupying the same position resigned, because, as he told me, "I cannot bear the strain upon my sympathies, caused by witnessing the trouble of those needing employment, perhaps for the support of little children dependent upon them, to whom I can not furnish it because they have never been trained to do any one thing so well that they can earn a living by it."

By some turn of fortune's wheel these poor women, some of them reared in luxury, all of them daughters of fathers who would have supported them if they could, were thrown upon their own resources. And what were these resources? Usually only a smattering of many things, not enough of any one thing to fit them to gain remunerative employment. Perhaps they could play a little on the piano, and sing prettily, but without any thorough knowledge of music; they could paint plaques and decorate china, but no better than most people who wish such things can do for themselves, so there was no sale for their wares; they were tolerably well versed in polite literature, but had nothing of the thorough-

ness and drill demanded by the teacher of to-day; they had learned no trade; indeed, had been taught to consider it a degradation to do so, and were horrified at the suggestion of domestic service. Yet they must earn their own living, perhaps that of others dependent upon them; what should they do? "God pity them" was my tearful prayer, for since they have never been trained to help themselves, I can not help them. Such cases, coming to me constantly, and numbering hundreds in the aggregate, made me vow that no girl over whom I have any control shall be launched upon life without having some trade, vocation, or profession by which she can, if necessary, earn an honest living. Our girls are too precious to be left like the lobster, stranded on the rock, which can not make his way back to the sea, though its waves may be tossing and sparkling within a few feet of him, but waits there inertly, till the sea comes back to lift him off, and if it fails to come, dies.

The question of training girls for self-support becomes each year a more vital one. Theoretically it may be Nature's plan that every woman shall be supported by every man; practically, thousands must support themselves or starve. More boys are born than girls, but owing to the casualties of war, and those resulting from accidents consequent upon man's more exposed position, but most of all because of the ravages of intemperance which each year deprives hundreds of thousands of women of their rightful protectors, thousands of women are left to care for themselves. They must learn to do something for self support, and to learn to do anything well they need the same training boys need in thoroughness, patience, accuracy, promptness and stick-to-it-iveness.

The special training needed for both boys and girls differs less each year, as the work done by the sexes shows less difference. Twenty years ago there were seven vocations open to women and known distinctively as woman's work.

Now, men have invaded every one of them, usurped the most lucrative positions therein, and forced women to seek other means of making a livelihood. We now find men tailors, dressmakers, milliners, teachers in what used to be "dame's" schools, washermen, manufacturers of all sorts of ready-made clothing, and cooks; thus in large measure monopolizing what used to be known as woman's occupations. On the other hand we find the women of a single State, Massachusetts, earning an honest living in two hundred eighty-four occupations, which half a century ago were considered sacredly men's work. Thus the middle wall of partition is being broken down between the industries of the sexes, and this is a grand step toward ushering in the kingdom of Christ, in which there is "neither bond nor free, male nor female." Train our girls as well as our boys to consider honest work honorable, and to some vocation by which they can earn their own living, if necessary, and you will make them self-respecting and self-dependent. You make them healthier and happier by giving them an aim in life and training them to reach it. Nothing is so great a foe to health and happiness as idleness, aimlessness. I believe this, more than any one other thing, unless it be unhealthy dress, is to blame for the poor health of young women who have left school. While busy in school they were well and happy, but after they left school they had no special work to do, nothing to occupy their active minds, and they gradually settled into a state of invalidism, because it was fashionable to be sickly, and they found nothing better to do than to follow the fashion. Under the same *regime* their brothers would have become invalids too. But they had a purpose in life, something to do, and the earnest spirit kept the body up. Establish the same standard of industry for our girls as for our boys; dress each in accordance with the laws of health, and give each the same proportion of sunlight and

pure air, and we should have no more sickly women than we have sickly men.

Make our girls able and willing to support themselves, if necessary, and you remove one of the greatest temptations which now assail helpless girlhood, the temptation to marry for a home and support. Loveless marriages are responsible for a vast amount of evil in this world; anything which lessens their number and exalts the ideal of true marriage in the hearts of our girls, is a blessing to humanity.

If girls suffer from having a different industrial standard from their brothers, our boys suffer no less from having a different moral standard set up for them and for their sisters. We say that women have a finer moral sense and are less apt to fall under temptation, yet we throw around our daughter every social safeguard, even in her sheltered home, while we thrust our boys forth into a world where temptations surround them on every hand, without one of these social safeguards surrounding his sister. If she were seen going into a saloon, or smoking a cigar, or was heard to swear, she would be disgraced forever; but he does all these and many other things, and society simply smiles, or shakes its head and says, "Boys will be boys," and that is the end of it. Think what a safeguard is thus withdrawn from our boys who need it most, then join with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, that organized mother-heart of our Nation, in setting up the same standard of morality for the boy as for the girl. Hold both to the same ideal of purity; make it disreputable for the boy to do anything which would disgrace a girl; *expect* our boys to be as pure as our girls, and our girls to be as noble and true as our boys, and you have taken a long step towards making them so.

Said a very deep student of human nature, "I believe I have discovered the root of all evil; it is the separation of the sexes and the different standards set up for men and women.



Girls are trained to believe that it is 'ladylike' to be dependent and inefficient, to dress unhealthily, to live idle, listless lives, and be invalids in consequence; boys to think it manly to smoke, swear, and drink, to break away from their mothers' apron-strings, to lead fast lives, or to drive hard bargains; the result of this training is seen in many wretched homes and wrecked lives."

In a quiet farm-house in Kentucky two children "grew in beauty side by side, and filled one home with glee." The same wise, loving care watched over the son as over the daughter; they knelt at the same mother's knee, and listened to the word of God reverently read by the same father. They shared each other's sports, work and study. Hers was the more daring spirit of the two, his the more sensitive and religious. He first gave his heart to Christ and she not till years after. The first divergence of their life paths was when he went to college. It was before the days of co-education, and though as thoroughly prepared as he, she was not allowed to accompany him.

Remember, he was a Christian boy, in a Christian college, whose professors were Christian men, but they, like all the world then, held a different standard of morality for men and for women. I do not know whether any of them smoked, or sipped their wine, it would not have been anything strange if they had, but this I know, they winked at these things in the students, "all young gentlemen do these things, we must not be too hard on the boys." The first premonition of danger came in the home letters of the boy. "The boys here all smoke, I don't like the smell of it but suppose I must get used to it." And later, "Beer drinking is all the go here; I hate the taste of the bitter stuff, but it seems to be the thing here to drink it, so I suppose I must learn it as I do Latin and Greek." "And," said the sister, who told me the story with a sob in her voice, "we were so blind we never saw the danger

in these portends; we only laughed at the picture our fancy drew of the wry faces brother made in trying to learn to like the bitter stuff, or as he essayed his first cigar, and thought no more about it. Oh, if God had only opened our eyes then, as they were opened later!" Had the case been reversed, had it been the daughter who was learning to smoke and drink, parental love would have been shocked into alertness; she would have been instantly withdrawn from such influences, the whole power of parental authority and social opinion would have been exerted to turn her from such dangerous ways. But no one seemed to think they were alike dangerous for the boy; they were accustomed to a different standard of morality for boys and for girls, and not even a whisper of mother love sounded its warning. So the two who had been as one in childhood and in youth, went on to widely different destinies.

The fell work begun in college did not end there; stronger drinks succeeded the beer; little by little alcohol took possession of that delicate, sensitive nature. That fine-strung physical and moral organism had less power of resistance than a coarse nature would have possessed; gradually he succumbed and was dragged down to the grave, over which that sister bent in agony, and yet in thankfulness, that after all his wanderings he had come home like a penitent child to die on his mother's breast, and was now beyond the reach of temptation.

I solemnly believe that the wreck of that promising young life is directly traceable to the different standards of morality set up for boys and for girls. We must teach our boys and girls that there is but one law of right set up for man and for woman; that in the eyes of God it is as wrong for man to be intemperate and unchaste, as it is for a woman; as wrong for a woman to lead an idle life, to prevaricate, or stoop to underhanded means, as it is for a man to do the same, that for

neither of them are there any little sins, nor white lies in God's sight. If we would have them grow into worthy manhood or womanhood we must train boy and girl alike to yield unquestioning obedience to the law of right, which is God's law, and make it the law of their lives.

Theoretically the Golden Rule is the law of every Christian household; make it practically such by teaching your sons and daughters to love God supremely and their neighbor as themselves. In the words of Mary A. Livermore, "Let our children be taught that they are the children of God, so divine in ancestry, so royal in parentage, that they must carry themselves nobly, and not consent to meanness, low, selfish lives and vice. Let us teach them that to love God is to love whatever is good and just and true; and that loving brothers, sisters, schoolmates, and humanity as a whole, is also loving God, since God is our common Father, and we are all brethren."

"If we love not our brother whom we have seen, how can we love God whom we have not seen?" Let us seek to train children to regard earthly life as the first school of the soul where there are lessons to be learned, tasks to be mastered, hardships to be borne, and where God's divinest agent of help is often hindrance; and that only as we learn well the lessons given us here, may we expect to go joyfully forward to that higher school to which we shall be promoted, where the tasks will be nobler, the lessons grander, the outlook broader and where Christ himself doth teach.

"But do you not believe that the highest duty of our girls is to fit themselves to be good wives and mothers?" Assuredly I do, just as I believe the highest duty of our boys is to fit themselves to be good husbands and fathers. But I believe that good wives are good women; the best wives and mothers are the most symmetrically developed women; so that had we no other thought in training our daughters, than to

make them good wives and mothers, the surest way to attain this end is to give them that training which shall result in the highest development of their womanhood. I have no patience with the idea some have of attempting to fashion all girlhood into the stereotyped pattern of "good wives". Wonderfully poor wives are often cut by this pattern, and if there is no market for them, they are laid on the shelf to dry up and blow away. Teach them that a pure, noble, Christian womanhood is the highest development of their natures, because it not only includes all the possibilities of noble wifehood and motherhood, but if these are denied, our daughter thus developed will not feel that her life is a failure; she still stands strong in her womanhood, ready for any work to which God may call her.

The qualifications for knighthood in the fourteenth century show a good standard for our boys and girls in the nineteenth century. Dickens gives them thus: "To speak the very truth, to maintain right and honesty, to reverence all women, to help the weak, to treat high and low with courtesy, to be fair even to a bitter foe, to despise luxury, to preserve simplicity, modesty and gentleness of heart and bearing." We need have no fear that such similarity of training will make our boys grow into less manly men, or our girls into less womanly women. Nature looks out for that; all in sex that is essential to our physical well being, or our moral development, God has implanted so deeply in our nature that no conventional training is going to uproot it. Like the beating of the heart, or the working of the brain, God has removed it beyond our control, lest by meddling we mar His grand design.

Achilles, Homer's favorite because bravest hero, had the training of a girl. His mother, Thetis, fearing that he would become a soldier and perish on the battle field, sent him, when nine years old, to the court of King Lycomedes, dis-

guised as a girl. In this concealment of costume he grew up with the king's daughters, sharing their life and training. Ulysses, wishing to discover Achilles, and suspecting the disguise, visited the court of Lycomedes; but even his sharp eyes could not detect the future warrior among the bevy of fair maidens, since Pyrrha, the girl-name given to Achilles, because of his golden hair, was so sweet and fair. Trusting to nature to discover the young man among the maidens, Ulysses disguised himself as a peddler, and in their presence opened out his wares—feminine wearing apparel and jewels, mingled with manly arms. Suddenly a trumpet blast rang through the court; Achilles involuntarily seized the arms, and stood revealed unto Ulysses.

The Arabs suggest a beautiful truth in their proverb, when they style their bravest "a brother of girls." "The bravest *are* the tenderest." Thus what we are wont to call the masculine and the feminine virtues are united in the highest type of manhood. They are equally united in the highest type of womanhood. There is no courage like that born of mother love. Nor does a boy's training for a girl detract from her future womanliness. Nowhere do we find a more womanly woman than Frances E. Willard; and she tells us that she grew up on a Wisconsin farm, sharing her brother's work and play. She prided herself on being more daring than he, could climb higher trees, and ride wilder horses. This did not make her one whit less sweet, gentle and tender, but it did give her such perfect physical development and robust health, that, slight as she looks, she endures each year in her noble work for "God and Home and Native Land" such labors abundant in traveling, speaking, planning work for the two hundred thousand loyal women who are proud to acknowledge her their queen, as would severely test the strength of the most powerful man.

Hold before both boys and girls examples of noble lives as



found in history, and do not look for these models alone, or chiefly, among heroes of the battle field, or the court. Let them be examples of the outworking of those virtues you wish to see reproduced in your children. I know of no better example to place before them than dear old Peter Cooper, who lately died and left a continent in mourning. When he was a boy, earning only fifty cents a week, he determined that if ever God gave him wealth he would use it in helping young men and women to fit themselves to earn an honest living. For five years he earned no more, but his purpose grew only stronger with waiting. Joined with it was the determination to do everything he did do just as well as he possibly could. By and by he commenced to make glue. "I determined," said he, "to make the very best glue that ever was made, and I did, and people wanted it." Wealth flowed in upon him, and he did not forget his boyish vow. He founded Cooper Institute at a cost of two millions of dollars, and lived to see over forty thousand young men and women pass through its portals to self-sustaining manhood and womanhood. More to womanhood than manhood, for his great heart was easily touched with the deeper needs of girls, and through life his motto was, "Give the girls a chance."

Other men have given millions to found institutions, but few, like him, have so accompanied their money with the Macedonian gift. He gave *himself*. Better than all the teaching of all the learned professors his munificence furnished for the pupils, was this gift of himself to them; the daily presence of that simple, loving old man among them, his never-flagging interest, not only in their work, but in themselves, did more to mold their characters and their lives than all the teaching he brought within their reach.

No one better exemplified one beautiful qualification for knighthood—reverence for women—than Peter Cooper. Even when over ninety, when he could only feebly walk along the



corridors, sitting down often to rest, if a woman approached to speak to him, were she only the char-woman who scrubbed the floors, he would rise and stand with uncovered head, crowned with its glory of snow-white hair, while she spoke to him.

Let us make them acquainted with those angels of the hospital and battle field,—more worthy to live in history than the generals who, for their own ambition, deluged the land in blood: Santa Paula, of the ancient Roman world; Florence Nightingale, of England; Clara Barton and her compeers, of America; the Sisters of Mercy everywhere ministering to the suffering; Dorothea Dix, Elizabeth Fry and that noble army of women who have earned Christ's commendation because, "sick and in prison," they visited him in the person of his brethren. Inspire them by the example of Mrs. Emma Willard, that pioneer in the higher education of women; of Lucretia Mott, a leader in all noble enterprises; Catherine Beecher, who healed her own heart-hurt by life-long service for others; of Maria Mitchell, who wears the gold medal of the King of Denmark for her astronomical discoveries, but who has a richer and prouder decoration in the devotion of her pupils; of Alice and Phœbe Cary who, through poverty, hardship, toil and pain, sang songs which to-day live in the hearts of two nations; of Harriet Hosmer, the St. Louis girl, who won her way to fame by persistent, intelligent industry, and now in her studio at Rome models statues which the world delights to praise. Tell them of the Stephensons, whose inventions have spanned floods and united continents with bands of steel; of Morse, who caught the giant electricity, harnessed him to the telegraph, and set him to work for humanity; of Edison working his way from being a train boy on the railroad, till he is acknowledged one of the greatest inventive geniuses of the world.

Tell them of sweet Jennie Casseday, still living in Louis-

ville, Kentucky, for twenty years a helpless, suffering invalid, ever working to send "something white, something bright, and something sweet," into every neglected sick room and prison cell in America, through the Flower Mission; superintending a host of other blessed charities, winning thousands of girls to do the ministries which her paralyzed limbs forbid her to do, and thus bringing them into fellowship with her joy in this work for the Master. Oh! there are hosts of men and women whom it will do our boys and girls good to know and love; the story of these lives, rightly told, will be more fascinating to them than any novel, and will ennoble their lives by elevating their thoughts and purposes.

Above all, hold before them the example of Christ, "who pleased not Himself," "who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Early impress them with the truth that all we have, whether it be beauty, or wealth, or talent—all are gifts from God, sacred trusts to be accounted for, and that the more we have, the more are we under obligations to serve others. He is the noblest who takes for his motto, "Ich dien," "I serve." The motto of the old French nobility, "noblesse oblige," "my rank compells me," speaks the same truth, that power, of whatever sort, carries with it the duty of using it for others. Herein is the secret of eradicating selfishness. The moment we come into the possession of any good gift of God which our fellow has not, we become his debtor. This is not man's way of reasoning, but it is divine logic. "Ye that are strong *ought* to bear the infirmities of the weak."

Take it into the family circle and see how it harmonizes all relations. Selfishness has no chance for life because the very possession of any good thing which our brothers and sisters have not, makes us their debtor to use it for the common good. One who can sing or play, has no right to refuse when he can add to the pleasure of others by his

accomplishments. And so on through all our possessions and powers; they put us under obligations to those who have them not.

It is well for our boys and girls to form the habit of looking over each day at its close, to see how nearly their life for that day has fulfilled the "royal law of love."

Pythagoras, the old Greek philosopher, made a rule for himself which is a good one for us of the nineteenth century:

Let no soft slumber close mine eyes,  
 Ere I have recollected thrice,  
 The train of actions through the day,  
 Where have my feet marked out the way?  
 What have I learned where ere I've been  
 From all I've heard, from all I've seen?  
 What know I more that's worth the knowing?  
 What have I done that's worth the doing?  
 What duties have I left undone?  
 Or into what new follies run?  
 These self inquiries are the road  
 That lead to virtue and to God.

A later poet gives this fitting sequel to it:

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun  
 Sees at thy hand no worthy action done."

Have I taken too serious a view of boyhood and girlhood? I think not. My own recollections of that period of life lead me to think that it is much fuller of serious thought than we are apt to imagine. The careless, thoughtless glee of childhood has passed away, the strong, abiding faith of manhood and womanhood on which is founded their deeper joys, has not yet come; the young soul questions itself, its surroundings, God. Such questionings can not help making it thoughtful. To this unite the vague uncertainty which marks this period in its spiritual development, the chaos resulting from the physical, mental, and moral changes going on so rapidly, and we can easily understand that "a boy's

will is the wind's will," and "the thoughts of a boy are long, long thoughts."

His sister stands

"With reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,  
On the brooklet's swift advance,  
On the river's broad expanse!

Hearest thou voices on the shore,  
That our ears perceive no more,  
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

Bear a lily in thy hand;  
Gates of brass can not withstand  
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong and ruth,  
In thy heart the dew of youth,  
On thy lips the smile of truth."

In my mind there stands no period of life which so needs wise, tender, loving guidance as this, no time when children need to be made to feel so perfectly that they may rest in their parents' love, and that underneath them are the everlasting arms of a loving Heavenly Father. Let us make their boyhood and girlhood as bright, as happy, and trustful as we can.



## The Barefoot Boy.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Blessings on thee, little man,  
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!  
With thy turned-up pantaloons,  
And thy merry whistled tunes;  
With thy red lip, redder still  
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;  
With the sunshine on thy face,  
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace:  
From my heart I give thee joy,—  
I was once a barefoot boy!  
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man  
Only is republican.  
Let the million-dollared ride!  
Barefoot, trudging at his side,  
Thou hast more than he can buy  
In the reach of ear and eye,—  
Outward sunshine, inward joy:  
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play,  
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,  
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,  
Knowledge never learned of schools,  
Of the wild bee's morning chase,  
Of the wild flower's time and place,  
Flight of fowl and habitude  
Of the tenants of the wood;  
How the tortoise bears his shell,  
How the woodchuck digs his cell,  
And the ground-mole sinks his well;

How the robin feeds her young,  
How the oriole's nest is hung;  
Where the whitest lilies blow,  
Where the freshest berries grow,  
Where the groundnut trails its vine,  
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;  
Of the black wasp's cunning way,  
Mason of his walls of clay,  
And the architectural plans  
Of gray hornet artisans!  
For, eschewing books and tasks,  
Nature answers all he asks;  
Hand in hand with her he walks,  
Face to face with her he talks,  
Part and parcel of her joy,  
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's time of June,  
Crowding years in one brief moon,  
When all things I heard or saw,  
Me, their master, waited for.  
I was rich in flowers and trees,  
Humming birds and honey-bees;  
For my sport the squirrel played,  
Plied the snouted mole his spade;  
For my taste the blackberry cone  
Purpled over hedge and stone;  
Laughed the brook for my delight  
Through the day and through the night,  
Whispering at the garden wall,  
Talked with me from fall to fall;  
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,  
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,  
Mine, on bending orchard trees,  
Apples of Hesperides!  
Still as my horizon grew,  
Larger grew my riches, too;  
All the world I saw or knew  
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,  
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!



O for festal dainties spread,  
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—  
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,  
On the door-stone, gray and rude;  
O'er me, like a regal tent,  
Cloudy ribbed, the sunset bent,  
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,  
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;  
While for music came the play  
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;  
And, to light the noisy choir,  
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.  
I was monarch: pomp and joy  
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,  
Live and laugh as boyhood can!  
Though the flinty slopes be hard,  
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,  
Every morn shall lead thee through  
Fresh baptisms of the dew;  
Every evening from thy feet  
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:  
All too soon these feet must hide  
In the prison cells of pride,  
Lose the freedom of the sod,  
Like a colt's for work be shod,  
Made to tread the mills of toil,  
Up and down in ceaseless moil:  
Happy if their track be found  
Never on forbidden ground;  
Happy if they sink not in  
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.  
Ah, that thou couldst know thy joy,  
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

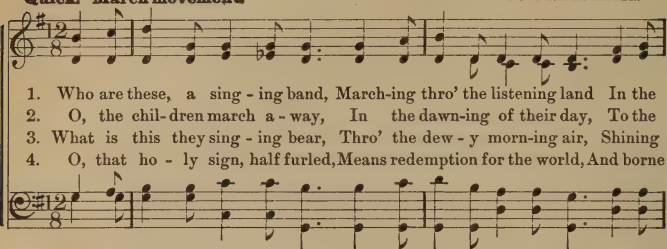
# Little Crusaders.

MARY A. LATHEBURY.

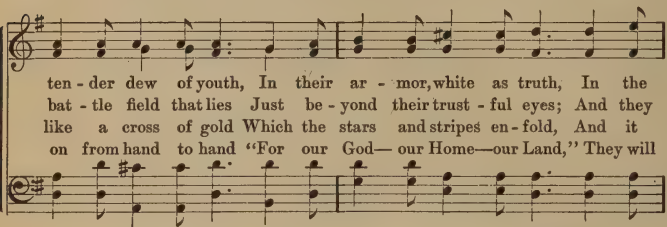
"Thou hast the dew of thy youth."

**Quick. March movement.**

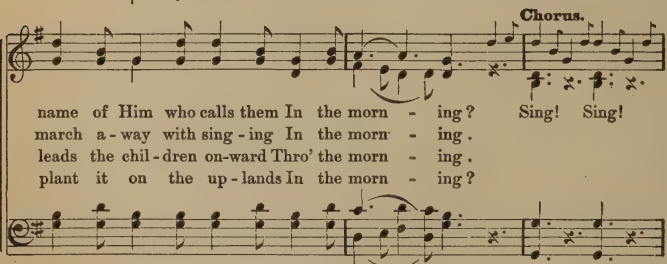
LUCY RIDER MEYER.



1. Who are these, a sing - ing band, March - ing thro' the listening land In the  
 2. O, the chil - dren march a - way, In the dawn - ing of their day, To the  
 3. What is this they sing - ing bear, Thro' the dew - y morn - ing air, Shining  
 4. O, that ho - ly sign, half furled, Means redemption for the world, And borne

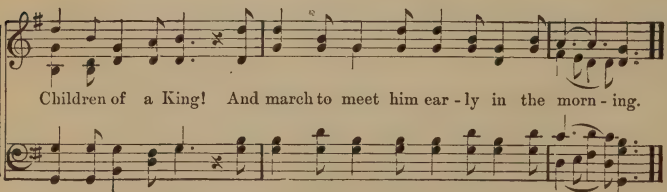


ten - der dew of youth, In their ar - mor, white as truth, In the  
 bat - tle field that lies Just be - yond their trust - ful eyes; And they  
 like a cross of gold Which the stars and stripes en - fold, And it  
 on from hand to hand "For our God—our Home—our Land," They will



**Chorus.**

name of Him who calls them In the morn - ing? Sing! Sing!  
 march a - way with sing - ing In the morn - ing.  
 leads the chil - dren on - ward Thro' the morn - ing.  
 plant it on the up - lands In the morn - ing?



Children of a King! And march to meet him ear - ly in the morn - ing.

## CHAPTER VI.

### Unity of the Family.



EACH individual member may possess many excellent traits, and yet the family as a whole be not harmonious. The stronger the individual characters, the greater the danger in this direction. The world needs strong characters, and we should strive to build them up in our children, but while striving for strength, we must take care that the silver cords of family affection be not loosed, nor its golden bowl broken.

Parents' love for their children is instinctive; it is of that kind of which it is written, "many waters can not quench love." Not so of children's love to their parents and to their brothers and sisters. It is much more a matter of cultivation than of instinct. A child neglected by its parents but cherished by its nurse, will soon love that nurse better than father or mother, and we all know many friends beside the Great Friend, of each of whom it can be truly said, "he sticketh closer than a brother." It is not safe to trust to instinctive love as all-sufficient in family relations. Family love and unity should be cultivated and thus raised into a higher, more enduring plane than mere instinct ever reaches.

As the mother is the center of home life, so is the father the band binding the family into one. This fact, so often overlooked, is yet such a fundamental one that it enters into

our language, which is but the crystallization of the ideas of those who form it, husband, being Anglo-Saxon for house-band, and so expressing this truth. Upon father and mother depends the unity of the family, and they must be a unit working together for the good of all, if this unity is to be preserved. A divided head makes a divided household. If either parent throws the responsibility of care and governing upon the other, if one tries to shield when the other would punish; if, in short, they be not agreed, harmonious family life is impossible.

Perfect respect for, and trust in, their parents, unquestioning obedience to them, and affection for them, on the part of the children, are the foundations on which unity of the family must rest. These foundations themselves are never so sure as when they rest upon the Rock Christ Jesus. Nothing binds the family more strongly together than gathering daily around the family altar, reading together from God's Word, and uniting in prayer to Him. In Childhood we saw the influence of the bedtime hour in forming the character of little ones. The after-supper hour is no less potential in unifying the family. It should be kept sacred to the home circle.

Through the day we must be separated; in the evening let all come together, father, mother, older brothers and sisters, and the wee toddlers, for genuine home fun and talk. This is the hour of sweet confidences when parents and children learn to know each other, to sympathize with each other; in short, to love each other intelligently, instead of with the mere instinctive love which we share with the brutes. It may take some of the father's time from his farm and from his merchandise, and the mother's from her household cares, but it is time well spent; no parent can afford to forego this family hour; it should be held sacred to the children at whatever expense of business or pleasure.

"Could ye not watch with me one hour?" as it fell from the lips of Christ in Gethsemane, is the most pitiful question ever uttered. The same pitiful question might fall from the lips of multitudes of children whose parents are too busy caring for their bodies, or heaping up riches which perish with the using, to give one hour a day to feed the hunger of their hearts and souls. It is hard for such children to feel that their parents really believe their souls are worth more than their bodies, that those shall live forever while these are perishable.

It is hard to keep boys off the streets if fathers spend their evenings gossiping at street corners or in stores, or even immersed in legitimate business. "While thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone," is too often the bitter cry of a father whose son *has gone*—gone to destruction. It is hard for the daughter to feel that her mother is made for anything but a drudge, or a butterfly, if a constant round of work, or of gayety, will not allow her to give this one hour to her children.

The influence of this evening hour in transforming an "institution" into a home, is beautifully exemplified in the State Public School of Michigan. This school, "which," as Monsieur Drorim de Shuys said before the French Institute, "gives to the State of Michigan, not yet forty years old, the merit of preceding ancient Europe in inaugurating a new era for dependent children," is conducted on the cottage plan.

The idea of this school, in which the State becomes an embodied motherhood to her dependent children, sprang, as is fitting, from the heart of a woman—Mrs. Laura H. Haviland—"Aunt Laura," as she is lovingly called by thousands who know her benefactions. In all the cottages except No. 1 where the babies are, the hour from seven to eight each evening is the family hour. Now all gather in the sitting-room to talk over the day's doings, its fun, its work, its lessons, its

sorrows, and sometimes its sins, with "mother," and she gives them loving, motherly counsel. Sometimes she tells them a story or reads them one; often they repeat poems, always they sing much, and close with repeating Scripture, and prayer. To all the cottages except No. 1, the children are apportioned according to character rather than age, so that, like a real family, each consists of children little and big. It was Friday night when I visited them, and all the children had just come in from the bath. They were in their bare feet as they sat in their cosy sitting-room at this evening hour, feet and faces rosy and shining from the bath. The little ones were in their "nighties," ready to slip off to bed should the "sand-man" sprinkle their eyes before the hour was out. As we entered all were singing very sweetly, "He is Ever Near Me." The song finished, there was a little talk, not only *to* the children, but *with* them; then one of the boys repeated with wonderfully good enunciation and expression, the beautiful poem:

#### CHRIST AND THE LITTLE ONES.

"The Master has come over Jordan,"  
 Said Hannah, the mother, one day;  
 "He is healing the people who throng Him,  
 With a touch of His finger they say.  
 And now I shall carry the children,  
 Little Rachel, and Samuel, and John;  
 I shall carry the baby Esther,  
 For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly,  
 But he shook his head and smiled:  
 "Now, who but a doting mother  
 Would think of a thing so wild?  
 If the children were tortured by demons,  
 Or dying of fever, 'twere well;  
 Or had they the taint of the leper,  
 Like many in Israel."



"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan;  
 I feel such a burden of care:  
 If I carry it to the Master,  
 Perhaps I shall leave it there.  
 If He lay His hands on the children,  
 My heart will be lighter, I know;  
 For a blessing for ever and ever  
 Will follow them as they go."

So over the hills of Judah,  
 Along by the vine-rows green,  
 With Esther asleep on her bosom,  
 And Rachel her brothers between;  
 'Mong the people who hung on His teaching,  
 Or waited His touch and His word,  
 Through the row of proud Pharisees listening,  
 She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

"Now, why should'st thou hinder the Master,"  
 Said Peter, "with children like these?  
 Seest not how, from morning till evening,  
 He teacheth and healeth disease?"  
 Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children,  
 Permit them to come unto Me!"  
 And He took in His arms little Esther,  
 And Rachel He sat on His knee;

And the heavy heart of the mother  
 Was lifted all earth-care above,  
 And He laid His hands on the brothers,  
 And blest them with tenderest love;  
 As He said of the babes in His bosom,  
 "Of such are the kingdom of Heaven;"  
 And strength for all duty and trial  
 That hour to her spirit was given.

When he finished it a dear little fellow took up the strain, and told in the same rhythmic measure how this story is told by the evangelists, "but sweetest of all by Mark," and then all joined in repeating "this sweet story of old," as told by that evangelist. Each child in turn now repeated a Scripture

text, chosen by himself, and learned as a safeguard to him during the day.

After another song, they repeated in concert the children's psalm, "The Lord is My Shepherd," and sang it in metrical version, and then repeated (all standing) the ninety-fifth psalm. When they reached the verse, "O come, let us worship and bow down, let us kneel before the Lord our Maker, for He is our God, and we are the people of His pasture, the sheep of His hand," all knelt and repeated reverentially a prayer, evidently written especially for them, followed by the Lord's prayer. Rising, all joined in singing Tallis' evening hymn, "Glory to Thee, My God, This Night," followed by "Our Father in Heaven." As the sweet strains

*Lento.*

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It consists of two systems. The first system is for the hymn 'Our Father in Heaven' and the second system is for 'Glory to Thee, My God, This Night'. Both are in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

1. Our Fa - ther in heav'n, To thy name be giv'n All  
 2. May thy king-dom come, May thy will be done On  
 3. Oh, give us, we pray, The bread for each day; For-  
 4. From ev - 'ry temp - ta - tion Lead us a - far; All

glo - ry and praise In glad songs that we raise.  
 earth as it is By the an - gels in heav'n.  
 give us our sins, As by us they're for - giv'n.  
 glo - ry and power Shall be thine ev - er - more.

died away we left the cottage, feeling that in this State school children are being better taught God's work and God's will, and being better trained for noble, efficient manhood and womanhood, than are the children in hundreds of homes even of professed Christians.

It is not the mothers of leisure who oftenest keep this after-supper hour with their children. I have seen it kept most sacredly by the busiest of parents, and I never knew a family where it was thus kept, in which the children did not repay their parents a thousand-fold for all the sacrifice of business or pleasure its keeping necessitated.

There is no more beautiful word picture in our language than this in which Longfellow thus paints this,

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Between the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,  
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me  
The patter of little feet,  
The sound of a door that is opened,  
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamp-light,  
Descending the broad hall stair,  
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence,  
Yet I know by their merry eyes  
They are plotting and planning together  
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,  
A sudden raid from the hall!  
By three doors left unguarded,  
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret,  
O'er the arms and back of my chair;  
If I try to escape, they surround me;  
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,  
Their arms about me entwine,  
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen  
In the Mouse Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,  
Because you have scaled the wall,  
Such an old mustache as I am  
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you down into the dungeon  
In the round tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,  
Yes, forever and a day,  
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
And moulder in dust away!

Closely allied to this in its influence is the mother's hour of secret prayer for her children. Never did I know a mother who kept this hour who was not greatly blessed in her children.

Memory brings the picture of one such mother before me as I write. Her home was a humble one, and so full of children that she could find in it no quiet place for secret prayer. "I used to go out in the woods each day," she told me only a few weeks ago, "and, kneeling there under a tree, pray God to bless my children, and make them useful in His service." I knew those children as men and women, and I never knew a family of more active Christians, or more united in their love for each other.

Washington's mother had the same habit, and he seems

to have learned to follow her example. When the burden of the Nation struggling for birth came on him, he was accustomed to leave his officers and men, retire to the woods, and there agonize in prayer to God for the Nation, which took the place of children in his heart. A British spy, seeing him thus kneeling in prayer, reported to his superior, "We can never conquer that man; he takes too strong a hold on God."

Sympathy of parents with children and of children with parents is another essential of family unity. Like filial affection, it must be cultivated, not left to chance growth. It must be genuine; no counterfeit will here pass current. To really sympathize with the children's hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, we must enter into their ideas, their fancies, even their caprices. And we old folks must take the initiative in this sympathetic cultivation. If we have not forgotten our own childhood—God pity us and our children if we have—we can understand child life, because we have once lived it; children can not enter into our life, because it is still an undiscovered country to them.

"But this takes more time than we can spare," says the over-burdened mother, or the hurried, harassed father. It is not so much a question of time as of manner. The mother is busy, we will say, at the washtub; her little daughter runs to her, showing with delight a doll's apron she has made "all by herself," her first feat in the dressmaking line. It takes no more of the mother's time to look up pleasantly and say, "What a pretty apron; put it on dolly and play she is going to wear it to school," than to frown and say harshly, "Don't bother me with your doll things. It's all I can do to attend to your own clothes." In the one case you have entered into your child's life, and strengthened the bond binding her to yourself; in the other case, your lack of sympathy drives her from you; you allow the washtub to come between your heart

and your child. A father returning from his office meets his son coming from school, at the home gate. Through his preoccupied mind floats a dim impression that he ought to say "something improving" to his boy, but he is so little acquainted with the boy's real life that he can think of nothing better to say than, "I hope you have been a good boy at school to-day." This is a good hope to cherish, and *may* be expressed in such a way as to make the boy feel that it is genuine, but his preoccupied father does not so express it. Charlie instinctively recognizes its "from-a-sense-of-duty" character, and through its commonplaceness feels his father's lack of personal interest in his doings. Any man might have made the same remark to any boy. Nothing is more depressing to the average boy-heart than to be considered as "so much boy" cut at random "off the piece." It wounds his sense of individuality, at no age more intense than now.

Let the father, as he sees his son turn the corner, take but a moment from his thoughts of business to remember that last night Charlie was working hard over his arithmetic lesson, or that he saw the boys in the school yard building a snow fort, and say cheerily, "Well, my boy, how did you come out in your tussle with cube root to-day?" or "Did you finish your fort? It is going to be a capital night for it; it will freeze the water I saw you pouring on the walls, solid as rock; by morning your fort will be a Gibraltar." At once he enters the domain of his boy's thoughts, and establishes a bond of union through the personal interest he shows in his work and play.

And Charlie responds eagerly, both with heart and tongue. He is at no loss what to say as he was after the "good boy" salutation. That closed his mouth, or led him to mumble some unintelligible answer. If he really had been a good boy, modesty might forbid his saying so; he does not feel quite certain about the matter, thinking



his father's standard of goodness may differ from his own. Again, he might be very certain about the matter, but lack the courage and honesty which a little three-year-old friend of mine showed, in expressing his convictions. His grandmother was trying to cure him of being afraid of the dark. "Why should you be afraid?" she said, "God can take care of you in the dark, as well as in the light. Nothing will hurt you if you are good." "Yes, but I ain't," said the little fellow, and grandmother was nonplused and dropped the conversation. Here, as in Charlie's case, ill-timed reference to goodness stopped conversation; and that is one of the bad consequences following the first greeting of Charlie's father. It did not lead on to a free and easy talk between father and son, as it should have done. How can they enter into each other's lives, and establish unity of feeling if they do not thus talk over their affairs together? Nothing is more subversive of family unity, nothing more dangerous, than to have children live in a thought-world of their own apart from their parents, and nothing is a better safeguard against this danger than free, familiar conversation between parents and children. The art of talking aright in the family is a fine art; alas! in many families it is fast becoming a lost art. Parents and children are busy thinking of their own work, their play, or their individual interests, which they do not talk over together, so that each knows little about what interests the others. Each gradually builds around himself fences of reserve, and dwells in his own little pen, living his own life in selfish disregard of others.

Usually the mother suffers most from this state of things. Husband and children mingling with others in their world of work or school, feel the inspiring effect of contact with that world; but she at home all day, often alone, is necessarily shut out from much which interests them, or that is going on in the world around her, unless husband and children do

bring into her confined sphere the breezy life of their outer world. Often they neglect to do this, not from unkindness, but from simple heedlessness ; yet it is cruel. It shuts her off, not only from the outer world, but what is infinitely worse for all, from their own inner life. She comes to seem a thing apart from those lives, instead of being, as she ought to be, their center. Consciously or unconsciously, there grows up a separation between her and those for whom she would give her life, for whom she is, even now, wearing her life out in loving service. They receive this loving service as a matter of course, and go on heedlessly widening the gulf between them. Perhaps there is a scarcely-concealed contempt for "mother's notions," because, as the conceited boys say, "she does not know what's what." No matter how deep may be her knowledge of other things, if she is not well posted in what is at the time of most interest to them, she knows very little, according to their way of thinking. Most boys and girls pass through this conceited age, and many make shipwreck of their souls just here, because their bark refuses to obey the rudder held by a mother's guiding hand. In their thoughts she has little connection with their daily lives, except to answer their heedless, yet ever-recurring demand, "Give us this day our daily bread." You and I have seen families in which the mother had sunk to this pitiable position of a machine to cook and sew, while her children went outside her circling love to satisfy the deeper needs of heart and soul, to which, either in truth, or in their conceited fancy, she was unable to minister. Such a mother is indeed bereft of her children, left to an isolation the saddest earth can know. Sometimes the mother is to blame for this; she has taught her children to consider her fitted only to minister to their physical needs by neglecting to minister to any other. But even if she is thus to blame, her punishment always seems to me greater than I could bear.

So strongly intrenched in many minds is the idea that it is only physical needs or wants to which mothers should minister, that we have all seen mothers who would show with pride the fancy-work they had spent days and weeks in doing, but would blush and apologize for seeming to waste time if caught with a book in their hands, and who would think the half-hour spent with their little ones at bedtime, or the evening hour devoted to the older ones, thrown away. These are the mothers whose children soon grow away from them. To retain an abiding hold upon her children, the mother must meet their every need—mental and spiritual, even more than physical. We all know such mothers, and blessed are they in the reverent love of their children who never outgrow them.

Unfortunately, we all know illustrations of the other course. As I write there comes to me the memory of a mother of an only child, to whom she was a slave from its birth—a slave to its body, while mind and soul were uncared for. She never taught it of the dear, loving Christ, who took young children in His arms and blessed them, but—no other child was so beautifully dressed, and the foolish mother seemed to think that made amends for all. No wonder the child grew to think that pretty dresses were of more importance than the words of Him who clothes the lilies. The little maiden, daintily dressed, was taken by her parents to balls and parties when she should have been asleep; petted and flattered there she naturally grew to feel that the great end of life was to shine in society. From her father she inherited a love for reading, but her mother never had time to read with her, or taste and knowledge in that direction sufficient to direct her reading, so it was aimless. She was sent to school, but in the world of books thus opened to her, her mother had no part.

From her babyhood her mother had made every sacrifice

in order that the daughter might have a good time. Naturally the girl grew up with the firm conviction that she *deserved* to have a good time, and *must* have it. Never having been called upon to make any sacrifices for her mother's comfort, she had little consideration for it when such consideration interfered with her own gratification. On returning from school, her country home was distasteful to her; city friends continually wished her presence, and she was only too glad to go because of the good time she had there, and her mother's unselfish love consented to her absence. The city visits grew longer and oftener, till she became only a visitor at her own home. Meanwhile the mother grew old and worn with the burdens of work and care which the daughter should have shared, but did not, and the greater burden of heart loneliness, wanting the presence of her idol. At last body and mind broke down under the strain, and to-day that mother is the inmate of an insane asylum, the victim of her own theory, too cruelly, though all unconsciously, carried out by her daughter and herself, that the end and aim of both mother's and daughter's life was to allow the daughter to have a good time. And the saddest thing of all is the unconsciousness. Neither imagined what they were doing. The daughter loved her mother in the best way she knew how, and to-day thinks it an inscrutable Providence which dethroned her mother's reason.

Nothing is more destructive of true ideal family unity than degrading the mother into a mere household drudge. Work she must, often, it seems, in excess of her strength; but no amount of work, if only it be sweetened by loving, considerate sympathy, is drudgery. If heart and mind are pleasantly employed while hands are busy, the lowliest tasks are ennobled, and have no power to dwarf our intellectual being. In God's plan of domestic economy, the mother is the *home center*, not merely the center of a household to

whose physical necessities she ministers, but the center of all those higher, purer, and nobler influences which distinguish the true home from a mere abiding place. As in the celestial economy the central sun must be strong enough to hold all its revolving planets in their orbits, so the mother, the central sun of home, must be strong enough to hold within the sphere of her attraction all the orbs that circle around her. Anything which weakens her power of spiritual attraction tends to family chaos. "Where center is not, can there be circumference?"

It is because of this fact that Mrs. Bascom insists so strongly as she does on the true position of wife and mother. In her admirable essay on the "Rights of Children," she says, "She must claim it for the sake of her children as well as for her own sake. The ideal mother can be no mere household drudge, ministering to the physical wants *only* of her family, and sacrificing herself on the altar of wifeness and motherhood, to be weaker and less regarded for this very self-abnegation. As the father can not devote his entire time to his business or profession, but needs the companionship and duties of home to sweeten and make symmetrical his character, so the mother requires outside interests and activities to broaden her knowledge, deepen her sympathies, and enlarge her mental vision. Not otherwise can she fully meet the demands of the ideal home, with its claims on all spiritual wealth. She must seek and obtain influence and authority in school, church and State, that her counsel may command the respect of her children, and her love win their love. The richest ministrations of affection need the support of intelligence for their full influence. Affection may aid, but it can not displace, the word of wisdom."

The truth thus forcibly enunciated by Mrs. Bascom, herself a beautiful exemplification of it, explains the fact now coming to be acknowledged, that our land shows no more



nearly perfect homes than those of women whose heads and hearts are enriched by the broadest culture, and whose hands are ever ready for philanthropic work. Frances Power Cobbe says that when women are free to act, they naturally gravitate toward the philanthropies and reforms. This age demonstrates the truth of this statement; it also shows what we should expect, that this natural gravitation in no wise interferes with woman's highest work and privilege, that of making a home. Nowhere is there a more nearly ideal home than that of Hannah Whitall Smith, whose name comes with the balm of benediction to thousands of hearts lifted into higher spiritual life by her Bible readings and her "Christian's Secret of a Happy Life." A similar home is that of Sarah B. Cooper, the mother of Charity Kindergartens on the Pacific coast, who each Sabbath holds hundreds spellbound in her Bible class; its counterpart is found on the Atlantic coast, in the home of Mary A. Livermore; to the North in the Minnesota home of Emily Huntington Miller, and to the South in that of Mrs. Judge Merrick of New Orleans. These are but types of thousands of homes scattered all over this land, made only brighter and more beautiful by the mother's loving service in following the Master as "He went about doing good." Dickens' Mrs. Jellyby is one of the most unjust caricatures ever painted. True love for God and humanity only deepens love for home, and enriches home life as no sordid, selfish care for its interests, to the exclusion of all else, can ever do.

"They are not most at home who stay  
Beside the hearth forever;  
The heart, and not the absent hands,  
The home ties hold or sever.  
And they who guard for other homes  
The bliss themselves have tasted,  
Hold far too dear love's priceless gold  
To let it e'er be wasted.



We do not fear, then, for your home,  
 We know because you love it,  
 A thousand hearts unite to pray  
 That angels watch above it.  
 All Christian life is richer for  
 Broad duties well attended;  
 And light from many a rescued home  
 With your home life is blended."

Mutual helpfulness is another important element in the unity of home. Let its members seek not their own, but each another's good. Children need to be trained to do this; it is not a spontaneous growth. In Babyhood we saw the danger of the child's strong sense of personality degenerating into selfishness; there is no better safeguard against this danger than training children to do for others. Make each feel that he has his share to do in the home work, and that if he neglects it, so much will be lost out of the comfort and pleasure of home. Children thus trained will be not only *helpful* children,—a beautiful characteristic—but they will be unselfish, because they are continually doing for others, and in accordance with the law enunciated by John Locke two hundred years ago, their characters are being formed by this unselfish doing.

My heart is often pained by the way children are trained to selfishness through mistaken mother love that continually does for them instead of teaching them to do for themselves and for others. That was the trouble in the case before cited; the daughter of that now insane mother was not naturally any more selfish than other girls, not as much so as many are; but from her cradle, having everything done for her, and not being required to do for others, her own self was made to seem the center of the universe; no wonder that she grew to feel that gratification of self was all that was required of her. I have in my mind another case, a family of half a dozen children, with a frail little mother, devoted to them and

working herself to death for them, but never teaching them to do anything for themselves or for each other. The oldest was an unusually strong girl of twelve, who could be very helpful to her mother and the younger children, yet I never knew her to offer to do anything for any one of them. She did not seem to feel the slightest responsibility in regard to the younger children; indeed, the bonds of family affection seemed very slight between those brothers and sisters, and one great cause was, that they were not trained to work for each other and the family good.

It is a characteristic of human nature, as distinguishing it from brute nature, that our love for any object is increased by doing loving service for it. If we do not train our children to this loving service to parents and to each other, we sadly weaken the bonds of family unity. This is doubtless one reason that we often find these bonds strongest, not among the rich, where plenty of servants take away the necessity, and often the opportunity, of doing kindly deeds to others, but in the homes of moderate competence, where loving hands minister to each other's necessities. O, the blessedness of this ministry! Christ came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. Here, even more emphatically than in pecuniary things, is it far "more blessed to give than to receive."

As ministering to each other strengthens the love of brothers and sisters, and of children to parents, so does work for the common good strengthen love for home. This work should not be excessive nor harshly imposed, or it will have the opposite effect. But the consecrated common sense of father and mother can find much for children to do, and can incite them to doing it in such a way as to bind them to home. It is a good thing for a boy to take pride in the garden, or barn, or farm yard, and for a girl to feel the same commendable pride in a well kept house and a well stocked pan-

try, because *they* had something to do in making them so.

To me it seems utterly impossible to develop a symmetrical womanly character, without giving our girls thorough training in all housewifely arts. We shall give the practical side of this question in the chapter on Occupations in the Home; we simply refer to it now, because we feel it a vital point in securing unity of interest in the home, that girls should be thus trained to share with the mother the responsibilities, the labors and the blessed ministries of home.

In the same way, and for the same reason, boys should share the labors of their father. We know a wise father who often puts himself to great inconvenience to take his boys with him when he goes to the blacksmith shop, into the country to buy hay or oats for his horse, and on similar expeditions. And just as soon as they are old enough—before most fathers would thus trust their boys—he sends them on such errands alone. In his city office there is not very much that they can do, so he takes pains to utilize every occasion for employing them in service for the family good. He is thus preparing them for actual life, and is strengthening their interest in home by making them workers together with him for the common good.

Dr. Iræneus Prime, in his description of well brought up children, suggests another element of family unity. He says: "There is sometimes a family in which the father and mother know how to enjoy life sensibly in its hours of play or rest, and around them grow up boys and girls fit to live, fit to do all the duties of life, fit to make their own lives happy and useful. From childhood they have known that life is surrounded by thousands of wonders, whether of man's making or of God's creation. Nature and art alike furnish them with sources of knowledge and pleasure. You don't see those children dawdling around hotel drawing rooms when the family are traveling. The boys go fishing and the girls go

hunting flowers, or both go together and share each other's enjoyment.

"I met two of such a family the other day in the pine woods, a mile from the hotel. I did not know them, or they me. I was digging up the bulb of a plant, and as it came out of the ground, I heard an exclamation, 'It is bulbous after all, Tom.' Then I saw a bright and pleasant countenance of a seventeen-year-old girl, who had come near. She had the same curiosity about the flower that I had. Then, for awhile they rambled along with me. They were out for a walk; this to them meant keen enjoyment of pretty much all they saw. Trees, flowers, animals, the very skies and clouds, were more or less the subjects of intelligent observation to them. She caught half a dozen lizards as we went along, handled them gently, examined them carefully, and let them go unharmed. He talked of the fishing. He knew all about the fishing in his own part of the country, and a great deal about the habits of fish. The two, brother and sister, discussed one with another the flowers and animals.

"Clearly they had been brought up from childhood to take a keen interest in the ordinary environments of country life. And I was not surprised, when she caught sight of an engraved gem in my ring, to find that at seventeen she, and at fifteen he, knew enough about art to talk intelligently and without blunders. We had a very pleasant chat as we strolled hither and thither in the old pine woods; and they two were very happy children. I doubt not they confer a great deal of happiness, and do a great deal of good in the circle in which they live."

Among the sins against the unity of home is unreasonable partiality. The making of Joseph's coat of many colors was the second great mistake of Jacob's life. Impartiality does not mean that we should treat all children alike; no two children should be treated alike, for no two are alike, and much

that is called partiality is only a just discrimination of character. But you and I know cases where the family life, or at least the life of one of its members, has been embittered by the unreasoning partiality of a parent. The evil resulting from partiality is double-headed, and it is hard to decide which is most hurt by it, its object, or the neglected brothers and sisters; in the one it engenders egotism, vanity and selfishness; in the other it gives rise to bitterness, wrath and malice.

Family unity is sometimes endangered by the different treatment accorded to boys and to their sisters. Occasionally we find families where boys are systematically trained to be tyrants by being allowed to domineer over mother and sisters. This is an especial danger in a family where there is only one boy and many girls. A similar danger arises from taking it for granted that boys must be rude and boisterous, even cruel, to be boys. Boys thus trained are quite sure to grow into overbearing, cruel men. This training often commences very early. I was once sitting in an elegant home, conversing pleasantly with the lady mother of a dear little girl, who was playing quietly in the corner. Soon the door was burst open, and then slammed shut after a five-year-old boy. "Why! Johnnie, what a noise you make," said the mother. Then, turning to me, "But, you know, boys will be boys." Johnnie had a whip in his hand, which he was cracking in dangerous proximity to our faces and his mother's pet statuette. "Take care, Johnnie," she said mildly. But Johnnie did not take care. He only cracked the whip louder. He was now very near his little sister, and seeing her shrink from the descending lash, he said, "Pooh! what a coward! who's afraid?" She evidently was, and the little bully was delighted to see it. "There's nothing to be afraid of; see," and he brought the lash down across her shoulders. Not very severely, we could see, but the terrified child *felt* as if



he had cut through the flesh, and ran screaming to her mother. "What a baby!" he cried after her. "I just touched her the least little bit; didn't hurt her at all, but girls are such cry-babies," he said contemptuously, as he went out of the room.

"He did not hurt you at all," said the mother reprovingly to her sobbing little daughter; and to me, "Johnnie doesn't mean any harm, but he is so full of spirits, and you know boys are *so* different from girls, they never can play together peaceably." And thus the evil lesson was taught in the very nursery.

Often evil results from a diametrically opposite course. "Boys not allowed" seems written over all the pretty, pleasant places in some homes. Not allowed in the parlor, lest they disarrange some of its nicknacks; not allowed in the sitting-room, lest their boots muddy the carpet, or their whistle set nervous mamma crazy; not allowed to whittle in the kitchen, or to have any place provided for their whittling; in short, they seem to be in somebody's way everywhere. Nobody thinks they care for pretty things. Any old dowdy thing is "good enough for the boy's room," while the room of his sister, just across the hall, is as dainty and bright as pretty things can make it. "Have you seen Ella's room?" asked a proud father of me on my first visit to his new home. On learning that I had not, "Oh, you must see it; it is the very gem of the whole house." And so it was, a very bower of beauty; everything in it in exquisite taste, pure, fresh, beautiful, befitting the beautiful young girlhood which it embowered. Every wish and taste of its fair occupant had been consulted in its furnishing and adornment; books, pictures, a well filled cabinet, the daintily appointed writing-desk, all spoke of love-guided taste, ministering to the taste of its idol. We lingered long in the room, for it charmed us; as we at last left it we passed the open door of her brother's



room, and the sharp contrast startled me. I think the mother felt something of this, for she said, half apologetically, "You know boys don't care so much for pretty things as girls do." We hoped this was true in Willie's case, for there were very few pretty things in the room for him to care for. The whole room gave the impression of dinginess, and of not having been prepared especially for anybody. Carpet and curtains and furniture were good enough, for this was a house into which nothing shabby ever came, but no two things seemed to belong together, to have been chosen with any regard to fitness, either to their surroundings, or to the taste of the occupant. Carpet and curtains were of unpleasantly contrasting colors. The pictures on the walls were somber looking affairs, just the kind a boy would *not* have chosen; indeed, nothing in the room looked as if it had been chosen with regard to the boy's tastes.

But why should not his tastes have been gratified as well as his sister's? "Boys never have any tastes. They like such horrid things, always cluttering up their room with nasty bugs or snails, or fishing tackle, or some such trumpery," says the thoughtless mother or sister, and she settles down into the conviction that since the boy's tastes differ from hers he can have no taste. She forgets that these "horrid things" are as dear to his heart as are the pretty nothings in which his sister so delights, and that he deserves to have a place for them—albeit the most suitable place seems to be a closet out of sight—as much as she does to have a place for her treasures. And we believe that in the roughest seeming boys there is a latent love for the beautiful which it is worth our while to cultivate, as it proves a strong link in the chain binding him to home. He does not go into ecstasies over pretty things as his sister does, but he feels the influence of beautiful, appropriate surroundings no less than she does, and perhaps this influence settles down deeper into

his heart just because he can not give as free expression to his feelings. That he thinks of it is proved by the fact that a little boy, old enough to begin to play with his neighbor playmates in their own rooms, and to have them play in his, asked his mother, "Why is there always a chair in the boys' rooms that will come down if you sit on it?"

Let the boy's room, then, be just as beautiful in his eyes as his sister's is in hers. Let it bear the same marks of loving care to gratify his tastes in its furnishing and adornments; let him feel just as free to bring his young friends into his room as his sister is to gather hers about her, and he will love it and his home as well as she loves hers.

The relation of brother and sister stands next in sacredness to that of parent and child. Through this relationship come many of the sweetest delights of home, and, alas! through it also come some of its bitterest sorrows. What brothers and sisters may be to each other, is shown in the pathetic story of Charles and Mary Lamb, in Tennyson and his sister, in William and Caroline Herschel. In each case the two made the completed whole; each life would have been comparatively barren and valueless dissevered from its companion life. Kœrner, the German poet-hero, and his sister give a beautiful picture of devoted love. At twenty-two he fell in battle, fighting for his country, and her heart died with him. But she could not go to him until she had done all it was possible to do to perpetuate his memory. She built his tomb, and so wrought into its cold marble her deathless love that it seemed to glow as with fire from Heaven. With her own hand she painted his portrait in such living colors that the dead canvas seemed to breathe and speak, and then she died, because she could not live without him.

As it is a nobler thing to live for another than to die for him, so the story of Caroline Herschel's devotion to her brother touches us even more deeply than this of the Ger-

man poet. Her brother was Sir William Herschel, knighted for his great discoveries in astronomy. But without Caroline's aid these discoveries never could have been made, for, unaided, they would have been impossible to him, and nothing but the most devoted love could have endured the strain which this aid entailed. Dr. Nichols says of her, "She it was who heroically shared his privations, and braved with him the inclemency of the weather during those engrossing nights; whose pen committed to paper his notes of observation as they issued from his lips. She it was who, having passed the nights near the telescope, took the rough manuscript to her cottage at dawn of day, and produced a fair copy of the night's work on the ensuing morning. She it was who planned the labor of each succeeding night, who reduced every observation, made every calculation, and kept everything in systematic order. She it was—Miss Caroline Herschel—who helped our astronomer to gather imperishable fame." With an intellect as keen as his own, and in practical common sense excelling him, she devoted talent, time, her very life to him, and seemed only too happy to have the lustre which belonged to her own name lost in the effulgence of his. It seems to me that he was quite as ready to accept her sacrifice as she was to make it, and that, wrapped up in his own grand thoughts, he did not half appreciate his sister.

If this were true in the case of Herschel,—and let us hope it was not,—it was anything but true in the case of Charles Lamb. His devotion to his sister Mary equals the devotion of Caroline to William Herschel. In all the history of literature there is nothing more pathetic than the story of this brother and sister. Each highly endowed by Nature, of fine-strung, nervous temperaments, hers had the least power of resistance. Under the strain of overwork and anxiety for her aged mother, her mind gave way, and in a fit of insanity she stabbed her mother to the heart. The insanity passed away

for a time, only to return with each recurring year. How dark the shadow resting on these lives we can imagine, though we can not describe. But this darkness was so illumined by the brightness of their mutual love, that in looking back to it we see only its rainbow brightness, and forget the darkness against which it rested. During the months of the year when Mary was herself, they lived in and for each other, working together and producing jointly those books which endear their names to us. No lover was ever more tenderly devoted than was Charles to Mary. And when the shadow began to creep over her, for her fits of insanity never came without premonition, she always begged him to take her away where she could not harm him. A retreat was provided for her, within sight of their own home, and thither they would go. A friend who often saw them gives us a pathetic picture of the gifted pair, walking hand in hand between the English hedge rows, tears streaming down both faces, and each striving to comfort the other. At the door of the retreat Mary parted from him; she would never let him come inside, lest his mother's fate might be his; she went in alone to fight the terrible battle, he returning to their cottage to watch and wait and pray for her recovery. During these sad vigils he wrote those "Essays by Elia," which so endear him to our hearts. The waiting lasted weeks, and during the later years, sometimes for months. But on the first sign of her recovery he was at her side, and the two returned to the cottage, hand in hand, as they had left it, but with joy and gladness instead of tears.

No finer example of brothers' friendship is shown in history than that of Lawrence and George Washington. They were only half brothers and Lawrence was fourteen years older than George. According to the custom of the times, Lawrence was sent to England to be educated when George was only a baby, and remained there till he was seven or

eight years old. Lawrence returned a well educated and accomplished man, with the polished manners resultant from intercourse with cultivated society. To the shy, awkward country boy who had never been outside his own county, Lawrence seemed a very Apollo, and became at once his ideal of all manly perfection. Well was it for the boy, well was it for the Nation, that Lawrence was worthy to become a model to George. He was every inch a *man*, high minded, conscientious, noble, and keen sighted enough to discern in the boy the embryo of the man that was to be. The boy's intelligence and perfect rectitude won the respect of the man, and ever after a sacred friendship existed between the two.

Lawrence inherited much of the old military spirit of the family, and it was soon called into action by his joining the West Indian expedition of Admiral Vernon. The warlike preparation for this expedition roused the martial spirit in George, whose pastime now took a military turn. "He made soldiers of his schoolmates; they had mimic parades, reviews, sham fights, and although one of the younger boys of the school, he was always commander-in-chief." Two years later Lawrence returned, and their father's death soon followed. The brothers' friendship acquired additional depth and tenderness on the father's death, Lawrence striving to fill the father's place to his younger brother. Meanwhile, he had married Annie, oldest daughter of Honorable William Fairfax, and established a home on his estate on the Potomac, which he named Mount Vernon, in memory of his old admiral. Here as often as possible he had his younger brother. It was during one of these long visits that Lawrence procured for George the appointment of midshipman in the British navy, as elsewhere narrated.

Mount Vernon became the center of a cultivated, intelligent society. The beautiful Annie Fairfax Washington, descended from an ancient and honorable English family,



joined her husband in making it truly a home for George. Her father's home and that of her cousin, Lord Fairfax, were also open to him, and thus he came to be employed as surveyor of Lord Fairfax's vast domain. Irving says, intimacy with a family like this, in which the frankness and simplicity of rural and Colonial life were united with European refinement, could not but have a beneficial effect in moulding the character and manners of a somewhat home-bred school-boy. It was probably his intercourse with them, and his ambition to acquit himself well in their society that set him compiling a code of morals and manners which still exists in a manuscript in his own handwriting, entitled "Rules for Behavior in Company and Conversation."

The courtliness of manner which distinguished George Washington and was so serviceable afterward in the high stations he attained, was but a small part of the good resulting from this intimacy between the brothers. The nobility of Lawrence's character stamped itself indelibly upon that of George. His extended acquaintance with men and affairs in England, as well as in America, broadened George's outlook as he surveyed life through his brother's eyes, while their mutual love which deepened and strengthened with every passing year, sweetened and softened what might otherwise have developed into too great austerity in Washington's character. To this love we owe the fact that to-day we seek the heart shrine of the Nation, the tomb of Washington, not in his ancestral home, but at Mount Vernon which Lawrence bequeathed to him, his favorite brother.

The love of sisters is most beautifully exemplified in the lives of Alice and Phœbe Cary. Although very unlike in thought and temperament, they were brought, by the death of mother and sisters, to depend much upon each other for home love, and at last left their farm home in the West, and together made a home in the city of New York.



Mary Clemmer, their friend and biographer says: "The mental contrasts of the sisters were as marked as their physical. Alike in tastes and aspirations, they were unlike in temperament, in their habit of thought and of action. Each in her own way, out of her own life sacrificed much to the other,—how much, only God and their own souls knew. Out of this mutual sacrifice was welded a bond stronger and closer than many sisters know; through their life-long association, their sympathy, their very sisterhood, it drew them nearer and nearer together to the end. It produced at last an identification of existence such as we see where the natures of husband and wife have become perfectly assimilated because their life and fate are one.

"Notwithstanding the unity of their pursuits, the identity of their interests, their utter devotion to each other, outside of this dual life each sister lived distinctly and separately her own existence. Each respected absolutely the personal peculiarities of the other, and never consciously intruded upon them. Each thought and wrought in as absolute solitude as if she were alone in the house. The results of the labor they shared together, but not the labor. Both had ways that at times were not altogether satisfactory to the other. Each accepted them as a part of the cross that she must bear for her sister, and she did not complain, nor did it cause any bitterness.

"Through nearly all their lives, Phœbe had materially, intellectually, and spiritually, depended upon Alice. Though Phœbe had the more robust health, it was Alice who had the more resolute spirit. Over all the long and toilsome road from poverty to competence, it was Phœbe who leaned on Alice. It was Alice who bore the burden and heat of the day, and who smoothed the paths for her sister's feet. Not that she was idle and did nothing, but she paused, and doubted, and waited by the way.

"Tears dimmed the lovely eyes of the elder; how often pain and weariness would have stayed her steps, but her high heart said 'Nay.' Necessity said 'You must not!' She went on, she led her sister on, till they came to a height where both stood side by side. Then the painful journey done, in the evening shadow it was Alice who leaned on Phœbe, and leaning thus, she died. But Phœbe lived through and for Alice so long, that when she looked and saw her no more, the very impulse and power to live were gone. She sank and died because she could not live on in a world where her sister was not."

It is not alone in the homes of noted men and women that examples of devoted love between brothers and sisters are to be found. They shine out from homes all over the land and brighten humanity by their radiance. If brothers and sisters only knew how much they might be to each other, how they might bless each other's lives, guard each other from temptation, help each other toward a nobler manhood and womanhood, they would cultivate that mutual love which now they too often leave to chance. As brothers and sisters grow older, there are a thousand ways in which their mutual love, if it only be keen-eyed enough to see them, may become their mutual safe-guards. Many a sister has saved her brother from ruin by making his evenings at home so pleasant that the gilded attractions of the theater, club-room or saloon, proved powerless to draw him away. Many a brother has saved his sister from wrecking her life by uniting it to an unworthy one whose unworthiness she never could have discovered in her sheltered life, but for the watchful love of her brother.

The homely, everyday acts of life give many opportunities, often unsuspected in their significance, for thus guarding our loved ones against temptation. An instance which lately came under my own observation illustrates this point. In a

beautiful home in Chicago live a brother and sister, children of a prosperous business man. He hopes one day to have his son succeed him in business; very sensibly, he wishes him to know thoroughly the practical working of every part of it, so is having Howard work his way up through every grade, as any employe must do. At one time this work required him to leave home an hour before the family breakfast, and to take his breakfast at a restaurant.

His sister Nellie, a bright young girl of seventeen, said it was "horrid" that he must do this, and that the family should not have the pleasure of his company at breakfast, but had not a thought that it involved any danger to her brother which she might ward off. But one day her eyes were opened. She belongs to the Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and at one of their meetings a dear old lady who often looked in upon the girls, told them that many young men who were obliged to go down town without their breakfasts, were tempted by the feeling "of goneness," as she expressed it, to step into a saloon and take a drink, and sisters having brothers who must go down town before the family breakfast, could not do better temperance work than to get up early and make a cup of coffee for them before starting. Quick as a flash Nellie's resolution was taken. She had always slept contentedly till after Howard went down town, but the next morning when he came down stairs she was awaiting him with a tray, on which was a cup of delicious coffee and an appetizing lunch; this was kept up as long as the necessity of his going down town so early continued. "Bless your dear little heart!" Howard had exclaimed on seeing her that first morning, and again and again he repeated during the weeks that followed, "You are the best sister a fellow ever had; if all sisters were like you, so many of us would not go to the bad." And in one of those after-supper confidences, of which this brother and sister were so

fond, he told her how he had begun to form the habit of going into the saloon every morning and taking a drink, because, as he said, "I felt so weak and good-for-nothing, starting off so early without my breakfast, but the first morning you brought me the coffee I vowed I would never taste another drop of liquor so long as I had such a jewel of a sister, and I never have." This incident may suggest to other sisters ways of answering their daily prayer, "Lead us not into temptation."

Often children, especially daughters, remain in the family after reaching maturity. What is their status and their relation to the unity of the family? In families where true family unity has been preserved, not by crushing out individuality but by respecting it, this question answers itself; at least the family relations adjust themselves so naturally to the changed conditions, as the children pass from youth to maturity, that there is no friction. But in many families this is not the case. Some fathers and mothers never seem to realize that their children are grown up, but exercise over them in their maturity the same arbitrary power they exercised in childhood. This state of things occurs usually in families ruled arbitrarily, instead of by reason and love. The daughters are the greater sufferers from this, as the sons usually go out into the world and work out for themselves the independence which the home refuses them. Helen Hunt Jackson graphically pictures the condition of many unmarried women of thirty or forty years of age, living in the old home, who have practically no more freedom in ordering their own lives than they had when children.

She says in the ideal household of father and mother and adult children, the one great aim of the parents ought to be to supply, as far as possible, to each child that freedom and independence which they have missed the opportunity of securing in homes of their own. The loss of this one thing

alone is a bitterer drop in the cup of many an unmarried woman than parents, especially fathers, are apt ever to dream,—food and clothes and lodgings are so exalted in unthinking estimates. To be without them would be distressingly inconvenient, no doubt; but one can have luxurious provision of both and remain very wretched. Even the body itself can not thrive if it has no more than these three pottage messes! Freedom to come, go, speak, work, play,—in short, to be one's self,—is to the body more than meat and gold, and to the soul, the whole of life.

Just so far as any parent interferes with this freedom of adult children, even in the little things of a single day or a single hour, just so far it is tyranny, and the children are wronged. But just so far as parents help to strengthen and bestow this freedom on their children, just so far it is justice and kindness, and their relation is cemented into a supreme and unalterable friendship whose blessedness and whose comfort no words can measure.

In many homes, old people form an integral part of the family; its unity is made or marred by their presence. Often the presence of grandfather or grandmother is a benediction to the entire household; their room, or their chair by the family hearth, is the center around which all cluster. Father and mother come to them for advice; the children bring to them all their little joys and sorrows; to many a youngster "grandma's pocket," always filled with goodies, is an unfailing treasure-trove, and many a shy youth and maiden confide to her ear thoughts, feelings and plans they could not breathe even to their mother. Some of the most beautiful home pictures we have ever seen were made by grandfathers and their little grandchildren, bright golden locks mingling with the gray, as each bent eagerly over some child book, made doubly delightful to the little one because grandpa read it with her. How well we all remember the pleasure Peter Parley's Tales



afforded us; I now think they owed half their charm to the power he had to make us feel that he was sure-enough grandfather to every one of us, and that we were children clustering around his knee. Many of Jacob Abbott's stories gave us the same feeling, and were loved accordingly. Such grandfathers and grandmothers never grow old; the dew of eternal youth is on their hearts, and whether they speak to us through books, or sit by our own firesides, childhood always loves and maturity venerates them. Such old people make their own place and fill it with a warm, bright atmosphere, wherever they may be.

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## TWO WOMEN.

A grandma sits in her great arm chair;  
Balmy sweet is the soft spring air

Through the latticed, lilac-shadowed pane.  
She looks to the orchard beyond the lane,

And she catches the gleam of a woman's dress,  
As it flutters about in the wind's caress.

"That child is glad as the day is long—  
Her lover is coming, her life's a song."

Up from the orchard's flowery bloom  
Floats fragrance faint to the dark'ning room

Where grandma dreams, till a tender grace  
And a softer light steals into her face.

For once again she is young and fair,  
And twining roses in her hair.

Once again, blithe as the lark above,  
She is only a girl, and a girl in love!

The years drop from their weary pain;  
She is clasped in her lover's arms again;

The last faint glimmers of daylight die:  
Stars tremble out of the purple sky



Ere' Dora flits up the garden path,  
Sadly afraid of the grandma's wrath.

With rose-red cheeks and flying hair,  
She nestles down by the old arm chair.

"Grandma, Dick says, may we—may—I—"  
The faltering voice grows strangely shy.

But grandma presses the little hand:  
"Yes, my dearie, I understand!

"He may have you, darling!" Not all in vain  
Did she dream she was a girl again!

She gently twisted a shining curl:  
"Ah, me! the philosophy of a girl!

"Take the world's treasures—its noblest, best—  
And love will outweigh all the rest!"

And through the casement the moonlight cold  
Streams on two heads—one gray, one gold.

All old people are not and can not be like these we have pictured; if they were, we would not need to say anything about them in a chapter on Unity of the Family, for they themselves would form one of the strongest bands binding the family together. But whatever their character, the fact that they are old should secure for them from every inmate of the home, respectful, tender service. They have fought life's long battle; it may have gone too hard with them, leaving them morose and discouraged. But the fact that they *have* fought it entitles them to our sympathy and reverence.

There is nothing sadder in life than neglected old age, and the saddest neglect is not that which deprives it of food and raiment. Our hearts have often ached for grandparents in homes of competence and even luxury, where every physical want was supplied, but where there was no sympathy, no taking of them into the family life and letting them feel that they had a part in it. Old people prize sympathy even more

than children do. From the very nature of the case, theirs is a lonely life. As we find them in the families of their children, they are usually widowed; the partners of their lives, the friends of their youth and maturity are gone; the life of the generation around them differs from the life of their youth as the stage-coach differs from the steam engine; its rush and rumble bewilder them. Often they suffer from bodily infirmity; "The keepers of the house tremble; those that look out of the windows are darkened, and all the daughters of music are brought low." These infirmities only afford opportunities for loving service: the children can become feet to the lame, eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf; and this loving service will do much to lighten the burdens of age.

It is a blessing to the young folks themselves, training them to be thoughtful for others, and to deny themselves to render service to them. It teaches them also to respect age, a lesson very much needed by young America. If there are old people in your home, see to it that these lessons are faithfully learned by your children; that everything possible is done for the happiness of the grandfather or the grandmother; that they are never permitted to feel themselves left out of the family life, or to lack those tender, thoughtful attentions so dear to them. Make their room bright with flowers and sweet with the atmosphere of love which pervades it. For, after all we have said concerning the unity of the family, it all resolves into the one word—love. Where love reigns there is unity, and where it does not, there is discord.

We once saw a quaint recipe for a Christmas dinner. It seems so appropriate for the everyday dinner of a family where love reigns that we give it as the appropriate closing of this chapter on Family Unity.

"First course.—Gladness. This must be served hot. No two housekeepers make it alike; no fixed rule can be given

for it. It depends, like so many of the best things, chiefly on memory; but, strangely enough, it depends quite as much on proper forgetting as on proper remembering. Worries must be forgotten. Troubles must be forgotten. Memory can be filled full of things to be remembered. No soul is entirely destitute of blessings, absolutely without comfort. Perhaps we have but one. Very well, we can think steadily of that one, if we try. But the probability is that we have more than we can count. No man has yet numbered the blessings, the mercies, the joys of God. We are all richer than we think; and if we once set ourselves to reckoning up the things of which we are glad, we shall be astonished at their number. Gladness then is the first item, the first course on our bill of fare for a Christmas dinner.

Entrees.—Love, garnished with smiles; gentleness, with sweet sauce of laughter; gracious speech cooked with any fine, savory herbs, such as drollery, which is always in season; of pleasant reminiscence, which no one need be without, as it keeps for years, sealed or unsealed.

Second Course.—Hospitality. The precise form of this depends also on individual preferences. In some families hospitality is brought on surrounded with relatives. This is very well. In others it is dished up with dignitaries of all sorts. This gives a fine effect to the eye, but cools quickly, and is not in the long run satisfying. In a third class, best of all, it is served in simple shapes, but with a great variety of unfortunate persons, such as lonely people from lodging houses, poor people of all grades, widows and childless in their affliction. This is the kind most preferred; in fact, never abandoned by those who have tried it.

For Desert.—Mirth in glasses. Gratitude and faith beaten together and piled up in snowy shapes. These will look light if run over night in moulds of solid trust and patience. A dish of the bon-bons, good cheer and kindness with

everyday mottoes; knots and reasons in shape of puzzles and answers; the whole ornamented with apples of gold in pictures of silver, of the kind mentioned in the book of Proverbs.



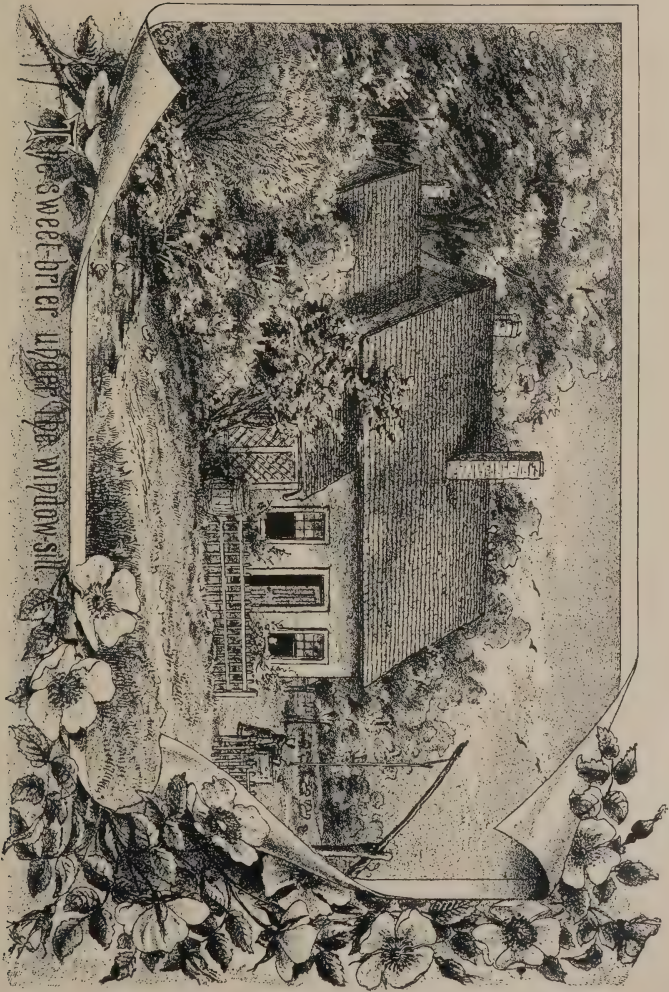
### Our Homestead.

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Our old brown homestead reared its walls  
From the wayside dust aloof,  
Where the apple boughs could almost cast  
Their fruit upon its roof;  
And the cherry tree so near it grew  
That when awake I've lain  
In the lonesome nights I've heard the limbs  
As they creaked against the pane.  
And those orchard trees, oh those orchard trees!  
I've seen my little brothers rocked  
In their tops by the summer breeze.

The sweet-brier under the window sill,  
Which the early birds made glad,  
And the damask rose by the garden fence,  
Were all the flowers we had.  
I've looked at many a flower since then,  
Exotics rich and rare,  
That to other eyes were lovelier,  
But not to me so fair;  
For those roses bright, O those roses bright!  
I have twined them in my sister's locks,  
That are hid in the dust from sight.

The sweet-brier upon the window-sill.







We had a well, a deep old well,  
Where the spring was never dry,  
And the cool drops, down from the mossy stones  
Were falling constantly;  
And there never was water half so sweet  
As the draught which filled my cup,  
Drawn up to the curb by the rude old sweep  
That my father's hand set up.  
And that deep old well, O that deep old well!  
I remember now the plashing sound  
Of the bucket as it fell.

Our homestead had an ample hearth,  
Where at night we loved to meet;  
There my mother's voice was always kind,  
And her smile was always sweet;  
And there I've sat on my father's knee,  
And watched his thoughtful brow,  
With my childish hand in his raven hair,  
That hair is silver now!  
But that broad hearth's light, oh that broad hearth's light!  
And my father's look and my mother's smile,  
They are in my heart to-night.

—*Phæbe Cary.*



## CHAPTER VII.

### Some Homes.



THE concrete is a pleasanter teacher than the abstract. We may admire abstract virtue, our intellect approves it, but it has little effect upon our lives until it is embodied in living examples. We may talk abstractly of the home influences which tend to develop noble character, and though conscience approves, little impression is made on the heart. But if we can look into homes and see these influences at work, if we can see father, mother and children *living* the life we recommend and developing the character we admire, this home life becomes a beautiful pattern for our own, an inspiration, giving an impetus that aids us in attaining it in our homes. For this reason, in this chapter we will look into homes which have developed sweet, strong lives, and mark the influences which made them such.

The first home into which we will look is across the water, the one which gave to the world Dean Stanley and his less known, but scarcely less gifted and noble, brothers and sisters. It was at first the home of a country pastor, Edward Stanley, rector of Alderly, Cheshire, England ; later, the rector became Bishop of Norwich, but the same sweet home-life pervaded the bishop's palace that had permeated and rendered beautiful the rector's cottage.

The Stanley is a noble house, and Alderly is the family

living. Its surroundings are of great natural beauty. The rectory stands just where the flat pasture lands of Cheshire rise suddenly into the rocky ridge of Alderly ledge; near by is the holy well, under an overhanging cliff with gnarled pine trees clinging to its side and its summit crowned with a storm-beaten tower, ready to give notice of an invasion. Near by is Alderly mere, a beautiful sheet of water in full sight of the rectory windows.

Here Edward Stanley brought his bride on a lovely October day, 1805. Let us look through her eyes, as she looks out from the windows of her new home and describes the scene in a letter written the next day to her mother. Her description shows her to be a close observer of nature, with the true artist's eye for color and effect, a vivid imagination and love of the beautiful; admirable traits for a mother to possess.

Of the mere she writes: "The purplish brown of the woods rising above the softest reflection of itself in the water, a few touches of brighter brown in the shrubs and ferns near the edge, the boat-house relieved by the dark wood behind it, a line of yellowish brown reeds breaking the reflection of it in the water; another and still brighter yellow and brown island coming immediately before it; the soft blue haze spread over the water and softening the reflected outline of the wood, without weakening the effect, contrasting here and there with the vivid and determined outline of a few weeds or leaves lying on the surface of the water; the scene now enlivened by a wild duck darting from the reeds across the lake, making a flutter and foam before her, and leaving a line of clear light behind on her path, her wild cry distinctly echoed from the wood and deer house together," suggests a charming picture upon which the eyes of the boy Arthur rested with continued delight.

The home was a low house with a veranda, forming a

wide balcony for the upper story, where bird cages hung among the roses. Within were low, homelike rooms and rambling passages, such as imaginative children love, filled with books and pictures and old carved furniture. In front was a well-mown lawn; beyond it, scarce a stone's throw off, stands the parish church, with its massive, ivy-mantled tower. From its summit could be seen far away in the horizon, the smoke of busy manufacturing towns. Thus, this home was near enough to busy city life to feel its pulses and sympathize with its heart throbs, yet far enough removed from its distracting din to be amid country sights and sounds, "Near to Nature's heart," and in close communion with Nature's God.

His father, Edward Stanley, was a strong nature, a very Greatheart. In boyhood his great desire was to go to sea; but in deference to the wishes of his family, he became a minister instead. Into his work he brought no regrets for the life he had longed to live; or if he did, they showed themselves only by leading him to consent that his eldest son, and later a younger son, should join the navy. He brought into his parish work all the enthusiasm of his great nature. For thirty-two years he lived among his people, doing what few rectors have ever done for a parish; as one says, "He found it a wilderness and left it blossoming as the rose." He reformed abuses, established schools for poor children in which he took the deepest personal interest, knowing every boy and girl by name; advocated temperance, when such advocacy was deemed wild fanaticism; stopped drunken fights, dispersed riotous crowds by riding into their midst alone and unarmed; issued leaflets to his parishioners on Sabbath keeping, temperance, prayer, and the like; hung framed placards in public houses, exhorting to sober, religious lives and denouncing the crying sin of his time and country, drunkenness.

He was a man of dauntless physical and moral courage,

founded on his absolute faith in God; of intense convictions, of wonderful disinterestedness and self sacrifice; his gifted son describes him "as ever watchful to spare others, resolute in not sparing himself." It is recorded of him that he once dispersed a riotous, drunken crowd gathered to witness a prize fight, which had defied and defeated the efforts of the police to disperse them, by fearlessly riding right into their midst alone and unarmed. He loved his people with a devotion rarely witnessed, and for thirty-two years remained with them, the center of all good influences in his parish. He was then made Bishop of Norwich, but this great and unexpected preferment in no way assuaged his sorrow at leaving his people. The parting was so hard that it seemed like taking his life; his great heart ever clung to them, and once each year so long as he lived, he visited them, no matter how heavily the cares and labor of the bishopric pressed him. He was an enthusiastic lover of Nature, especially bird nature, and wrote the "Familiar History of British birds." "The bird-cages amid the roses" on the rectory porch were fitting emblems of the characteristic traits of the father and mother dwelling therein.

Mrs. Stanley was in every way fitted to be his wife. From that October day when he brought her a bride of eighteen years, to Alderly, she was the light and glory of that home, the very crown of his life. Her appreciation of the beautiful and powers of description are shown in her word picture already quoted; tenderness enveloped her as with a halo. The brightness and sparkle of her wit illumined, but never scathed. She was a thorough student and close thinker, and all her life kept up her studies that she might be a true helpmeet to her husband and children. She wrote much, and well. Here is an example of her clear-cut reasoning, expressed in forceful words: "Supposing Plato to have derived his idea of theology from the Jews, again they prove the

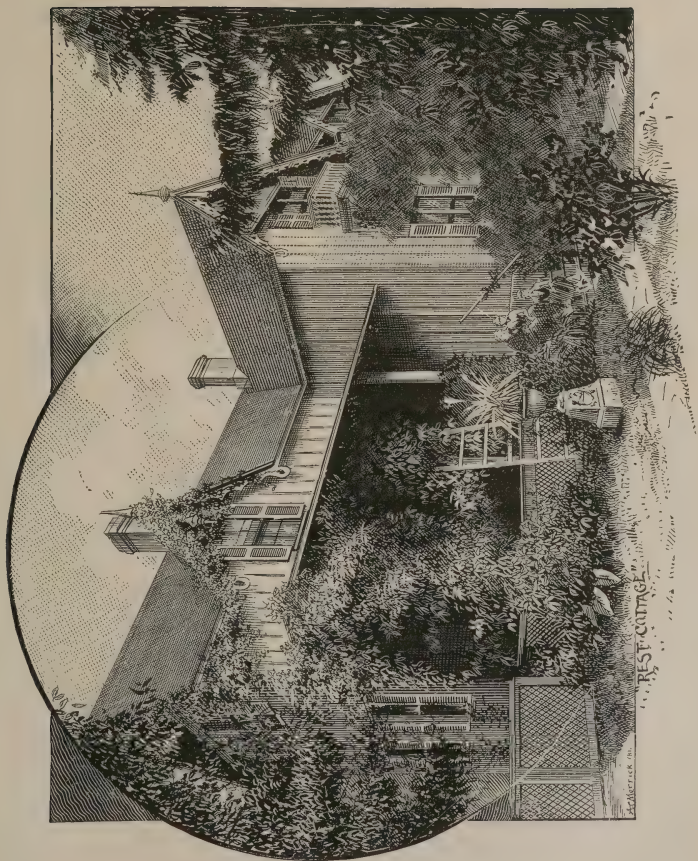
divinity of Christ's doctrine. The Jews were unable to understand their own doctrine, or to develop its sublimity. The mind of Plato saw the divine mind through the forms which satisfied the Jews, and unfolded it in his own words."

Dean Stanley says of his mother: "Hers was a quiet wisdom, a rare unselfishness, a calm discrimination, a firm decision, which made her judgment and influence felt throughout the whole circle in which she lived."

Her own description of Lady Douglass applies with even greater truthfulness to herself than to the one of whom it was written: "Elegance, refined sensibility, taste, playfulness, affection, all in their exact places and proportions, unite to form the accomplished woman, the delightful companion." Sydney Smith, who knew her intimately, said, "Hers is a porcelain understanding," so clearly did the rays of truth shine into it, so luminously radiate from it.

Like Solomon's model wife, she looked well to the ways of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness. But while making sure that physical needs were supplied, she never allowed these to usurp time which should be given to supplying the wants of their spiritual natures. She believed Christ's words, "The life is more than meat, and the body than raiment," and while giving her children "food and raiment convenient for them," she never failed to give them what was of infinitely more value—herself. They were not as finely dressed as the children of many a poor day-laborer, nor had they great variety of rich food to eat, but they did have the companionship of their mother, the contact of her mind with their minds, her heart upon their hearts. Her pleasures were in her husband and children, the simple, innocent enjoyments, without great variety or novelty, that all mothers may have. Here is her record of a day which she marked with a white stone, as one she enjoyed to the full: "I walked with the girls, swung with them, drew with







them, and I believe the power of sympathy makes me feel younger with them. It is so delightful to be a girl again, the moments are really too precious to be lost. Then came our walk this evening, our returning and playing at cricket, drinking tea on the lawn, and breathing the sweet evening air in the garden; the cheerful, happy group drawing round the table with books and pencils, the arm chair in sight of the moon. All these things I have enjoyed and they have caused pleasant thoughts and imaginings to pass through my mind. In short, my mind and body have been in perfect health, and everything has tasted well to them, for that I believe is the secret of all happiness."

Nothing here you see that any mother may not have,—companionship with her children,—and it matters not whether it be over drawing books or stocking darning, so that it be *companionship*—enjoyment of nature, simple home pleasures, healthy bodies, happy hearts.

The key to all this strength and beauty of character is found in her deep spirituality, her strong faith in God and in prayer. To her God was an ever-present help; to Him she went in perfect confidence in all the perplexities which mothers know, expecting and receiving His guidance.

One of her prayers preserved by her son, shows the sweet humility which characterized her spiritual life: "O Thou who hast in Thy wisdom decreed the difficulties and temptations with which the road to Thee and to truth is surrounded, assist me to obtain that simplicity, singleness and purity of intention which may lead me best to discover the true way of serving and of worshiping Thee. Assist me to love Thee, to think of Thee, and to believe in Thee as I ought. Assist me to throw away pride, prejudice, vanity and all earthly passions in reading Thy Word; that amid the contending judgments of my fellow creatures I may rest my faith and my hope on what is essentially Thine. Keep alive

within me the thought of Thee, to be the guide and standard of every thought, of every action, of every pursuit." No wonder that from a closet where such prayers were breathed she went out into the home to be its light and its joy. Of her it could be said that "the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her." In all his work for his people she was his wise counselor, his efficient helper. The rectory became the home of the parish, the center of all good, theoretical and practical.

Into this home on Christmas Day, 1815, was born Arthur Stanley; in the companionship of such a father and such a mother he grew to manhood. He was a frail, sensitive, delicate child, a veritable book worm—painfully shy, shrinking from contact with his kind—he who in after years became not more celebrated for intellectual gifts than for his wondrous power of loving which made his friendships broader and deeper than those of any living man. The rare insight of his mother foresaw something of this when she wrote, "I suspect that this is Arthur's worst time, and that he will be a happier man than he is a boy."

Day by day the combined strength and sweetness of this home permeated his soul and those of his brothers and sisters; here were matured that truthfulness that never swerved, that moral courage that dared stand by the truth amid all opposition; that magnanimity which ever led Arthur to make the cause of the oppressed his own; that modesty that led him to esteem others better than himself; that self-denial ever ready to be "in honor preferring one another." This was beautifully shown in his school life; when writing of a prize he won, he explains that "there was and is another equal who, had it not been for his long illness before the examination, most probably would have been before me."

In this home were nurtured not only Dean Stanley, but his

two older brothers and sisters, who with him there learned those lessons of loving obedience to their parents and to God which so well fitted them to become, as each one did, a leader among men. Here were implanted those temperance principles which kept the sons pure amid the temptations of military and official life; the courage which was daunted by no danger, whether it were the deadly pestilence in army hospital or the equally deadly peril of the frozen sea. Here Mary Stanley was her father's right hand in all parochial work, establishing saving clubs and industrial schools in which were taught not only household arts and sewing, but lace-making, by which an honest living could be made.

So thoroughly trained was she in systematic and organized effort for the good of others, that when the fearful cry came from the plague-stricken hospitals of the Crimea, to which Florence Nightingale so heroically responded, in all England there was no one else so well fitted to second her efforts as Mary Stanley. To the Crimea she went, working side by side with Florence Nightingale till the plague was staid. After their return to England she followed out in London the work commenced in Alderly and continued in Norwich, her great thought always being to relieve suffering and to give poor women a chance to earn an honest living. She first purchased a house and founded a large laundry; afterward she added a needlework society, and took large contracts for army clothing, thus giving employment to hundreds of indigent soldiers' wives and widows. She it was who first established the Flower Mission which since her day has continued in rapidly widening circles "to bring something white, something bright, and something sweet" to thousands of desolate homes and hearts.

All the five children who went out from that home made their mark upon the world for good. Each practically adopted the motto contained in the last entry of Dr. Arnold's



diary, "Let me labor to do God's will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me more than by others, if God disapproves of my doing it." Owen, the eldest son, had his father's love for the sea, and early entered the navy. He became an intrepid naval explorer, searching polar regions for the lost Sir John Ross, when his good ship *Victory* had been abandoned in the cruel Arctic seas. Afterward he explored unknown southern seas, and after perils and fatigues that sapped his life force, he discovered and secured to England the possession of the Middle Island of New Zealand, and then died at his post in command of his vessel. Charles also died in the far away south land, cut off suddenly by fever at Tasmania after doing grand service in the Ordnance Survey, and as private secretary to the governor of Van Dieman's Land. These brothers and their father passed away so nearly at the same time that neither knew the other had gone till they met in Paradise.

Best known of the five is Arthur, who now sleeps in Westminster, best beloved of her deans. Of this wondrous family Lady Vaughn alone, wife of the Dean of Llandaff, still lives to carry out the lessons of wise beneficence learned in the rectory of Alderly. The influence of that home is not confined to its own inmates. To the Stanley home in Alderly, and later, in Norwich, came hundreds from every rank in life, and not one went away unblessed.

Here Jenny Lind came frequently during the life of the good bishop. On her way to America after his death, she stopped to visit the stricken household. Sitting on a low stool at Mrs. Stanley's feet, she told how the influence of that home had decided her to dedicate the talent God had given her to doing good to her fellow creatures; how she had devoted money to founding a hospital, sending out Scripture readers, establishing temperance societies and training schools. After she had described all, she said: "And all this the Bishop of Norwich began in me; that is, it was in me, but it did not



know how to come out." Sitting thus at the feet of the mother of this home, with heart full of gratitude to its father, she sang, as it never had been sung before, "I Know that my Redeemer Liveth." With those sweet strains lingering in our ears, we close the doors of that home whose blessed influence reaches to every quarter of the globe.

Let us look next into the home in Scotland which nurtured David Livingstone. His ancestors were sturdy Scotchmen, boasting not of blue blood in their veins, but of staunch hearts in their bosoms. His grandfather said the only family tradition of which he felt proud was that of an old man who told him, when he was a boy, that he never heard of any one in the family who was guilty of dishonesty. Old Mr. Livingstone often repeated this to his children, and always ended by charging them not to introduce the vice into the family. They seemed to have heeded the injunction, for, as far as we can trace them, his descendants were staunch, true, upright, downright honest men and women. His son Neil, David's father, inherited these qualities in unusual degree. He was a man of great spiritual earnestness, strong convictions, and indomitable courage in carrying them out; a strict teetotaler when teetotalism was almost unknown, the advocate of Sunday-schools, missions and prayer-meetings when these things were considered the badge of fanaticism. He was by occupation a tea peddler; as he went from house to house, from town to town, he carried besides his teas, tracts which he distributed, and never lost an opportunity to speak a word for his Master. In his family he was firm, but tender and of gentle ways. He inherited his share of his father's rugged Scotch wit which brightened the household life and made him a merry companion for his children whose devoted love, as well as profound respect, he always commanded.

His wife Agnes was a true daughter of the covenant, in whose veins ran the blood of martyrs. As a child she was

for years the devoted nurse of her invalid mother who died when she was fourteen years old. As they returned from the funeral the old minister laid his hand on the young girl's head, saying, "A blessing will follow thee all thy life, my lassie, for thy duty to thy mother." And his words proved true, for seldom was there a happier wife, or a mother more blessed in her children than Agnes Livingstone. She was a delicate little woman, with remarkably beautiful eyes, which reappeared in David; a wonderful flow of spirits that neither poverty nor hard work could check; was active, orderly, daintily neat and nice in all her ways. More than all she was a very loving mother, and, like Mrs. Stanley, gave to her children much of that inestimable gift—herself. She was their companion, and, as her son says, "contributed to their home a remarkable brightness." That home had little of the beauty and none of the elegance of Arthur Stanley's home, but the same spirit pervaded it. The mother had not the accomplishments of Lady Stanley, but she had the same love of beauty, the same vivid imagination which made her home bright and happy. She was an exceptionally good story teller, a valuable accomplishment for any mother, and mother's stories stood to her children in good stead of the books they were too poor to purchase. Her gentle, genial influence working through her son, enabled him to move the hearts of savages in Africa and to bind to his in closest sympathy the hearts of thousands in Europe and America.

Dr. Blakie, David Livingstone's biographer, gives us this picture of that Scottish home: "It was ruled by an industry that never lost an hour of the six days, and welcomed and honored the day of rest; a thrift that made the best of everything, though it never got beyond the bare necessities of life; a self restraint that admitted no stimulant within its doors, and that faced bravely and steadily all the burdens of life; a love of books that showed a cultivated taste, with a fear of

God that dignified a life which it moulded and controlled." From such a home went out David Livingstone to explore the Dark Continent, that he might preach Christ to its darker sons; to face the wrath of the most vindictive of men that he might stop the slave trade, "that open sore of Christendom," as he was wont to call it. With a courage that never faltered, he trod unknown wildernesses, surrounded by savage beasts and still more savage men, with a devotion to God's truth, whether writ in nature or in revelation, that made him willing to sacrifice all that made life dear in searching for it; with a love for souls that bound other souls, benighted as they were when they met him, to his with unparalleled devotion; and a perfect trust in God which enabled him, kneeling alone in that desolate hut, thousands of miles away from the dear home of his childhood, to yield his soul to God with the same loving confidence in which he had so often sunk to sleep on his mother's breast. All these noble traits were prefigured and nourished in his early home. The love to God and love to man, the manly courage, the unselfish devotion, the indomitable energy and perseverance which carried him through his unparalleled explorations, were the natural outgrowth of such a moral inheritance, such home culture. They showed as unmistakably in the boy as in the man.

It was one of the rules of this household that every child must be in the house by sundown, at which time the door was locked. Once David, then a little boy, was by some means necessarily detained till a few minutes after sundown. Finding the door locked he made no outcry, did not even knock and ask permission to explain his tardiness, as a weaker nature would have done, but with the habit of obedience too thoroughly fixed to question or evade a household law, composedly settled himself for the night, and actually spent it upon the door-step. When he was ten years old he was taken from school and put to

work in a factory, his childish earnings being needed for the support of the family. His first earning was a half a crown which he brought and laid in his mother's lap, to her great delight as showing the spirit that was in him. His next half crown was spent as characteristically, in the purchase of Rudiments of Latin. This book and its successors he mastered unaided, while working in the factory from six o'clock in the morning till eight at night, till at sixteen he knew Horace and Virgil better than most first-form boys who did nothing but study. These glimpses of the boy show us the man that was to be.

David Livingstone was always proud of the class from which he sprung; when the highest in the land were showering compliments upon him, he was wont to refer with loving pride to "my own order, the honest poor." The record on his parents' tombstone bears testimony to this feeling. "This stone," it says, "is to show the resting place of Neil Livingstone and Agnes Hunter, his wife, and to express the thankfulness to God of their children, John, David, Janet, Charles and Agnes, for poor and honest parents." There is a world of pathos in this simple inscription, especially its first clause, "to show the resting place"—it was not needed to perpetuate the memories of these faithful, loving parents, *that* lived in the hearts of their children, and will be perpetuated so long as the world's heart holds in reverence the blessed influence of a Christian home. For to this influence, as much as to his native genius, it is due, that to-day the Scotch weaver boy whom all the world delights to honor as the great Christian explorer, sleeps in Westminster under the same arch that bends over the resting place of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster. It is no accident that the poor cotter's son and the son of a Bishop sleep beneath the same dome. It is one of God's own appointed sequences. The same influence pervaded the cottage and the palace, the same love to God and

love to man, the same courage and spirit of self sacrifice, the same devotion to principle when that principle was unpopular, the same instilling of earnest purposes into childish hearts, and training to industry and self-reliance; the same beautiful love and sweet companionship between parents and children, and brothers and sisters; the same strength and sweetness united in both parents, for in both cases father and mother alike possessed strength and sweetness; the strength was not all the father's nor the sweetness all the mother's, as we see it in some families to their sorrow, but in each parent was found strength tempered by sweetness, and sweetness made irresistible by strength.

The next home into which we will take you is of a purely American type, the home of Jacob Abbot, whose writings, dear to every child and child-lover, have made thousands of homes better. The Abbots in their generation illustrate most forcefully the blessings of right moral inheritance and right home training. We trace them back to George Abbot, a Yorkshire Puritan who came to this country as early as 1640, and became one of the original proprietors of Andover, Mass. Through the four generations intervening between George and the Jacob of whom we write, we find them "an honest, hardy, hard-working race; given to agriculture, faithful in religion, stern and sturdy of conscience, encountering the perils and privations of the wilderness with unflinching fortitude. They cleared farms from the forest, which were handed down from father to son. They equipped their rude cabins like garrisons, and defended them against the savage with courage. They bore themselves in the Revolutionary struggle with patriotism and valor. They revered the Bible, honored the Sabbath, studied the catechism, brought up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and died in faith and peace when their work was done. As a rule, they seem to have had neither poverty nor riches; but pre-



vailing industry, sagacity and prudence kept them supplied with all the necessities and many of the comforts of life; and having food and raiment, and consciences void of offense toward God and man, they were content; and one generation bequeathed to the next that best of heritages, a good name.”\*

His father, Jacob Abbot second—as *he* would have been Jacob Abbot third if he had not added another “t” to his name to avert the catastrophe—was born in 1776, and there seems to have been wrought into his nature much of the patriotism, the fire and the determination of that memorable year. His mother was the daughter of a Revolutionary hero, whose sword, homely and rusty now, is still preserved as an heirloom in the family. They were married in 1798, and two years and a half later moved to the wilderness of Maine, then a district of Massachusetts. There, 1802, his father joined him. The development of Maine was the one great enterprise of that time, and in this development the Abbotts bore an important part. Their indomitable energy built the “Coos Road,” a real Pacific railroad undertaking for its period. It led from Chesterville, Maine, to Andover, New Hampshire, thus bringing into communication the valleys of the Kennebec and Connecticut rivers. Accustomed as we are to pass over this route now in swift-flying cars, we can scarcely realize the magnitude of the work of building this road through the unbroken wilderness. It occupied many men for many months, and was done under the personal supervision of the elder Abbott. What manner of man he was is shown, not only by his success in this great undertaking, but by his methods of work. His employes were not to him simply “gangs” of workers from whom it was his greatest care to extort the greatest amount of work possible, but fellow-men whose souls were for the time being his care. Their work was in the wilderness, and their camp must carry its own

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\*Life of Jacob Abbott, by his sons.



supplies; of these supplies the Bible, hymn book and a volume of printed sermons formed a part, as important in the opinion of the commander as was the barrel of flour, the pork and beans; morning worship and two services on the Sabbath, at which the Bible was read, hymns sung in deep, stentorian voices till the woods rang, and sermons read by Mr. Abbott, were as much a part of their regular duty as the felling of trees or grading the road. The building of this road was the opening up of Maine, as the building of the Pacific railroad was the opening up of our Western Territories. Through this and other enterprises carried on by themselves, or in company with Mr. Phillips and Mr. Weld, the Abbotts were instrumental in the settlement of ten or twelve townships in western Maine. From their home in Hallowell the father and grandfather watched over the development of these new settlements, making periodical excursions over the rough roads of these townships to watch the progress of their enterprises. Into this home so marked by the push, the energy and the industry of the best type of pioneer life Jacob Abbott was born the third year of the present century. The social surroundings of his family were most favorable for the development of character. We have seen the strong religious stamp set upon these pioneer homes by his ancestors. Other favoring circumstances were found in the fact that Hallowell was, at the beginning of this century, a town of much commercial importance and promise, thus giving an impetus to all industrial forces. It was also distinguished for its remarkably good society, made up of several families of rare personal qualities and cultivation. Among these we particularize the Vaughns, both because they stood pre-eminent in all those qualities which gave the Hallowell society the proud distinction of ranking with the best in New England, and because from it Jacob Abbott took his wife, Harriet Vaughn. Her uncle, Dr. Benjamin Vaughn, the son of a wealthy Lon-

don merchant, emigrated to America about the close of the last century and settled on the estate he inherited from his mother's father, Benjamin Hallowell, whose name was given to the estate and afterward to the city which grew up on it. He brought from England not only wealth to improve his estate, but the cultivation, the taste and the refinement necessary to transform the rude wilderness into a charming Christian home. In England he had been, in youth, a pupil of Priestly; in his early manhood he was the confidential agent of Lord Shelburne. When Benjamin Franklin went to England to plead the cause of the colonies at the court of St. James, he became intimately acquainted with Mr. Vaughn. This friendship which lasted through life, and the advanced ideas in politics and religion resulting from it, doubtless had much to do in deciding Mr. Vaughn to make New England his home. To this home he brought uncommon experience of men and things, extensive knowledge, fine tastes, scholarly habits, the spirit of true philanthropy, and a library which for those days was unexampled, and became a source of inspiration to the young Abbotts and others who had access to it. Dr. Vaughn was soon joined by his younger brother Charles, father of Harriet, a man of great energy and enterprise as well as of charming personal and domestic traits. These men stamped the young village with a peculiar and pleasing individuality, and, as one remarks of them, "In religion, education, gardening, agriculture, and love of reading, gave a healthy tone to society."

This pleasant feature of Abbott's boy-life is sketched by one who shared it: "This Hallowell life was very pleasant. Sam Merrick (as he was called then) used in winter to get out the old-fashioned, white, double sleigh, which he called 'the ark,' and take us all in for a ride about the streets, in a light snow storm. Then there was the coasting down hill and all the winter amusements we had health and strength for in

those early days. The winter evening visits, too, were very pleasant. Children went more with their parents then than they do now. I remember one such occasion at Mrs. Merrick's in the octagon parlor; the large, white marble fire-place on one of the sides of the room, a big fire in it; a party of elderly ladies and gentlemen seated in semi-circles on each side; a large tea-table on the side opposite, covered with the tea equipage, and around which we children, Vaughns, Merricks and Abbotts, all sat with Mrs. Merrick who sent the tea, etc., to the party around the fire, on a small tray, and gave us children our supper meanwhile. After supper the tea things were removed, and books, pictures and riddles were brought out for our amusement, while the elders chatted pleasantly before the fire. Our visits to Mr. Benjamin Vaughn's and to Mr. Abbott's were of the same character. The feast for the appetite was very simple, but the intellectual and æsthetical feast was of the first order."

Amid the influences of such Christian homes, Jacob Abbott and Harriet Vaughn grew to manhood and womanhood, learning, unconsciously perhaps, the old sweet, sweet lesson, old, yet ever new so long as there are hearts to throb and hands to clasp. School life separated them, for the blessed days of co-education had not yet dawned. Both were thoroughly educated, she at home, sharing with her brothers, sister and cousins the instructions of Mr. John Merrick who had accompanied Dr. Vaughn from England as private tutor to his family.

He went to Brunswick to live with his grandfather while in Bowdoin College, from which college he graduated when he was only seventeen years old. Later, he went to Andover, where he studied theology, having taught school in the interim between college and theological seminary. In May, 1828, they were married and went to Amherst, then considered the far West by dwellers on the banks of the Kennebec,

where he had an appointment as professor. Here was erected that home whose spirit and influence give to the Rollo Books, Franconia Stories, and the Little Learner Series, their wonderful charm of life-likeness, because they are the reflection of an almost ideally perfect home life. Mrs. Abbott, writing to her friend, Miss Peabody, afterwards Mrs. Horace Mann, thus describes the house in which the first four years of their married life were spent: "It is venerable—was built by (and also inhabited by) three generations, each after its own heart; is on elevated ground, and commands a fine view of the surrounding country, unlike any other in the county, and to me not the less pleasing, being much the same character with that on the Kennebec opposite Augusta and Hallowell, where we once rode together when the moon was so bright and beautiful. From two others I have the whole Holyoke range over which I watch the early sunlight, the fleeting mist and the deep shadows of night. I wish you could see a storm coming over those hills into our valley. Amherst is like the elevation in the bottom of an old-fashioned basin, supposing the sides to represent the everlasting hills linked around it, and the hollow below the rich valley of the Connecticut, and we are situated delightfully for seeing all around us. I wish you were here to mount our tower at sunrise and see the valley of the Connecticut covered with mist. It looks in every direction like the sea, and the tops of the mountains rising here and there like emeralds on its surface, are beautiful."

Thus this home resembled the one in Alderly in the beauty of its natural surroundings, and the resemblance was not less marked in regard to its internal influence. The same combined strength and sweetness ruled each; the same intellectual taste, combined with most practical common sense; and as children came into this home, the same sweet and close companionship between parents and children. Above all there ruled here the same deep love for God and man, the same unflinching

trust in our Heavenly Father and obedience to His will.

Many delightful acquaintances were formed at Amherst, and the influence of many of the best cultivated minds of the country was felt in that home. Prof. Snell whom Mrs. Abbott describes as a "speck of a precious diamond," married and brought his bride to occupy a part of the spacious mansion, an arrangement which afforded great pleasure to both couples. Among their intimate friends were Professor and Mrs. Fiske, the parents of Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson from whom we have so frequently quoted, and other rare spirits. Mr. Abbott's three brothers, John S. C. Abbott, the future historian, Gorham, and later, Charles, were all members of this family for longer or shorter periods, and always closely associated with their brother in educational work.

This was a busy family, the father in his professorship which was no sinecure when the morning prayers at college came at five o'clock and all the day was full; the mother in her household cares which were neither few nor light, for this home always held others besides its own, and was so hospitable that it was seldom without transient visitors. She must look well to the ways of her household, for the young professor's salary of eight hundred a year, one hundred of which must be spent in purchasing apparatus for the college, required the closest economy; she often suffered from ill-health, but her bright, brave spirit triumphed over all.

Later, this home was removed to Boston, where Mr. Abbott established a school for young ladies, called the Mount Vernon School. This school was only a broader home, in which the principles that so beautifully ruled the Amherst home found wider scope; few rules and absolute obedience to those few, but constant training for self-government by impressing each pupil with a sense of the moral obligations resting upon her. They must be kind to one

another, respectful to their superiors, quiet and orderly in their deportment; must do nothing to encroach on another's rights, nor anything else that they might know to be wrong. But they were to avoid these things, not because there were any rules of the school against them, but because they were in *themselves wrong* in all places and under all circumstances.

Here was shown that rare tact in governing young people which so distinguished Mr. and Mrs. Abbott, and is illustrated in his book, "Gentle Measures in Training the Young," a book which every parent should not only read, but study. An incident related by Professor Phelps, of Andover, whose heroine was probably his wife, shows Mr. Abbott's rare tact in uniting gentleness with indomitable authority. Elizabeth came to them, as Mrs. Abbott tells us, when seventeen years old, showing abundant talent, intelligent, frank almost to bluntness, but very willful. While an inmate of the Abbott home she was taken with typhoid fever. With her accustomed disregard of authority, she refused to take the medicine ordered. Doctor and nurse argued, coaxed and commanded in vain; she "would not take it if she died." As a last resort Mr. Abbott was summoned. He sat down beside the bed, took her feverish hand in his, and talked with her on indifferent subjects in his own pleasant way, till the resistance aroused in her by conflict with physician and nurse had subsided. Meanwhile, at Mr. Abbott's suggestion, they quietly withdrew from the room; when he saw the fit moment had come, he remarked, in the same pleasant tone in which he had been telling her some amusing school episode, "The time has come for you to take your medicine, and in cases like this it will not do to be irregular; the remedy *must* be taken on the *hour*." A slight emphasis on the *must* gave her a sense of superior authority, but a similar stress on the "*hour*" diverted her mind from her previous resistance and gave her a chance to yield without conscious humiliation. She



took the medicine with the gentleness of a child. In after years, when herself the mother of willful children, she often recurred to this scene as a lesson which had helped her to govern her own. "I should as soon have thought of fighting with gravitation," she said, "as with that eye."

Her conversion to Christ she attributes to his wise treatment. Mr. and Mrs. Abbott were deeply interested in the religious development of their pupils, and were accustomed to correspond with them upon the subject. Mr. Abbott often wrote Elizabeth on a variety of subjects which he knew interested her, but never in any way referred to religion. This astonished her, for she knew this was the subject above all others concerning which he wrote to her schoolmates. She expected he would write to her upon it, and she was fully prepared to meet him, having planned in detail what she should say to parry his persuasions. But there were no persuasions to parry, never the slightest reference to personal religion. What could it mean? She first wondered, then, conscious of her own guilt, grew restive under conviction, and at last decided that he considered her a hopeless case. She bore it for weeks, while this conviction deepened till it grew intolerable, and she was driven to ask him the reason of his silence upon this all-absorbing subject. He replied that he knew she did not need his instructions; her home training had taught her all she needed to know; that she knew her duty as well as he did, but that if he could help her in any way he would gladly do it. The result was that before long she yielded to her Savior, and through life thanked Mr. Abbott for the tact which, while discerning her state of mind, led him purposely to keep silence till she herself was forced by her convictions to speak.

It is pleasant to remember that this home school first put in practice the then novel idea that music could be taught systematically in school as a branch of general education.

The fact that this was a new idea at that time, 1825, shows the wonderful advance in methods of education during the last half century. The Abbotts, through all their generations, were lovers of music. We find it related of one of their ancestors that he "used to pitch the tune in meeting," and of Jacob's father that he was chorister at the old North Meeting House and one of the founders of the Concord Musical Society.

Mr. Abbott believed that the influence of music in the family or the school would be beneficent. He accordingly invited Mr. Lowell Mason, then residing in Savannah, Georgia, to remove to Boston and teach vocal music in Mount Vernon School. The result more than justified Mr. Abbott's expectations, and vocal music took its place as a factor in education. The well known tune, "Mount Vernon," with its accompanying words, "Sister, thou wast mild and lovely," was composed by Lowell Mason at the death of one of Mr. Abbott's pupils, Miss Martha J. Crocket.

As we have seen, religious culture always held a paramount place in the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Abbott. Besides their personal work with their girls, they held Saturday afternoon religious meetings with them. Out of this work for the religious character-building of their pupils grew the book, "The Young Christian," which after his death his sons chose out of all his many productions, as his memorial volume, thinking it best exemplified the spirit of their father. Its first chapters were prepared and read in his wife's sick-room, without any definite idea of their growing into a book, but her appreciation encouraged him to go on and make a book, and that book has blessed thousands of homes on both sides of the sea.

Mr. Abbott and his brothers give one of the best examples of right home training. We have looked into that Hallowell home and marked the influences under which they grew to

manhood. Out of this home came five brothers, Jacob, John, Gorham, Charles and Samuel, all liberally educated in college and theological seminary, all actively engaged in preaching, and still more actively engaged in teaching; all authors whose works have blessed the world, all united in closest bonds of fellowship, in service for God and man, yet each marked by his own individuality, "Jacob for advice; John for a speech; Gorham for a prayer," as was said of them.

Who can estimate the loss to the world had the home life of this one family been different, had that father and mother cherished a different ideal of life, making self, instead of God, the center? Those boys going out into life would have been a felt power, for they were born leaders of men, but how differently would that power have been exerted! It might have made them millionaires, but what were all the wealth of Ormus or of Ind compared with the beneficent influence of their lives? "When He cometh, when He cometh to make up His jewels," the stars in their crown of rejoicing—the souls redeemed through their labors—will far outshine all the crown jewels of the mightiest monarch on earth.

We have dwelt on school life at the Abbotts simply because home life and school life were so interlaced. Their school was a home to its hundred inmates, ruled by the principles which should govern every Christian home, and exerting its blessed home influence upon every pupil, to be reproduced by them in homes of their own, brightening and blessing them, and multiplying the good influences an hundred-fold.

Meanwhile, the years passed, "the winters drifting like flakes of snow, and the summers like buds between." Little children came to the arms of the parents and were welcomed as gifts from God. First came baby Elizabeth who staid with them only six months, and then went back to Heaven. She was born about the time of the organization of the Eliot church

and of her father's ordination. At his first communion service, at which we are told the linen covering for the sacramental table was furnished by his wife from the stores brought from England by her grandmother, Mr. Abbott baptized his little daughter. In December she was taken from them, and her mother wrote: "Elizabeth was the first child presented for baptism in our church, the first Mr. Abbott had baptized, and the first taken to our Heavenly Father's bosom from our closely united band." Later came her four brothers who have worthily perpetuated the family name.

The busy Boston life, filled to the brim with school duties and literary work, made the Abbotts long for the restful quiet of a country home. Opposite his father's house in Farmington, Maine, was a tract of unimproved land, containing about four acres, a mountainous country in miniature, with bold slopes and wooded ravines through which tumbled a rollicking brook. In his visits to his old homestead, Mr. Abbott's imagination had seized upon this tract, appreciating its possibilities and foreseeing into what a little earthly paradise his tasteful touch could transform it. It was purchased, and became a bright embodiment of Mr. Abbott's ideal of home. We have seen in his management of his school, Mr. Abbott's way was to help Nature to do its best, and this is just what he did with his new plantation. The brook, with which all readers of the *Rollo Books* are familiar, was allowed to run on at its own sweet will, only that at a convenient point it was broadened and deepened into a pond on which the children could sail their boats in summer, or skate in winter; a rude, unsightly sand bank was transformed into a mound of graceful proportions, soiled, sodded, and planted with trees. Twenty miles to the northward towered Mount Blue, and this mimic mountain was named Little Blue, out of respect to him. As writing came so natural to all this family, we are

not surprised to find one of their amusements to be the publication of an amateur journal, *The Little Blue Bell*. In it Mr. Abbott gives this account of some of the steps in this transformation:

“The operation of digging down the superfluous portions of the hill with the oxen and scraper was a very curious one. The difficulty was not in getting the sand down, but in getting the oxen up. The sand was so loose that they had but a poor foothold, and at the best the ox is a beast not well fitted for climbing. But when they were once up, and the scraper fairly set in the sand, with Asa Gould or Jesse Marvel before to drive the oxen, and the author of the Rollo Books holding and guiding the great scraper by the two handles, it was wonderful to all the boys who were near to see the whole team—oxen, scraper, men—go down the steep declivity together.” This extract shows the boy’s heart in the man’s breast, his genuine delight in the boys’ fun, the perfect companionship he enjoyed with his children. While the most of his day was spent in his library where he completed writing the Rollo Books, and wrote the Lucy Books, the Rollo Reader and the Rollo Code of Morals, the Jonas Books and the Commentary on the New Testament, in his hours of recreation he amused himself digging and scraping, or tramping over the whole place with his children, thus originating those wonderful life-like talks of Rollo with his father and the wise Jonas. By the way, we more than suspect that the Asa Gould and the Jesse Marvel of the mountain-building schemes, combined to furnish the original of Jonas.

John S. C. Abbott who visited Little Blue during this formation period, writes home: “Father and Jacob are now busy building a Waterloo bridge across our Thames, in the pasture, directly in front of the house, and in constructing a Pennsylvania Avenue to the Elysian Fields, thus concentrat-



ing in front of our parlor windows all the charms of London, Paris and Washington."

We love to linger amid the brightness and beauty of this home, but a cloud is overspreading its sky whose darkening shadow we can not avert. In September, 1843, Mrs. Abbott died; the home at Little Blue was broken up, and the family removed to New York, where Mr. Abbott again engaged in teaching. It is pleasant to feel that his spirit and influence still rule Little Blue which is now a noted school for boys under the care of another member of the Abbott family.

After years spent in building up the school in New York and in European travel, Mr. Abbott made the home of his old age at the old homestead where his father and mother had lived and died. This came into his possession in 1855. It was just across the road from Little Blue, and although not possessing its neighbor's natural advantages, became under his transforming touch almost equally charming. The old house which his mother had loved was not torn down, but "little by little was pulled out into a long, rambling exterior, until at least a dozen outer doors gave easy access to its various parts, and thirty windows on the ground floor alone admitted the sunlight which he loved so well." His two sisters resided with him, and the interior was gradually transformed into three independent but communicating suites of rooms, one for himself, and one for each of them. There were long, rambling passages and out-rooms, one fitted up as a shop, another as a playroom for the grandchildren, some of whom were always with him, for it seemed as though Jacob Abbott could no more live without children around him than he could without the air of Heaven.

His own rooms were a perfect nest to him; their center was the "office" at whose quaint old desk his father had made out the deeds to whole townships of land, and at which he wrote; out of it opened on one side the "little red room,"



appropriated to the use of the oldest granddaughter who might be staying with him. In the "blue room" opposite hung his working clothes, including the rubber boots in which when the snows were melting in the spring he waded out to watch the filling of the streams, so graphically described in the chapter on "The Freshet," in one of the Rollo Books. This room led into the shop, where he would go when tired of writing and rest himself by making rustic canes, pretty paper knives, and other keepsakes for his friends. Near by was the woodshed, with a curious little vehicle he had designed and made for reducing to the minimum the labor of bringing in wood. Near by were the play wagons used in outdoor work, and freely lent to the village children when not in use. In the swing room was another of his contrivances, a rocking boat. Over it was pasted this notice, written out in his own bold, clear hand, and illustrating his way of inculcating courtesy:

GENERAL ORDER.

This rocking boat is made for girls. Girls accordingly have preference over boys in the use of it.

Whenever, therefore, any girls come into the swing room, any boys that may be in the boat must leave it at once, to give the girls the opportunity to occupy it. If they do not occupy it, the boys may return; if, on the other hand, the girls do occupy it, no boy must get into it or touch it, except by invitation from the oldest girl in the boat, who is the queen; and while they remain in the boat or beside it, they must be entirely under the direction of the queen or her delegate.

It is supposed that every gentlemanly boy will readily and cordially comply with this rule; but should there be any infraction of it, the case is to be immediately reported at headquarters.

This home was named Fewacres because its acres numbered only three; every path, every nook and cranny had its name which called up tender or whimsical associations, "the Great Terrace," "the Coos Road," "Little Mite o' Blue," "the Race Course," "the Postern Gate," "the Bastion," "Willie's Seat," and so on.

Literature presents no more delightful picture than this of the dear old man who, like Fröbel, delighted to live with the children, strolling through these grounds where every knoll and tree and flower was endeared to him by association, accompanied by the children he loved so well, whose work and sport he delighted to share; riding down hill on their sleds in winter, teaching them to garden, to fly their kites or sail their boats in summer; always one of them and the happiest of them all. Or we see him amid his books on the old settle where his mother had often rested, with his father's portrait hanging above it, an old-fashioned round stand in front which holds his books or his lamp, and at one side a case entirely filled with books which he himself had written. Amid such surroundings the last ten years of his life were spent; then peacefully, joyfully he went from his home on earth to the more blessed home above.

Does it seem to you that we have dwelt too long in the Abbott home? We have lingered over it because it is such an excellent type of an American home, and we write for Americans; and also because it illustrates so many principles and methods which tend to make homes everywhere better, brighter and happier.

For our next scene we shall not look into any famous home, but into one on an Iowa prairie, unknown to fame, but exemplifying what a mother can do for the education of her children when debarred by poverty and distance from attending school. She was just a common farmer's wife, such an one as you will find in thousands of farm homes; had grown to womanhood in New England with the advantages of a country school and a few terms in a neighboring academy. At twenty-one she married a young farmer, intelligent, enterprising and poor; when their parents died and they received their scant patrimony, they determined to move to Iowa and invest it in land. This they did, choosing their quarter sec-

tion of good land, but far from any neighbors. Here they lived, a hearty, happy family; the mother engaged in household cares to the exclusion of reading or study. They had four boys born at the East. When the eldest was nearly fourteen and the youngest nine, the father suddenly died. Heretofore the boys had gone regularly to the district school a mile and a half away; they were bright and quick to learn, and both parents had been ambitious that they should receive a good education. Now Jerry and Thede, the two elder boys, must be kept at home summers to work on the farm, for all felt that the farm must be held till a promised railroad should be completed near it, and increase its market value. Nate and Johnnie should remain in school, and help what they could nights and mornings. All saw the necessity of this plan, and being trained to prompt obedience, yielded to it so uncomplainingly that the mother never guessed the struggle it cost the older boys. One evening alone in her room she overheard a part of a conversation between them. "If father was here," said eleven-year-old Nate, "you could study evenings, and recite to him. I wish mother could help; but then, I guess mother's—" "Help, how?" she heard Jerry ask. "Isn't she the best mother in the world?" "Yes, but I was just thinking that if she only knew a lot about everything, why she could tell you." The boy's voice broke into sobs, in which his brothers soon joined. Through the sobs, in broken sentences, came first from one boy, then the other, the story of their bitter disappointment at being deprived of the chance to gain an education. It seemed the last bitter drop that made the cup of their affliction unbearable. Of course it was not the main ingredient, and so great was their sorrow at loss of their father, it had not before made itself consciously felt; but now, as they thought of the help he would have rendered in this direction, it had much to do in forcing from them the bitter cry, "O, if father had only lived!"

The mother heard this moan, and it pierced her heart like a knife. The thought that father could have helped and she could not, was torture to her. What could she do for her boys, was the thought that occupied her far into the night. A few weeks after, she pleased and surprised them by suggesting that they all begin together the study of geology. She had found a text book; the little boys could hunt for specimens, the older ones prepare charts and study with her from the book. They lived in a limestone region, and their first question was, "What is the difference between limestone and granite?" It opened the way, and their first meeting proved a success. Specimens were brought in and were placed in an old cupboard in the shed; her book was always near, and soon she was able to classify them. On holidays they mounted the farm wagon and made excursions to the neighboring gullies or rocks where new specimens were found, giving them happy times as well as instructive lessons. The farm prospered, winter came, and they started a history club, beginning first with the study of their own country. The mother used to say she hardly knew that she was older than the boys when trying to trip each other with questions. More and more they grew to enjoy their studies with mother; botany and the habits of animals were studied in summer; English history was studied with delight, and Shakespeare proved a new and charming treasure to these boys.

But first of all they had prepared for their Sunday lessons. The nearest church was several miles distant, and the roads were often impassable; above all else this mother desired that the Scriptures should become precious to her children, and they studied the Bible as they had studied history and Shakespeare. None of this family could sing, but they committed to memory many of the psalms and selections from the Prophets, and recited in concert. And so the time passed by, till the railroad was completed and a village sprung up, and

some of the land could be sold. Theodore and Nate went away to school; one became an engineer, the other a minister. Jerry staid on the farm, and Johnnie went into business. Years after, Theodore used to say, "Mother, as I travel about, all the stones and flowers make me think of you;" and Nate said, "Mother, as I read a psalm in the pulpit, there always comes to me a picture of those evenings, with you in the rocking chair by the firelight, and I hear all your voices again;" and Jerry the faithful would say, "There will never be anybody like mother to me."

And so we will leave this home without even mentioning the mother's name, but her children call her blessed; and the influence of that simple, Christian home is sending its rays out from four other Christian homes. And not until we are able to tell who shall be greatest in the kingdom of Heaven, will we endeavor to say whether this home was less pleasing to our Father than any of the more distinguished homes of which we have written.

I was never in a home that more nearly realized my ideal of what a Christian home should be than that of Hannah Whitall Smith, author of "A Christian's Secret of a Happy Life." But when I asked her for her secret of training children, she laughed and said, "I have no secret; indeed, I think I do not train them at all; I only love them into shape." Then she added more seriously, "This one thing I know, and it may have had its influence on the children's character: they were all longed for, asked of God, and heartily welcomed when they came." Her daughter Mary, now Mrs. Costelloe of London, being written to, asking her to help solve the problem of her mother's power over her children, writes: "You ask me mother's traits. She seems to me perfectly unselfish, and she carries this into the smallest details. For instance, if there is any choice of seats at the fire, or dishes at the table, she always pre-

fers everybody before herself. Sometimes I think mother is too careless of herself; and yet I feel more and more each year that the strong, unconscious influence of her self-forgetfulness leads us as no formal teaching could. She never preaches in 'the bosom of the domestic circle.' We can never get her to repeat her sermons and Bible talks to us. 'What did thee talk about?' we ask. 'Goodness, my child!' is the invariable reply.

"She has always treated her children like reasonable human beings, never in all her life giving one of us an arbitrary 'yes' or 'no,' but always showing us the principles behind. She always gives us a chance to make our own decisions, counting self-discipline worth all the rules in the world. We think she leaves us free to decide for ourselves and we pride ourselves on our freedom; but all the while the steady influence of her steadfast life, exerted almost unconsciously to us, constrains us to love the right. Mother never condescends to us, but treats our little affairs as if they were of the deepest importance. We are her friends as well as her children. She does not talk down to us from a height, but lifts us up beside her. Indeed, there is perfect confidence between us. She isn't too curious, though, or interfering. That's not her way. Confidences are never dragged from us, and as a consequence we love to tell her everything. I suppose I ought to hint tenderly at her faults, but really I can't seem to think of any, unless, perhaps, she trusts us too much, admires us more than we merit, and makes us have too good a time."

One day Mrs. Smith went to this bright eldest daughter and said, "I want thee to read this tract of mine and tell me what thee thinks," whereupon Mariechen answered, "O mother, I don't need to read thy tracts to know that they are good—*thee lives them.*"

All who have ever used her wonderful Bible Readings



remember how many illustrations she brings from her nursery. She often says, "I learned my theology in the nursery with my children." Her "Christian's Secret of a Happy Life" which, translated into nearly every civilized language has influenced and uplifted thousands, nay millions of lives, was first lived out in that lovely Quaker home, where husband and wife, parents and children, work together in sweetest Christian fellowship for God and humanity. Sorrow has come to that beautiful home; again, and again, and again have its doors opened to carry the bodies of loved ones to the family burying ground: the eldest born, a daughter, for whom Heaven's gates seemed to open naturally, as to admit their own; Frank, the son of such rare promise, called away in the midst of his college course, and little Ray, latest and choicest blossom on this grand stock; her own noble father and lovely mother who never grew old, even though grandchildren clustered around their knees and grew to manhood and womanhood in their presence. And sorrows bitterer than death came there, misconceptions, injustice and cruel slander, but through it all the sweet unity of this family was unbroken; they were kept in perfect peace because their hearts were stayed on God. Mrs. Smith often says when afflictions come upon her, "I can not be unhappy, *for always I have God.* I have no wisdom nor goodness nor strength; but He is everything that is glorious, and good, and loving, and true and just; and He is mine and I am His, and all, therefore, must be well. His character, that is my impregnable fortress of refuge and rest, '*God is,*' gives perfect peace in everything; 'Thy will be done' seems to me now the sweetest song of the soul."

With such a mother for a center any home life becomes glorified. When to it we add the influence of a like spirit and the rich inheritance of mental and moral qualities from a long line of devoted Quaker ancestors, we can but say of the

avored children of this household. "happy indeed are they who are in such a case."

It has been my privilege to share the delightful hospitality of this home, for no home in the land has more hospitable doors. The table talk is equal to a liberal education. "Never gossip" is an inflexible rule; but gifted parents and richly endowed children "exchange ideas with poets, orators and travelers," or study with untiring zest "the ways of God toward men." There is no fear of the "next thing," because it is the next, and not the last. There is no looking back after the puerile fashion of Lot's wife, but with earnest gaze forward and upward, this family group moves forward, blessing and blessed. "Keep your top eye open" is the motto of this mother for her children, and looking thus continually upward, these children are developing according to the noblest type of Christian, cultured young Americans.

We can not better close this chapter than by giving here some of the favorite maxims heard often in the homes we have pictured, and in others from which have gone out noble sons and daughters.

Prayer will cause to cease from sinning, even as sinning will cause to cease from prayer.

I must do what I ought—God will take care of the rest.—*Mr. Kimball.*

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I am; I can; I ought; I will.—*German Motto.*

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If you have the victory in you, you will succeed in life.—*Old Proverb.*

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Patience rejoices in hardship.

You always have that for which you take the most pains.

Let a girl grow as a tree grows—according to its own sweet will.

The measure of each human being's endowments is the only reasonable measure of that human being's sphere.—*Mother of Frances E. Willard.*

Conscience, if one knows how to reach it, is always a better ally than fear.  
Always look out for margins.

In little things, as well as in great, confession of sin restores peace of conscience.

Never run from difficulties; advance boldly to meet them.—*Jacob Abbott.*

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There is no chance in results.

Your fortunes are the fruit of your character.

There is always room for a man of force.

A man accustomed to work is equal to any achievement he resolves on.

An ounce of power must balance an ounce of weight.

On the neck of a young man sparkles no gem so precious as enterprise.

—*Emerson.*

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One keep clean is worth a dozen make cleans.

Mrs. Keep-Clean lived ten years longer than Mrs. Clean-Up.

Always be an hour in advance of your work.

God takes as much pains in making little flowers as in making planets.

—*Old Proverbs.*

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Improper words admit of no defense.

A lack of decency is lack of sense.—*Pope.*

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Who goes slowly, goes long and goes far.—*Italian Proverb.*

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To know how to wait is the secret of success.—*De Maistre.*

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To work patiently one must work cheerfully.

Genius is intensified common sense.

Ignorance of the spelling book is bad, but ignorance of work is worse.

An ounce of patience is worth a pound of brains.

Grin and bear it is good; sing and bear it is better.

Faults are always thick where love is thin.

Doctor Diet, Doctor Quiet and Doctor Merryman are the best physicians.

When you mean to save, begin with your mouth; there are many thieves down the red lane.

Do not be all sugar, or the world will suck you in; do not be all vinegar, or the world will spit you out.

He who never changes never mends; he who never yields never conquers.

Be obeyed at all costs; disobedient children are unhappy children.—*Spurgeon.*

Leisure is but a choice how to employ time.

There is a sort of idleness that may be called a waste of existence, and there is a sort that may be called an enjoyment of it.

Strength of character depends upon acting upon—weakness is being acted upon by others.

Do to your children and servants what you are to do to your own faculties and powers—draw them out, make the most of them.

Fix the point of what must be; then arrange all the rest to match.

Often all reasoning and argument fail when one word of love softens and influences and does the work.

It is by dwelling on the good rather than by driving out the evil that the right thing is brought about.

The sun drives away the night simply by shining.

Punctuality is the comfort of life; the want of it is selfishness.

Nobody believes in another person's experience.—*Mrs. Stanley*

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Watch over your words and actions, for God is a witness of all you say or do.

Reverence the Sabbath; a holy Sabbath is the parent of a holy week, and holy weeks shall end in holy immortality.

Pray to God morning and evening; prayer, like a ministering angel, will guard you from sin in the hour of temptation.—*Bishop Stanley.*

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The *thinkers* are the leaders.

Give your best, or give nothing

Character is the combined work of God and man.

Serve God and be cheerful.

Do not blow your own trumpet; no trumpeter ever became a general.—*Edward Everett Hale.*

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I have no greater pleasure than in helping you up to the level of your best.—*Bishop Willing to His Wife.*

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Prayer and painstaking will accomplish all things.—*John Elliott.*

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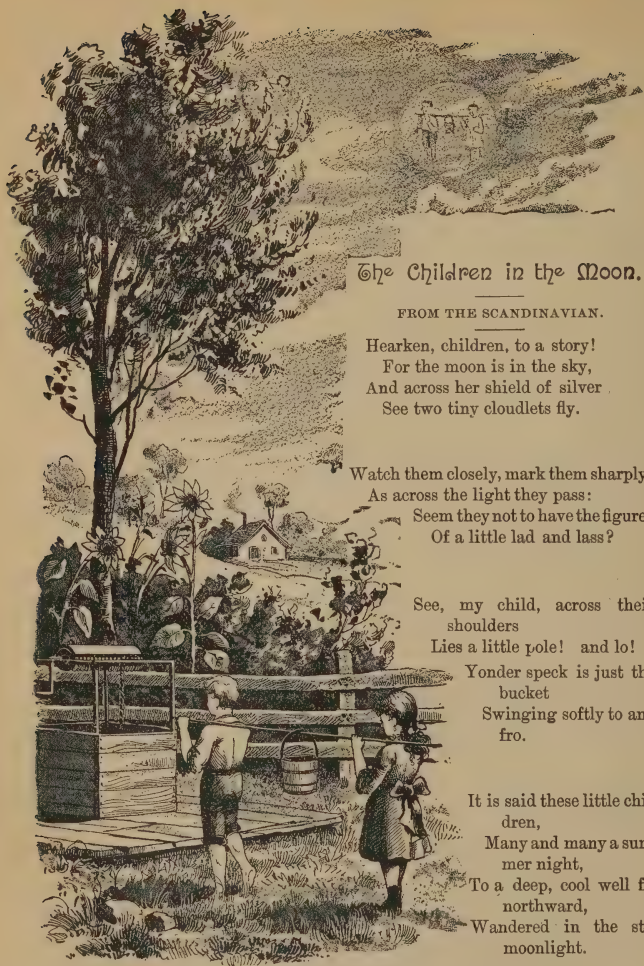
I will do just what I like, is the root of sin.

Prayer and provender hinder no man.—*Old Proverbs.*

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That which is good, be it ever so small, is a great deal stronger than that which is evil, be it ever so large.—*Mary Howitt.*





## The Children in the Moon.

FROM THE SCANDINAVIAN.

Hearken, children, to a story!  
For the moon is in the sky,  
And across her shield of silver  
See two tiny cloudlets fly.

Watch them closely, mark them sharply,  
As across the light they pass:  
Seem they not to have the figures  
Of a little lad and lass?

See, my child, across their  
shoulders  
Lies a little pole! and lo!

Yonder speck is just the  
bucket  
Swinging softly to and  
fro.

It is said these little chil-  
dren,  
Many and many a sum-  
mer night,  
To a deep, cool well far  
northward,  
Wandered in the still  
moonlight.



CHILDHOOD.

To the wayside well they trotted,  
Filled their little bucket there,  
And the moon-man looking downward,  
Saw how beautiful they were.

Quoth the man, "How vexed and sulky  
Looks the little rosy boy;  
But the little handsome maiden,  
Trips behind him full of joy.

"To the well behind the hedge-row  
Trot the little lad and maiden;  
From the well behind the hedge-row,  
Now the little pail is laden.

"How they please me! How they tempt me!  
Shall I snatch them up to-night?  
Snatch them, set them here forever  
In the middle of my light?

"Children, ay, and children's children  
Should behold my babes on high;  
And my babes should smile forever,  
Calling others to the sky."

Thus the philosophic moon-man  
Muttered many a year ago;  
Set the babes with pole and bucket,  
To delight the folks below.

Never is the bucket empty,  
Never are the children old:  
Ever when the moon is shining  
We the children may behold,

Ever young and ever little,  
Ever sweet and ever fair,  
When thou art a man, my darling,  
Still the children will be there.

Ever young and ever little,  
They will smile when thou art old;  
When thy locks are thin and silver,  
Theirs will still be shining gold.

They will haunt thee from their heaven,  
Softly beckoning down the gloom:  
Smiling in eternal sweetness  
On thy cradle, on thy tomb.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### Children's Rights.



CHILD'S first right is the right to be well born. By this we do not mean born to an inheritance of riches, but born to an inheritance of physical, mental and moral health. The law of heredity is God's rendering in Nature of His law promulgated from Sinai, "Visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments." This is no arbitrary law of an arbitrary law-giver, but an immutable scientific fact. Dr. Elam, in his work on "Natural Heritage," says: "All the passions appear to be distinctly hereditary: anger, fear, jealousy, libertinage, gluttony, drunkenness—all are liable to be transmitted to the offspring, especially if both parents are alike affected, and this, as has often been proved, not by force of example and education merely, but by direct constitutional inheritance." Dr. Horace Bushnell says: "Take a parentage that has in it all the dyspeptic woes of gluttony and self-indulgence, one that is stung and maddened by the fiery pains of intemperance; one that is poisoned and imbruted by the excesses of lust; one that is broken by domestic wrongs or exasperated by domestic quarrels; one that is fevered by ambition, or soured by morbid

humors of envy and defeat; lengthen out the catalogue, take in all the sins which in some true sense are also vices and have their effect upon the body, how is it possible on any rational principle of physiology that the children who are sprung from this distempered heritage should be as pure in their affinities, as close to the order of truth, as ready for the occupancy of all good thought, as well governed before all government, as ductile, in a word, to God, as they that are born of a glorious lineage, in faith and prayer and God's indwelling peace? It is a most dismal and hard lot as every one knows, to be in the succession of a bad, a vicious parentage. No heritage of wealth can repay, or more than a little soften, the bitterness of it. The real and true beginning of a godly nature is this: the child is not to have the sad entail of any sensuality, or excess, or distempered passion upon him. The heritage of love, peace, order, continence and holy courage is to be his. He is not to be morally weakened beforehand, in the womb of folly, by the frivolous, worldly, ambitious expectations of parents concentrating all their nonsense upon him. His affinities are to be raised by the godly expectations and prayer that go before; by the steady and good aims of their industry, by the great impulse of their faith, by the brightness of their hope, by the sweet continuance of their religiously pure love in Christ. Born thus the child will have just so much of Heaven's life and order in him beforehand as have become fixed properties in the type of his parentage."

A careful study of heredity shows a great and unexpected proof of the scientific accuracy of the Bible, and a correspondingly strong refutation of the assertion so often made, that there is a conflict between the Bible and science. Note the words, "to the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments." Inheritance of evil is limited

to the third and fourth generation; inheritance of good goes on indefinitely, blessing *thousands*. One of the best established laws of heredity is that the evil taint, for example that transmitted by drink or tobacco, exhausts itself on the third, or at longest on the fourth generation. Often the family dies out by this time in consequence of this evil taint; but if it does not, there comes a total revulsion in the fourth or fifth generation, an utter loathing for that which their fathers craved. On the other hand, an inheritance of health, mental and physical, of genius, of high moral qualities, goes on indefinitely reproducing itself. The history of America gives many examples of this fact. The sturdy stock which gave to Franklin his strong, clear common sense, his dauntless moral courage, makes itself felt in his relative, Lucretia Mott. The Adamses, from that grandfather of the American Revolution, Samuel Adams, down through two presidents and a long line of descendants, show the "bent" for statesmanship. The Beechers show a similar "bent" for preaching. The Willards, at whose head stands Mrs. Emma Willard, mother of higher education of women, show the teaching faculty; while in the Abbotts, whose lineage and home we have sketched, we see the teaching and preaching faculties combined.

The fact that an inheritance of good has greater persistence than the inheritance of evil, lights up what would otherwise be the blackness of darkness, as we think of the innocent's suffering for the sins of the guilty, and makes this law one of promise as well as one of threatening. No stronger bar against the indulgence of evil habits or passion, no higher incentive to pure living can be set before men and women, than the fact that unborn children are to reap the fruit of their doing, whether it be good or whether it be evil.

Children's rights to a healthy physical inheritance are often violated ignorantly; indeed, the violation may grow out

of the very best of motives. I remember a case in point. Among my friends was once an old lady whom I loved very much; she was a typical New England housewife; never a speck of dirt was seen on her premises; she was the best cook in the neighborhood, as well as the best butter and cheese-maker. When I knew her at seventy, she was hale and hearty, living on a farm, doing all her own work, washing included, and priding herself greatly, as well she might, on her strength. Two sons lived with her, but they, as well as her daughters who were married, were in poor health. The daughters were home on a visit and I was invited to meet them. During the course of the afternoon the mother said, "I can not understand why it is my girls are not healthier; not one of you four can do as much work as I can do now. When I was your age I did more than all four of you put together can do." "That is just the trouble with us now," remarked the eldest daughter, "you used up our strength before we were born;" and it was a fact.

Another instance occurs to me, this also was in a farmer's family, where all the surroundings were unusually conducive to health. All the children were well and strong except one daughter, the middle child in a family of seven. While developing intellectually and spiritually into a beautiful character, in physical strength though not in size she never developed beyond infancy; was never, during her life of twenty-two years, able to bear her weight on her feet, or help herself more than a baby of a year old can do. Friends looked upon it as a mysterious dispensation of Providence. To me the mystery was solved by a remark of the mother one day, who never suspected that in the fact thus incidentally stated, lay the solution of the mystery. A neighbor was complaining of feeling oppressed for breath, and the mother of the unfortunate Annie remarked, "I know how to sympathize with you; all that summer before Annie was born my

husband suffered so terribly from neuralgia, he could not bear a breath of air. We slept in the little bedroom at the head of the stairs, and he could not have the door or window open the least crack. I never shall forget those long, hot nights, how I panted for breath; it seemed as though I should *die* of suffocation." Here was the secret, the stifling air of that close-shut little room was totally insufficient to purify the mother's blood and make it fit to nourish her own body, much less that of her unborn babe. This ante-natal smothering resulted in life-long invalidism for the daughter.

Across the way lives a talented lawyer whose oldest child is epileptic. Only yesterday I was conversing with one of the family; she remarked, "We always thought that Alice's condition was unaccountable, till my brother-in-law, a noted physician, visited us. He traced it to these facts: her father took the two last years of his college course in one. Immediately after the graduation of himself and his wife, they were married and both commenced teaching at once, and continued to do so in an unusually hard school, till three months before Alice was born. The doctor said the vitality of both parents was thus exhausted, and they had no nerve power to bequeath to their child. Lacking this, she is an epileptic for life."

By excessive action, certain powers and faculties are exhausted and children of such parents often show deficiency in the very qualities for which their parents were most noted.

Inherited predisposition to disease is undoubtedly the principal cause of the fearful mortality among children. They come into life under such disadvantages that they can not live. Examination of the death-list in Philadelphia last year shows that forty-two per cent., nearly one-half, were children under five years old. Taking the entire country over, statistics show that one-half of the children born die before they are seven years old. The heavenly side of this



fact is beautiful, for we know these little ones, saved by the blood of the Lamb, are "safe folded to rest," forever shielded from sorrow and from sin. But its earthly side is dark and appalling, it shows fearful wrong somewhere. As Rev. C. C. Harrah forcibly says: "There are not many children who have such an advantage in beginning life as had John the Baptist, of whom it is said, 'He grew and waxed strong in spirit.' No physical suffering interrupted his peace and activity. He was a child of Nature and never was doctored with soothing syrups and cordials. Neither did parents and friends ever weep and agonize and pray for his conversion. He was born and re-born at the same time. With every accession to his physical power of growth, his soul also received new strength. And thus, a man true in all his parts, harmonious in all his powers and faculties, he passed on year by year into a physical, as well as a spiritual maturity. Under the operation of a true Christianity, with the passions controlled and all the habits of life and of living formed by a godly care and sincerity, I should like to know if there is to be only one infant John, or only a few scattered here and there among the physically pious throughout the country? Was not his birth and life as well as his words a harbinger to men? A work of reformation which will lead to so great a result is urged upon us as a necessity of Christian love and duty, to save one-half of the race in their helplessness from sufferings which they can not tell, and from an early grave. If our Lord commended the Samaritan for saving the wounded man, He makes it a positive duty for us to save, if possible, the distressed children, and rescue their lives from the robbers that are taking them away."

We have spoken elsewhere of the hereditary influence of alcohol; but this influence is such a potent factor in the problem we are now considering that we can not omit reference to it here, even at the risk of repetition. The point we would

emphasize here is, that it is not the abandoned drunkards alone who entail the curse upon their children; steady though moderate use of intoxicants seems even more likely to entail this fearful heritage than occasional sprees. Dr. Lees, of England, gives a striking case illustrating this fact. Incidentally, it also shows that physicians themselves are often blind concerning causes of effects with which they were familiar. Dr. Lees says: "I recollect lecturing some years ago at St. Ives. Taking supper afterwards with some of the chief persons of the town, including three or four physicians and lawyers, a doctor said he thought I exaggerated the matter; says he, 'We have such cases of free drinkers who, nevertheless, are in good health. Mr. W., a friend of mine, told me, only the other day, that he had drunk at least a bottle of wine a day for the last fifty years; good wine, none of your adulterated stuff.' 'Well, is he a fine looking man?' 'Oh, very! we have not a finer in the town. Wine can not be so bad a thing as you represent, when a man is so hale at eighty, after taking so much drink.' 'Now for your opinion,' said the lawyer, turning to me. 'Well,' I said, 'I can not give an opinion without knowing the facts; this gentleman lives in a good situation?' 'The best in town, the only eminence in the district.' 'He lives well and not extravagantly?' 'Just so.' 'And what sort of a lady is his wife?' 'Oh, she is a very moderate woman.' 'Pretty healthy?' 'Yes.' 'I should think you would not have much to do in such a family.' 'Oh yes,' said the doctor, 'but I have.' Proceeding on this hint I asked, 'What family have they?' 'They have had eleven children, only six now living.' 'That is very singular,' said I; 'good food makes good blood, good blood good structure, and good structure transmits good structure. When the parents are healthy the children ought to be healthy; now, here is something to be accounted for. Six children are living, five are dead; what is the constitution of

the six?' 'Oh,' says a lady across the table, 'you know Miss — was touched in the head.' 'And Mr. George,' says another, 'was in the asylum.' 'And Mr. William was certainly queer,' said a third gentleman. I said, 'Nothing is more certain than that some great and serious law of life must have been violated; and upon the face of it the one bottle of wine a day for fifty years may have been the agent.' *This is my case.*"

This case illustrates a fact in heredity apt to be overlooked, but of fearful significance. The tendency to drink, terrible as it is, does not at all exhaust the possibilities nor the probabilities of this inheritance. It often shows itself in a tendency to various diseases. Dr. Hargreaves says: "The effect of the habitual use of alcohol, even in moderate quantities, seems to be to lymphatize the whole body; that is, to diminish the fibrous part of the body, that which gives enduring strength, and to make the lymphatic or watery portions abound in all the tissues. The children of parents so lymphatized are apt to be scrofulous, and their children, again, are apt to be feeble in body and weak in mind. Idiots and simpletons are common among the progeny of such persons." Dr. H. P. Ayers, in his report on imbecile and idiotic children, made to the American Medical Association, sustains the position that a very large proportion of such cases is due to the alcoholic heredity. Dr. H. M. Hurd, Superintendent of Eastern Michigan Insane Asylum, says: "Some of the children of drunkards inherit immediately from their parents diseases like epilepsy. chronic chorea, hysteria, idiocy, or imbecility. They are objects of interest, from the standpoint of the pathologist or physician, from the cradle to the grave. They suffer, and are burdens to their friends or to the community as long as they live. Their condition will be more fully described in another connection. I now desire rather to speak of the characteristics of those who do not inherit actual disease. As a rule

such children are precocious. They develop prematurely and show considerable intellectual quickness. They often possess a taste for music or painting, or for special handicrafts, and are ingenious, winning and attractive to all who come into relations with them. They are tasteful in dress, if females, and show almost brilliant in conversation and bearing. They sometimes display from tender years perversions of the moral sense. They are untruthful, unscrupulous as to the means employed to accomplish cherished plans; indifferent to the property rights of others, and lacking in an appreciation of abstract right and justice. At puberty they often develop unpleasant characteristics. They usually display at this time a lack of mental equilibrium, and frequently lose those traits of mind that in childhood proved so attractive. They are wayward, jealous, suspicious, perverse, and often shock their parents and interested friends by acts of apparently wanton cruelty towards younger children or towards animals. As adult life is reached, if females, they become hysterical and nervous, and often sink into a condition of invalidism which terminates sooner or later in actual insanity. Males at a corresponding age become restless, reckless, dissipated and vicious. Many of both sexes develop insanity at adolescence without adequate exciting cause, and remain insane for life. It would seem as if the original potential energy of the brain and nervous system had become exhausted during the comparatively brief period of childhood and youth. Stimulated to unnatural activity by a highly excitable nervous system, they develop precociously and wear out prematurely. If the early environment of such persons has been favorable, or the morbid tendencies derived from one parent have been neutralized by those inherited from the other, they may go through life without breaking down."

We might fill this chapter, indeed might fill this book, with unimpeachable testimony showing that the dearest,

most sacred rights of children are ruthlessly violated by drinking habits in their ancestors. Sometimes the children escape only to have the curse with accumulated force descend upon the grandchildren. This very winter I have heard from an eye-witness of a tragedy which terminated the life of the last of a family of five children whose parents were pure and good, but both of their grandfathers were drunkards. Every one of these five children inherited the curse, some in the form of epilepsy, one deaf mute, one insane, and two drunkards.

Tobacco heredity, if it be not so virulent, is scarcely less alarming in its effects upon the community, because it is more widely distributed than alcoholic heredity. The primary action of tobacco is upon the nerve centers; by its depressing and disturbing influences upon them it produces changes of organic structure which are transmitted to offspring. Among these changes Dr. Richardson enumerates: causing undue fluidity to the blood and a change in the red corpuscles; debility of the stomach, weakened and irregular action of the heart; irritability of the lungs; derangement of the organs of sense, resulting in confusion of vision and inability to define sounds clearly; impaired activity of the brain and paralysis. Few families are free from the taint of inherited nicotinism; when it descends from generation to generation its cumulative force manifests itself with fearful power. Within two blocks of where I write there is a little child who is the victim of his forefathers' sin. The saddest thing about it is that they are Christian men and women. Those living now have, and those dead had, no suspicion of the fearful inheritance they were laying up in store for this poor child. From the hour of his birth it has been all that loving parents and skillful physician could do to keep the poor thing alive. His stomach is disordered, though both father and mother were unusually robust; his whole nervous organization



is out of tune; sight and hearing are both defective, he has never uttered an articulate sound, nor attempted to stand upon his feet. We can find no explanation for it unless it be in the fact that his father, his grandfather and grandmother, his great grandfather, and so on back through the five generations we have been able to trace, were tobacco users. This poor child's deficiencies are exactly those pointed out by Dr. Richardson as likely to result from tobacco heredity.

Another case occurs to me. A fine old gentleman, strictly temperate as regards everything except tobacco, was accustomed to laugh at my ideas concerning it. "If tobacco is a poison, as you think," he used to say, "it must be a very slow poison, for I have used it fifty years, and my father used it before me, and we were none the worse." In this belief he died, for I loved him too well to tell him what I firmly believed, that the palsy which shook his hand might have had some relation to his tobacco. His wife was one the smartest women I ever knew, with a well balanced mind in a healthy body. They were wealthy farmers, with all their home surroundings conducive to health in their two children. But these two children were life-long sufferers from neuralgia and other nervous diseases; the son who followed his father's example in using tobacco, became while in the prime of life a confirmed invalid, and developed an appetite for strong drink, a thing unknown in the line of his ancestors.

Physicians tell that one marked effect in nicotine heredity is physical degeneracy, a state in which the system succumbs easily to attacks of disease, and special organs break down without, apparently, sufficient cause. In families where this taint has descended through several generations, very marked degeneracy is manifest. In such families we find a very large per cent. of nervous diseases, with morbid tendencies, uncontrollable impulses, and little moral or physical stamina.



Another characteristic result of the use of tobacco very seriously affects family life, whatever its heredity effect may be. We refer to its deadening family affection and rendering its user careless concerning the comfort of others. No matter how gentlemanly and considerate he may be in other respects, he stifles all these fine feelings when they interfere with his favorite indulgence. He would carefully avoid passing before you, but will puff his tobacco smoke in such a way that it blows directly into your face. He comes into the room with his clothes so saturated with smoke they nauseate you, without even an apology. Gradually his moral and emotional nature becomes deadened, and this disregard for others' feelings shows itself in various ways.

A pitiable example of this has been going on under my own eyes for years, and a broken-hearted wife has confided to me as sad a story as we often hear in the home of a drunkard. Her husband was of a fine-strung, nervous organization, just the one to suffer from nicotine poisoning. He learned to use tobacco when a boy, but on his marriage gave it up, promising his wife never to touch it again, but not long after their marriage re-commenced its use, and for years has been a perfect slave to it. In his early manhood he was an earnest Christian, an efficient worker in the church and Sunday-school, a devoted husband and father, and a genial companion. Now he is sorrowfully changed: at fifty he looks at least sixty-five; his interest in church and Sunday-school is gone, he never attends either; his family altar is broken down, wife and children never hear a loving word from his lips; at home he is gloomy and silent, while he who used to be the life of the social circle utterly ignores all his friends, never going out to meet them, and when they go to his home avoiding them, or treating them with scant civility. His whole social nature has suffered a transformation "into something *sad* and strange." His son, who is a noted physician, traces these

results to the use of tobacco, and no one can discover any other cause. His domestic relations are the same as when he was the life of the family circle, his wife and children just as devoted to him; his business is just as prosperous; the only change is in himself. His body suffers as well as his mind and heart; his son warns him that unless he gives up tobacco he will soon die, but this does not influence him. He gloomily replies, "Then I must die, for I can not stop using it." He seems to have settled down into the grim certainty that this is to be his fate, and is awaiting it with dogged resignation; and the whole family sit under this shadow of death, the joy of their home life destroyed by it. Are not the rights of those children ruthlessly violated? Over every home where passion and appetite hold sway might well be inscribed, "For death is come up into our windows and is entered into our palaces to cut off our children." It is only by living pure lives, by obeying God's laws, that parents can secure to their children their first right, the right of a healthy soul in a healthy body.

Next in the list of children's rights we rank the right to be loved and to *know* they are loved. We have spoken of this in regard to Babyhood and Childhood; we wish here to emphasize the fact that the right to be loved does not cease with childhood, nor does the need cease then; it rather increases in intensity. We plead not so much for love—since parental love is not often lacking—as for the expression of it in the family circle. Do not be afraid or ashamed of being thought sentimental because your feelings find expression in loving words and actions. The kiss which Garfield gave his mother at his inauguration thrilled through Christendom. The atmosphere of home should be ever so loving and sympathetic that a kiss never seems inopportune. We know such families, and we know that every one of them is a place wherein souls can grow.

In many families there is a strong, deep undercurrent of love constantly flowing, but it never makes itself visible on the surface. Repression has been the rule of their lives, a rule having good foundation in the desire to train to self-control; still, it often prevents family life from being the bright, joyous thing it ought to be. Were we called to choose between the genuine feeling hidden ever so deeply and the thoughtless expression of its counterfeit, we should choose the feeling a thousand times; but there is no necessity of forcing us to such choice. We feel no less deeply because eye and lip give expression to the feeling.

Closely allied to this is children's right to the companionship of their parents. We have referred to this repeatedly; but it can not be emphasized too strongly. Children absorb character from those around them. If they are left to the companionship of ignorant servants, rude street boys, or silly, frivolous girls, they have very little chance of growing up wise, noble and pure. The companionship they have a right to claim from you is something more than your mere presence. It is the hearty entering into their life, its joys, its sorrows, its work and its play. Your duty to them in this direction is not performed when you have conscientiously devoted so many hours a day to their instruction; have, indeed, done everything you deemed necessary to their welfare. Children are perverse enough to appreciate more highly things done for their *gratification* than what is done for their welfare. Who shall say that this is altogether perversity, that it is not the working out of that hidden principle we shall discover in the chapter on "Work and Play," by which the child instinctively feels that what his parent does for his *gratification* comes more directly from the heart than what is done for his welfare? The latter may be done from a sense of duty, the former springs from pure love, because he need not have done it unless he wished. This explains the fact that a

child is apt to feel a closer companionship with his parents when they play with him than while working together. Many an earnest Christian parent has never learned this fact, and so has gained no hold upon his children but the constraint of duty. He wonders at and envies the influence he sees worldly, frivolous parents have over their children, the loving sympathy which evidently exists between them. A little girl struck at the root of the matter when she said, "Oh, I suppose papa is good, but I do wish he was good and funny too!" Standing on the same plane is necessary to companionship; the child has not yet reached the plane of abstract goodness; if his father stands always on that, there is little fellowship; but they can meet on the funny plane, and meeting thus the parent can gradually lead the child upward.

Anthony Trollope gives this grim picture of his childhood: "From my very babyhood I had to take my place alongside of my father as he shaved, at six o'clock in the morning, and say my rules from the Latin grammar, or repeat the Greek alphabet, and was obliged at these early lessons to hold my head inclined toward him, so that, in event of guilty fault, he might be able to pull my hair without stopping his razor or dropping his shaving brush. Of amusement, as far as I can remember, he never recognized the need. I can not bethink me of aught that he ever did for my *gratification*; but for my *welfare*—for the welfare of us all—he was willing to make any sacrifice."

Better is it for the child to have, instead of such a memory, a picture hung on memory's walls like that of David Copperfield's of his pretty young mother dancing with him in the firelight. Best of all is the mingling of the two—a memory which brings back what our parents did both to gratify and to benefit us, and of sweet companionship in both work and play. It is a sad thing when a child's memory of his mother is only of a fretful, over-anxious presence, ready with

expressions of fear or displeasure over wet feet or imperfect lessons, but with nothing to say when he bounds in, full of eagerness to tell of the good times he has had. As another has aptly said, "Make and mend for them, wash and iron for them, teach, correct and admonish them we may, but just as surely as we pray with them must we laugh and play with them, thus showing them not that we love their welfare less, but their gratification more."

There will come a time when the salvation of your boy and girl may depend upon the closeness of the union between their hearts and your own. Temptation may assail them, evil counsels make themselves heard in their hearts. If your children turn to you in that full confidence which springs only from close companionship with you, they are safe; if they seek this companionship among evil associates, and follow their counsels, they are lost. They surely have a right to be guarded against this danger.

Children have a right to be comfortably housed and clothed. Poverty is not the only, nor the chief thing which interferes with this right. I know a man who owns fifteen hundred acres of most productive prairie land, all under good cultivation. His flocks and his herds rival those of Job in number; he is the heaviest tax-payer in his township, yet the house in which his family live is an old, tumble-down affair, with few of the comforts and none of the conveniences of modern life. No shade of trees, nor even of window blinds, shuts out the scorching rays of the sun in summer; ill-fitting doors and windows and great cracks in the floor admit the piercing prairie winds in winter. The only fire in the house is in the kitchen stove, except on "state occasions" when one is kindled in the usually shut-up parlor. In the children's bedrooms where they must dress and undress, the thermometer is often below zero. What chance is there in such a temperature for either bathing or devotion? In summer it is



scarcely better; the air is hot and stifling as it comes in freighted with the smells of the adjoining barnyard, and the swarms of flies by day and mosquitoes by night admitted through the unscreened window, make the room a torture chamber. This is no fancy picture—we wish it were—and no exaggeration; it may be an extreme case, but similar ones differing only in degree, are found wherever the greed of land-getting swallows up the home spirit. This land mania—for it seems a species of insanity—is one from which men seldom recover. So far as my experience goes, men possessed of this mania are those who had a hard life in boyhood; often they were “bound boys” to hard task-masters. Toiling early and late they learned nothing but toil; almost without exception, they are illiterate men. Having been the servants of others, and hardly used in that servitude, they vowed that one day they would be free men and own as broad acres as their oppressors. They have brooded over this thought until it has taken entire possession of them. The result is seen in their homes. With the first money they earn they buy some land, and build upon it the cheapest house that will in any way shelter their family. By scrimping and scraping they save some more money, but instead of using it to improve their farms and make their homes more worthy the name, they bargain for the adjoining farm, making the first payment and giving a mortgage for the balance. Then must follow years of more scrimping and scraping to pay off this mortgage. No sooner is this accomplished than the process is repeated, and thus they go on buying all the land that joins them, till they die.

Meanwhile the family of such a monomaniac is denied every comfort; his wife is a slave, his children are growing up little better than heathen. Not that the father means to be unkind or neglectful, but he is “so poor,” land-poor, always with a mortgage hanging over him, always with big interest



and big taxes to pay. His children can not be well housed and clothed, his home can not have books, pictures and other pleasant things because these cost money and he has none to spare; it also lacks the many dainty devices which make home attractive, because the overworked mother has neither time nor heart for such things. And so the eternal grind, grind, grind of their lives goes on, without one bit of brightness to illuminate them.

Love of show, ambition to outshine others, the passion for drink or gambling, may so take possession of the parents' hearts as to result in defrauding children of this right. Sometimes it is denied them through sheer thoughtlessness, as in case of insufficient clothing of children, referred to in chapter second. But it still remains true that children have the right to be comfortably housed and clothed and to pleasant home surroundings.

Every child should have some place about the house which is his *very own*. This place may be only a drawer in the bureau, or a box on a shelf; but it should be sacredly his own, free from piercing eyes or meddling fingers. Every child has his little mementos, sacred to him, though they may be but chips and rubbish to us; to be ruthlessly despoiled of them, either by the thoughtless mother who throws them into the fire as rubbish in a general cleaning-up time, or by baby hands, brings anguish to the heart of a sensitive child; the more sensitive the child, the deeper and more lasting the grief. There are few of us who can not remember some such spoliation of childhood's treasures, and the memory brings to us even now when our heads are gray, a sharp pang of sorrow and a flash of indignation. No pictures in child literature are more faithfully painted than are those in the "Lamp Lighter" and "Queechy," depicting such injustice, yet often it is practiced by loving parents without one suspicion that it is injustice. Children have a right to their little mementos.

tos and to a place to keep them safely; the mementos they cherish both indicate and influence character. This is true not only of children, but of their grown-up brothers and sisters, their fathers and mothers. In this "practical age" some people deem the keeping of mementos silly, sentimental, but deliver us from such people. For our friend, give us the man or woman who cherishes the keepsakes of early years, for then I know the heart has not grown old. Such an one, now a business man in the thick of life's battle, lately wrote me: "In going over old letters, in looking at old pictures, in reading things I wrote out of joyful or sad experiences ago years, in seeing mementos, in recalling my work with you thirteen or fourteen years ago in your cozy little study, sentiments are awakened that fill my soul, and fit me better for my day's work. To recall the past so far as it was beautiful to us, *does* help me. In moving my desk lately, I have come across old keepsakes from my mother, from my wife when a girl, the children's early little works at the Kindergarten—all these exert a beneficent influence upon me."

What wise and loving parent would wish his child to be denied this beneficent influence? The child has a right to his little secrets. When that perfect confidence for which we are continually pleading exists between parent and child, there is no danger of these secrets being anything important; but such as they are the child has a right to them. No soul is ever quite willing to turn itself inside out before any eye but God's; as this feeling is innate, it is strong in children and should be respected.

Closely allied to this is the right to one's own individuality. Selfhood should always be respected. We saw in the chapter on Childhood that it is the basis of independence in character. As our boys and girls grow out of childhood into young man and maidenhood, the necessity of respecting their

individuality increases. Do not try to make your child an exact copy of yourself or of any model, real or ideal. God made him to be *himself*, not a copy of anybody. Strive to make that self as noble as you can, but allow it to develop in its own way, according to the laws of its own growth stamped upon it by God. Wherever possible, when requiring a child to do anything, be satisfied with his doing the thing required, without his doing it *your* way. I have often been astonished to see what good ways children will work out for themselves, ways I had never thought of, and if they had been suggested to me beforehand, I should probably have condemned them. But the children proved them right ways by making them successful.

Many valuable inventions are traceable to children. The refracting power of the lens was discovered by a little girl at play, and this discovery made the telescope and microscope possible. A little boy was the author of a valuable invention in the steam engine. In its earlier form the valves of the engine were opened and closed by boys, as no mechanical contrivance had been invented to do it. A little fellow who dearly loved to play, was kept at this monotonous work till he was heartily disgusted, and set his wits to work to invent some way of escaping it. His sharp eye noticed that whenever the piston-rod went up he must open the valve, and he decided the piston must do his work for him. So he fastened the valve to the piston in such a way that when it went up it opened the valve, and ran off to play, taking good care to be at his post whenever the engineer was around. His device worked to a charm, and as days went by without his shirking being discovered, he grew careless and at last was caught. The superintendent of the works came around once when he was off guard, and finding no boy was astonished to see the valve opening and shutting itself. He investigated the mystery and had just discovered the string connecting the valve

with the piston, when the boy came back and stood before him in fear and trembling. What he said to the little culprit is not recorded, but we know he acted upon the hint thus given, and soon every engine in the land was equipped with an automatic valve-opener. All children's devices may not result so successfully, still they are to be encouraged as one means of developing individuality.

A correlative right, though some may deem it a contradictory one, is the right to be restrained and taught obedience. We hear much of obedience as a duty of children; I plead for it as a right. We know of no other parental neglect which entails upon the child so much suffering, physical as well as mental, as the neglect to teach him obedience. In cases of severe illness physicians always take this element into their calculations of chances of life for the patient, these chances being always vastly better if the child has been trained to unquestioning obedience. Said a distinguished physician who had made a specialty of nervous diseases, when asked the cause of the prevalence of hysterical forms of disease among young people: "There are many causes, but one great cause is the departure of obedience from our midst." The superintendent of an insane asylum who during many years had under his charge many hundred patients, says: "Insanity of certain types is rarely found to develop in persons trained to habits of obedience in youth." These types are known to physicians as various forms of will-mania, and differ with the character, temperament and training of the patient. The tantrums of a little child who lies on the floor and kicks, screams and beats his head upon the floor, seem a trifle to be laughed at by older people, but it is tantrums like these that hold the germs of hysteria and insanity. The child who brings mother or nurse to terms by kicking and screaming, if he be not an idiot, will try the same means again. Children are too wise not to learn the easiest way of

getting what they wish. And this is kept up till all obedience is on the parent's side, who obeys the child's whim instead of teaching it self-control.

This goes on till the child becomes a young lady and goes into hysterical convulsions when she fears her will is to be crossed. Real illness often comes with symptoms that are like an exaggerated growth of the moods and tempers that have governed the child from its birth, and that none have taught her to control. Now she can not control them. But it is the firm conviction of the physician from whom we have quoted, and several others, that early and proper guidance in self-control and training to obedience would have prevented these sad consequences. Family physicians, if they did not consider it a breach of confidence, could give many pitiful examples of these evil consequences. From two such gentlemen, of undoubted standing in the profession, we received these incidents. Conversing on this subject, one of them said: "In my practice I have met several such cases. I have in mind now a very aggravated case. I could hardly have believed it possible if I had not seen it with my own eyes. 'She was always a very nervous child,' said her mother, 'and when she struck or scratched, I thought it a pity to break her spirit; our family are naturally high-strung.' This was said in a tone that showed she considered 'high-strung' a quality and style of thing that could only be attained by families of undoubted standing. The 'high-strung' child went on unchecked, until at sixteen she could stiffen herself into a jointless, nerveless creature, and look like death for an hour, if she foresaw that she was expected to do something she did not wish to do. Further on there was a stage of flying at people's throats if they tried to control her, and it ended in a fortune spent on an imaginary hip disease that did not let her right foot touch the floor for three long years. Incredible as this statement seems, it is nevertheless true that



the hip disease departed as suddenly as it came, when the girl desired to dance with a young man of whom her parents disapproved."

"I have now a somewhat similar case," remarked the other physician. "A young lady who is suffering from confirmed hysteria, directly traceable to the same lack of control and to the humoring of her whims in childhood. Only yesterday, her mother whose life is one long torture because of this daughter, said: 'I don't see what I have done that Providence should have sent this affliction to me, I am sure no mother loved her children more.' There was just the trouble—her love meant the indulgence of every whim and mood. As a babe, that mother's child would not let that mother talk ten minutes to a friend in peace, but would clamor and fret till the mother took her from the nurse and allowed her to absorb all her own and the guest's attention, with the remark, 'The darling loves her mamma too much to have her out of her sight.' A few years later the child refused to tolerate for five minutes any friend who distracted her mother's attention from herself, unless, indeed, the guest gave herself to flattering attentions to the already omnipotent selfhood of the child. And although the poor mother was not conscious of it, she was better pleased when her friends thus devoted themselves to her infant daughter than if she secured a pleasant hour for herself. To have the child pleased became, as the daughter grew older, the dominant wish of the mother's heart, and this not because she was incapable of reasoning or judgment as to what was best, but because when crossed the girl's sulks developed into scenes which the mother lived to avoid or conceal. As a natural result, no teacher was retained after once the girl found she was to be made to work, no school continued to be patronized that required exercise of the pupil's own powers; no physician was retained who dared to tell the truth concerning the real cause of the trouble, or to



say that all the girl needed was to be made to forget herself. Real sickness came at last, and the mother became what she is now, a slave to the whims and caprices of her hysterical child."

These are extreme cases whose like probably would not occur in your household, but the tendency of all lack in teaching and enforcing obedience and self-restraint is in this direction. Only yesterday I was called down into the parlor to meet a former pupil and her little daughter, a very pretty child of five years old. The mother and I had not met since her marriage, and had much to talk about, but it very soon transpired that we were not to be permitted to talk in peace. Not five minutes elapsed before my little miss evinced her jealousy of her mother's attentions by persistent attempts to absorb them herself, like the child in the doctor's story; and she succeeded so well in spite of the picture books with which I tried to "buy a peace" that our visit was spoiled. Now, I do not fear hysteria for that child; her physique is too robust and she lives too much in the open air—but she is fast becoming a nuisance to her mother's friends and a tyrant to her mother.

With boys such indulgence results in different forms of will-mania; they do not usually go off into hysterics as their weaker sisters do, but give themselves up to uncontrolled animal passions. Could we trace the history of the hundreds of cases of "moral insanity" which puzzle our courts each year, we should doubtless find a large proportion of them were persons who had never been taught obedience in childhood.

Children have a right to good schooling; in this day of free schools there is no excuse for infringing on this right, yet it is often infringed upon through sheer thoughtlessness. The State provides excellent schools, and most children attend them. But very many do not attend them regularly enough to derive much benefit. Mary must stay out Monday to help

wash, and Johnnie must stay out Tuesday to rake hay; Mary must tend baby Wednesday, and so it goes through the week. Often children are kept out with much less excuse than this, or allowed to stay out for very trifling causes. The parents think of these absences one by one, but do not realize how they count up in the aggregate. A gentleman once said to me: "There is something the matter with our school; my girls have been going a year longer than their cousin Kate in the country, and they are not as far advanced as she. We supposed our town schools were better than country schools, but I do not believe they are, for I know my girls are as smart as Kate is, and there is no reason why she should be ahead of them." Ah! but there was. That very morning I had met Kate plodding her way to school through unbroken snow, and I knew she had never been late or tardy a single day since she first commenced going to school. While I was talking with her father, her two cousins were in the next room, though school was in session, fixing their clothes for a children's party which they were to attend that evening. I went to their school the next day, and looking over the register found that during the previous month one of those girls had been absent eight half days, and the other twelve. Here was the explanation of their being behind their cousin. So little was this suspected by their parents that they could hardly believe me when I pointed it out; yet, as they counted up the absences, they were obliged to own that every one had been with their knowledge and consent. "We never imagined it amounted to so much in the aggregate," they exclaimed; "why Jessie was out nearly a third of the time!" And her six days' absence did not measure the full extent of the mischief. Each absence lessened her interest in study and made a gap which was hard to bridge over.

Little hands are "so handy" to help, little feet are so convenient to save steps, that we are in danger of letting our

own convenience interfere with their best good. We believe in children's doing chores out of school hours, it makes them strong and helpful, but we also believe that during school hours they should be in school. These hours are but a small part of their lives; six hours five days in the week for, on an average in country schools, seven months a year. With the great majority of children school life does not extend over eight years, and this is little time enough to give them the mental furnishing to fit them for their life work whose demand for such furnishing increases more and more each year. If we look no higher than to economic motives, the right of a child to good schooling can not be denied. Political economists whose lives have been given to the study, join practical mechanics in stating that the money value of every man's labor is increased twenty-five per cent. by a good common school education, while his tendency to crime is decreased in much greater proportion.

We often mistake greatly in estimating the value of a child's time; because his strength is small and therefore he is not of much value as a worker, we are apt to think his time is not worth much. It is not very valuable as an industrial factor, but it is of the greatest value in an educational point of view. At no other period of his life will his time be of so much value to him for gaining an education, for at no future time will he learn so readily. What he fails to learn now, he will in a large measure fail to learn in later life, or learn it by the hardest. Hence it is the poorest possible economy, as well as injustice, to take a child's time from school where it counts for so much, and use it in work where it counts for so little.

The poorest child in the commonwealth has a right to so much schooling, at least, as will enable him to read and speak correctly, to write legibly, to perform the fundamental operations of arithmetic accurately and rapidly, to know the main

facts in our own national and state history, enough of geography to read current books and newspapers intelligently, enough of physiology and hygiene to keep his body in health and free from the effects of liquor and tobacco, enough of philosophy to explain phenomena of every day occurrence, and of natural history to understand the laws of animal and plant life.

Finally, children have a right to the best possible preparation for future life, and this means that girls as well as boys should be made capable of self support. There is no more pitiable sight than men or women turned loose on the world, obliged to earn a living, but with no training for it. And that is just the fortune liable to come to every son and daughter in America. I have seen the nephew of one of our presidents, who in his gay young manhood was a favorite and frequent guest at the White House, in his old age coming to a Washington friend and begging a quarter to buy him a meal of victuals.

More and more each year skilled labor is in demand, and unskilled labor is being pushed to the wall. As a general thing, unless this skill is in some measure acquired before entering into the sharp competition of life, it never can be gained. Only yesterday a man said to me, "I could beat my own brains out to think I was ever such a fool as not to perfect myself in engineering when young, or some means of making a living." He was the only son of a well-to-do father who thought it would be something of a degradation for his child to learn a trade. He would have been willing to have him study a profession, but the boy's taste did not run in that direction. So he drifted into young manhood with no preparation for making a living, married young, and by a turn of Fortune's wheel, was left without a dollar for the support of a wife and two children. After trying to secure congenial work in many directions, and finding every avenue closed by

his lack of preparation, as a last resort, he went on to the railroad as a brakeman, and there he is to-day.

Even more pitiable is the case of a woman thrown upon her own resources without having been trained to self support. The sad face of such a woman rises before me as I write. I knew her in her childhood surrounded by every luxury; she grew into most beautiful womanhood, and married, making what was called a brilliant match, and went to a great city to live. But her husband proved a scoundrel, running through all her property, and then deserting her for a ballet dancer when her third child was a baby two weeks old. Meanwhile her parents had died and there was absolutely no one to whom she could turn for assistance. For years she has struggled along, stitching her life out in making a bare living for herself and three children by plain sewing. Hundreds of such cases enforce the duty of parents to fit their children for self-support.

Other rights of children could be enumerated, but we leave them for your own suggesting, contenting ourselves with emphasizing these: The right to be well born; to be loved; to the companionship of their parents; to pleasant home surroundings; to be comfortably clothed and housed; to have a place of their own; to their own mementos and secrets; to their own individuality; to good schooling; to be restrained and made to obey, and to be made capable of self-support.

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There once came into my possession a quaint old writing desk which had belonged to an aunt. She was the mother of a large family of children, and her home life was so happy that its memory forms one of the cherished traditions of our family. In her old desk I found these rules, written by her own hand. Incorporated into her home life they had wrought good results. We give them to you, hoping that their good

work may continue, though the hand that wrote them has crumbled to dust:

1. Look upon each member of the family as one for whom Christ died.

2. Learn the different temper of each individual.

3. Everybody in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves; therefore we are not to expect too much.

4. We may be quite sure our wills may be crossed during the day, so prepare for it.

5. When inclined to give an angry answer, lift up the heart in prayer.

6. If from sickness, pain or infirmity, we feel irritable, keep a very strict watch over ourselves.

7. Observe when others are so suffering, and drop a word of kindness and sympathy.

8. When any good happens to any one, rejoice in it.

9. Watch for little opportunities for pleasure and put little annoyances out of the way.

10. Take a cheerful view of everything, the weather, etc., and encourage hope.

11. Speak kindly to the servants and praise them for little things when you can.

12. Compare our manifold blessings with the trifling annoyances of the day.

13. In all little pleasures that may occur put self last.

14. In conversation do not exalt ourselves, but bring others forward.

15. Be gentle with the younger ones and treat them with respect, remembering that we too were young once.

16. When we are pained by an unkind word or deed, ask ourselves, have I not often done the same and been forgiven?

17. Never judge one another, but attribute a good motive when we can.

18. Try always for "the soft answer that turneth away wrath."



## Mother's Boys.

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Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet,  
The traces of small muddy boots;  
And I see your fair tapestry glowing,  
All spotless with blossoms and fruits.

And I know that my walls are disfigured  
With prints of small fingers and hands,  
And that your own household most truly  
In immaculate purity stands.

And I know that my parlor is littered  
With many old treasures and toys;  
While your own is in daintiest order,  
Unharm'd by the presence of boys.

And I know that my room is invaded  
Quite boldly all hours of the day;  
While you sit in yours unmolested  
And dream the soft quiet away!

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides  
Where I must stand watchful each night;  
While you can go out in your carriage,  
And flash in your dresses so bright.

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman;  
I like my house orderly too;  
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings,  
Yet would not change places with you.

No! keep your fair home with its order,  
Its freedom from bother and noise;  
And keep your own fanciful leisure—  
But leave me my four noble boys!

## CHAPTER IX.

### Character Building.



CHARACTER does not come by chance; it is wrought out, and is the combined work of God and man. The very origin of the word points to this truth. Its root is the Greek word *charasso* which, with slight change, we translate "harass." As Edward Everett Hale says: "The great trip-hammer of the mint of God hits us hard, again and again, and again, and with every blow the metal struck changes its luster, its strength, even its image and superscription. Its character comes to it because it is pounded by this tremendous hammer. The more it is beaten the more character it has." As coins come from the mint with image and superscription clear-cut and strong just in proportion to the strength of the blows received, so character is strong in proportion to the blows it bears in God's mint.

We speak of sterling character—do we ever stop to study out the meaning of this figure of speech? It comes from the English pound sterling, coin of the realm. A pound sterling is, literally, gold pounded till it shows the image of the reigning sovereign. Thus our vernacular, which is a crystallization of the deeper thoughts of the generations forming it, testifies to the value of character by linking its expression

with the coin of the realm, the standard of value. Character is the one thing of intrinsic value in the universe, the only thing we can take with us ; all else we leave at the grave.

A dying miser had his bags of gold brought to his bedside, that so long as life lasted he might gloat over his hoard, but instead of the joy the sight had before given him, was now only agony because he could not take his treasure with him. Seizing a piece he threw it into his mouth, saying, "I will take you, anyway." But the gold choked him, and his soul went into eternity, naked and empty, bearing only the impress of its own sordidness. So every soul goes into eternity, bearing the impress stamped upon it here.

Character building in the home is a complex process, into which many elements enter. First among these is the character of the parents themselves. This affects children in two ways, by inheritance and by example, both potent forces for good or evil. No scientific laws are more fixed and certain than those of heredity, yet few are less known or less regarded in human affairs. The farmer studies them carefully as regards his stock, but utterly ignores them in relation to his children. Yet wherever we find life we find heredity, and whatever affects life affects heredity. This is true not only of individuals, but of nations, and no nation exemplifies its truth better than America. The stern conflicts of pioneer life and its rigid simplicity, led naturally to a nation marked by the self-control, self-denial, courage and patriotism characterizing the men and women of the revolution. Peace secured through hard-fought battles won, the natural sequence is a philosophic age, in which amid peace and plenty, ingenious and liberal pursuits flourish, and scientific studies are pursued with vigor. Then is the time great inventions are made. In proof of this, note the inventive spirit marking the years following the acknowledgment of our independence, the invention of the cotton gin and the steam engine. The two decades

following our civil war witnessed more inventions by Americans than the two centuries preceding. This is in direct accordance with the laws of heredity.

Another hereditament is equally manifested in the American people of to-day. During those terrible years of civil conflict, the physical, mental and spiritual energies of our men and women were taxed to the uttermost; the nerve strain on the whole nation was something fearful, and we see its effects to-day in lack of nerve force among many born during those terrible years. Again, the aggressive spirit was for the time exhausted, and children born during the years closely following the war are largely characterized by the unaggressive spirit. They are now coming upon the stage of action, and doubtless will be more ready to settle vexed questions by peaceful arbitrations than by the arbitrament of the sword. This is a blessed provision of nature; without it wars might be interminable; in it we see hope of healing the wounds of war, and making us indeed a united people.

As with the nation, so with the individual, the law of heredity decides in large measure what the character of the child will be.

“They enslave their children’s children who make compromise with sin.”

This thought, it seems to me, should keep every man and woman pure for the sake of the children that are to be.

Heredity lies at the very foundation of life and character building. A foolish prudery—and wicked as well as foolish, when we consider its results—has too long kept it in the background. Never till men and women study this subject in the light of God’s truth as revealed in the Bible and in science, and having learned His laws regarding heredity, sacredly obey them, shall there be a generation of children having a fair start in the world. Most children commence life handi-

capped by the sins or the follies of their parents. An intense absorption in either business or pleasure, to the exclusion of soul culture, results in children with moral natures warped or undeveloped. The mother's corset often leaves its mark upon the child. In the father's wine-cup is often dissolved pearls more precious than Cleopatra's—the will-power of his children—while the steadiness of nerve which is their rightful inheritance, is too often puffed away in the smoke of his cigar. God gave the world an impressive lesson in heredity when he would make the strongest man on record, and commenced the process by sending an angel from Heaven to give the strictest possible total abstinence pledge to the mother of Samson. All through His word He recognizes the law of inheritance, and orders that spiritual opportunities be transmitted with temporal estates. He clearly shows that both good and bad traits may be transmitted, and also that sin can cancel the inheritance of good traits, as we see in the case of degenerate children of good parents; or that grace may cancel a bad inheritance.

We have been very slow in "thinking God's thoughts after Him," in this direction, but have at last recognized the fact that it was by no accident He sent the angel to Samson's mother instead of to Manoah, but that He thus pointed out a fixed law of heredity, which is, that the line of transmission is between the sexes, from mother to son, from father to daughter. True, we have many instances of transmission of traits from father to son, from mother to daughter, as well as a transmission of traits to a child equally by both parents, but the general law seems otherwise, and experience proves this. No race of heroes ever sprung from mothers who were slaves. The mothers of great men have become almost as noted as the great men themselves. Witness the mother of Alfred the Great, of Napoleon, of Luther, of Goethe, of Washington, of John Q. Adams, of Lincoln, of Garfield, of John B. Gough,

and scores of others. Close study of Bible history reveals the same fact.

When the lives of great women are as closely studied as those of great men have been, we may find the other half of this truth, that the fathers of grand women have themselves possessed grand natures, and that we must look to the fathers if we would find prefigured the character of the daughters. Queen Elizabeth is Henry the Eighth slightly modified by sex and Protestantism. Lady Norton inherited from her father, Thomas Sheridan, the talents which her mother so sedulously cultivated. Elizabeth Fry inherited from her father a large philanthropy. Lucretia Mott's splendid moral courage was the feminine gender of her sturdy sea-captain father's sterling qualities. In Mrs. Jameson is reproduced the artist soul of her father, which, in her case, wrought with pen instead of with pencil. Elizabeth Barrett Browning is an intensification of her father's genius and character. Harriet Beecher Stowe is the true daughter of Lyman Beecher. Margaret Fuller reproduced her father's lineaments and mind. Mary Stanley was not only her father's "right hand man," as he used to call her, but resembled him in character as much as Dean Stanley did their mother. Hannah Whitall Smith who has such a power to draw all hearts unto her, is the daughter of one who was styled "the best loved merchant in Philadelphia." The spirit of Lucia Kimball's father is shown in his favorite saying, "I must do what I ought; God will take care of the rest." Such cases can be multiplied, but these examples are sufficient.

Carefully analyzed, they may help to elucidate another principal of heredity not so well established, but which the best authorities assert. It is that both sons and daughters are likely to inherit physical form, passions and appetites from the fathers, and intellectual and spiritual traits from the mothers. These two principles of heredity working



together often produce complicated results. Yet it is said that few men or women have ever exhibited great intellectual powers unless these were prefigured in the mother, thus substantiating the second principle named. If this be true, and no one can prove that it is not, it presents a strong and unexpected argument in favor of intellectual culture and development for mothers, and an equally strong argument to fathers for controlling all appetites and passions. Sowing wild oats does not seem such a harmless thing, when we remember that innocent children must reap the harvest which this sowing produces, a harvest often of woe and shame, of physical weakness and moral obliquity.

A parent's first duty, not only to himself and to God, but to his children, is to be able to say, "I respect myself."

To say that, and feel it in every fiber of his being, he must be clean and pure, honest in the sight of God and man; when he can thus say it, he is sure of the respect of his children—a vital point in their character building.

"God reaches us good things with our own hands" is an old proverb and a true one. Good children are not accidental; they are the natural result of the parents' working together with God. Form in your own mind a clear ideal of what character you wish your children to bear, then labor together with God to develop it. "We always have that for which we take the most pains," says the mother of Frances E. Willard, and she has proved it. She valued perfect development of body, mind and heart, more than fine clothes or fashion, or even culture; she took pains to secure them for her child, and she has them in a daughter whose physique, slight as she looks, is so perfect that it bears the strain of greater labor than perhaps ever before was performed by a woman; whose mind, for strength and versatility, has few equals and no superiors, and whose heart is great enough to take in all humanity and draw all women unto her. Look-

ing into her home we will see how this was accomplished.

Father and mother believed, in practical fashion, that "the life is more than meat and the body than raiment," that the training of immortal souls committed to them by God was the noblest work mortals could do, and that to be fitted for it required careful preparation. Both were fairly educated before marriage, so well in fact that both had been teachers; but when children came to them they felt the need of broader culture, and leaving their New York home, they moved to Oberlin when Frances was three years old. Here, for five years both parents pursued their studies, he continuously, she as home duties would permit. Here, where the very air is charged with culture, religion and devotion to principle, parents and children drank in strength and inspiration. The family then moved to a farm near Janesville, Wisconsin. Home life on the farm seems to have been one of the most potent influences in making Miss Willard what she is. She was a frail child, and her sensible parents wisely made her body their first care. As she describes it, she literally "ran wild," scampered over the prairies, hunted eggs in the barn, rode the horses to water, anything, everything to keep her in the fresh air and sunshine. She and her brother were inseparable companions. "I was the more venturesome of the two," she said, "could climb a little higher trees and venture on a little wilder horses."

That farm home, as we have seen it pictured in paintings hanging in "Rest Cottage," the present home of her mother and herself—for she loved the old home so well she must take its semblance into the new one—is roomy and hospitable looking, embowered in trees, its windows looking off upon pleasant views of fertile prairie, rippling water-course and wooded hills. Within, it was emphatically home, every room and every nook dedicated to the highest type of home life. It was in very truth a place wherein the soul could grow. Love



*Character Building.*



to God and man reigned here; the three children, Oliver, Frances, and gentle Mary whose nineteen beautiful years, as pictured by her sister, form a sweet prose poem, here grew naturally into the graces which so distinguished them in after years. Here the Bible was read and revered and the children taught to know God as their Father; here the highest ideals of life were not simply held before them, but lived before them, and they were taught to do right simply because it is right. Here they were trained to self-government, and in this Wisconsin farm-home we discover the germ of that plan for self-government so successfully inaugurated in the Woman's College in Evanston by Miss Willard when she was Dean of that institution.

This home life was a preparation for real life in many directions. Isolated from the world as they were, for they were too far in the country even to go to school, and were taught by their clear-headed mother, assisted by a governess, these children mimicked the life of which they read in books. An amateur newspaper not only afforded amusement and instruction to the whole family, but trained Oliver for his future work as a journalist. A home republic was formed, where all the departments of government—legislative, executive, judicial—were carried on as accurately, and we doubt not quite as conscientiously, as in large republics. When the government of the nation and the state were fully understood, this family resolved itself into a city government, and it is safe to aver that the board of education looked well to the school interests, that its board of public works never squandered the people's money, and its council never licensed a dram-shop.

At my request, Madame Willard gives the following sketch of their home life on the Wisconsin farm:

"The farm at Forest Home, as we called our place in Wisconsin, was the son's pride and delight, the inspiration of his

young life. A family school in summer, taught by a gifted young lady, a favorite friend, relieved the monotony of the children's life in the country.

"Our quiet happiness in our farm life, remote from town, was so different from the noisy tumult of a large city that the spirit of the one is in many respects a direct contrast to that of the other. Our little folks on the farm amused themselves with roaming through the groves, playing Indian, shooting with bows and arrows, picking nuts; going with papa in his buggy to start the cows home from the prairie at night; organizing towns and cities out of the various localities on the farm according to ideas gathered from conversation with older persons, or from papers and magazines; establishing miniature postoffices, through which they carried on voluminous correspondence, expressed in such language as they were able to command; attempting journalism upon foolscap; interspersing kittens and canaries—funeral services, if they were unfortunate enough to part with any of them, were duly noticed in the journal;—sham doctoring and dentistry, sugar powders, then a taste of nice cool water to rinse the mouth. A sharp discussion arose occasionally, then swift apology to make all right. Great aspiration and searching for the world outside went on through such indices as pictures and books afforded; school and music lessons, with church and Sabbath-school on Sunday; entertaining children from blind institutions, and returning their visits. Reading the Bible at eve, and asking pardon for any wrong action of the past day; asking mamma for stories, experiences and knowledge, until she felt there was nothing in her mind left but vacancy. Prompt in care of wardrobe and apartments they were. Needle work was attempted by the girls with greater or less results, according to aptitude and inclination. Happily, the sewing-machine was already introduced.

"Their education was the result of circumstances more than



of any definite plan; except that, living in the country, there was special solicitude in regard to their intellectual wants. For their moral training, living remote from the excitements of the town, and depending, for the most part, on persons older for society, the conditions were not unfavorable. Of their physical education there is not much to be said. They lived much in the out-door air. Their lives were very free from restraint; their plans seldom or never opposed if harmless and at all practicable. They retired early; their diet and dress were simple but appropriate, candies and sweetmeats were the exception. They were all exceptionally delicate in constitution when very young, but improved as they grew older. They were almost always happy.

"I remember once when tired and weary of care, I went to my room, and had determined on a restful and quiet hour, Frances came with her hands full of children's papers, The Myrtle and Little Star. I said, 'I came, my dear, to be alone and to think my own thoughts.' She seated herself upon the carpet, and with perfect nonchalance, said, 'It is natural that I should want to be with my mother, and I mean to be,' then proceeded to read her papers, to which there was no further objection made."

Thus, in this home was character builded, strong, symmetrical and pure. Verily, those parents have their reward.

The four corner-stones on which character should be builded are: loving faith in God, truthfulness, obedience, self-reliance. The first is of such vital importance that we give a separate chapter to religious character building, and for this reason will not dwell upon it here.

How shall we train our children to be truthful? is a vital question, worthy the most serious consideration of every parent. First, be absolutely truthful yourself, in thought and deed, as well as in speech, and be this always from the very first. We often mistake in thinking that little children

do not understand, and lay the foundation of untruthfulness by lying to them in their infancy. Little children do understand much more than we give them credit for. I know a little one fourteen months old who will sob as though her heart would break if anyone she loves says to her, "I do not love you." She understands perfectly and is influenced by the thoughtless words spoken. Yet, who has not heard parents deliberately lie to children two or three years old, and if their conduct was called in question, attempt to justify themselves by saying, "Oh! it makes no difference; they are too young to understand."

A few weeks ago I sat on the veranda of the old palace at Santa Fe, listening to the band playing on the plaza. Near by sat a beautiful woman with a lovely little girl beside her. As usual, the plaza was filled with a motley crowd; Spanish, American, Mexican, Indian, mingling in picturesque confusion. Just in front of us an old Indian chief, with his back toward us, leaned over the plaza railing, intently listening to the music. The little girl slipped down from her chair and ran across the porch to obtain a nearer view of the bright scene in the plaza. She was not in the slightest danger, and only a few feet from her mother who could almost reach her without leaving her chair; but, as her mother said to us, she did not wish the child to stand there because she would get her clothes soiled on the pillar, she called to her, "Come back to mamma. Quick, or that big Indian will catch you!" The child was evidently used to her mother's lies, for she paid little attention to the command, and it was repeated; "I tell you to come back." At the sound of her voice the Indian turned his head and looked toward us. "There, don't you see, he is coming now." My heart ached for both mother and child. How little do you realize, I thought, what seeds you are sowing in the heart of your darling, seeds of falsehood, of distrust of your word, of injustice to the Indian.

We need not go to New Mexico for such examples ; we find them at every fireside. "Go to sleep, dear, mamma is not going to leave you," when your best bonnet lies on the bed all ready to put on, and you hurry off as soon as the little eyes are closed ; or, "The black man will catch you," "Take it, dear, mamma loves it," as you smack your lips in delight over the bitter draught you have pretended to taste. This falsehood teaching does not stop with infancy. You see an unwelcome guest enter the gate : "O dear ! I wish she had stayed at home !" you exclaim in the presence your children. She enters and you greet her with smiles and "How glad I am to see you." Your boys are with you while you are selling a cow ; they know you are selling her because she is unmanageable, will not stand, and kicks over the milk pail ; you say never a word of this, but recommend her highly in every respect. Are you teaching them to speak the truth or falsehood ?

Oh ! in how many ways truthfulness is undermined in the hearts of children ! Sometimes the evil is wrought through lack of patience to explain things to the child, or of courage to tell him, "I do not know." A child's questions are often troublesome. Time and patience are required to answer them, or they may be such that he could not understand the answer ; again, the answering may require more knowledge than we possess. An easy make-shift in either case is to give some nonsensical answer that may satisfy him for the time being, but which he is sure to learn, sooner or later, has not a particle of truth in it.

Tell him the truth so far as you tell him anything. If you do this always his confidence in you will be so strong that he will wait patiently when you tell him he is not old enough to understand the matter, and will not think any the less of you when you say, "I do not know." In this connection we repeat the advice before given : Do not oblige yourself to

say, "I don't know," oftener than is necessary. Parents, especially mothers, should prepare themselves to answer children's natural questions about the sun, the moon, the fire, the birds, the trees, and every-day occurrences in life and in Nature. Nature is always true, and questions concerning her workings answered truthfully will help to develop truth in the heart of your child.

Cultivate courage, physical, as well as moral courage. Much lying among children comes through fear—fear of your displeasure, of punishment, of bad consequences in some shape. Make them courageous and you deliver them from this temptation. Show them the beauty of truth and lead them to appreciate it above all things, by proving your own appreciation of it. Accidents will happen with children; they will injure or destroy things without the slightest intention of doing harm. If you treat this as though they had committed a wrong instead of doing harm, you deaden their moral sense, and teach them a cowardice which leads to lying.

The accidental breaking of a vase may have no moral character whatever; do not let your vexation at its loss, lead you to reprove or punish the child who broke it as though he had committed a sin. It is perfectly right that you should teach him to be more careful, by making him suffer in some measure the consequences of his carelessness, but make it clear that this *is* what the punishment means, and not that the breaking of the vase is a sin, *per se*. Clear moral perceptions lie at the basis of truthfulness. The child must be trained to do the right thing because it is right, and to avoid the wrong because it is wrong. Hence the conscience must be trained to distinguish right from wrong. Our aim should be such an education of the conscience as shall make it sensitive to discern the right, and authoritative to enforce it. Many people seem to think there is no such thing as educating the conscience, that it is an inflexible rule of "faith and

practice" born with us, over which we have no control, and consequently, concerning which we have no responsibility. They may not assert their belief in words, but their neglect of conscience-training proclaims it. The fact that when persecuting the Christians, Paul verily thought that he was doing God's service, disproves this position.

In a little child, conscience seems rolled up tight, like a rose in the bud, it takes the sunlight and showers to develop it. This is particularly the case in regard to truth telling. Many little children tell lies unconsciously, and therefore innocently; we shall see the reason of this when we come to study the imagination. In many other ways children transgress the right line of truth, because their moral development has not progressed far enough for them to know that they are transgressing it.

I was once reading a paper before a state teachers' association on the topic, "How shall we train little children to tell the truth?" The title of the paper and some of its positions were criticised; "The question should be," said my critic, "How shall we preserve truthfulness in children? they naturally tell the truth, and would never do otherwise, were they not taught to lie."

There is a sense in which my critic was right; but the truth he told was only a half truth. Training to truthfulness is a positive as well as a negative process. Not only must the child not be trained to untruthfulness by the example of those around him; but he must be taught to distinguish the truth, to speak it, and to prize it above all things. The foundation of truthfulness can be laid securely only in the fear of God and the consciousness of his presence. "Thou God, seest me," "Thou desirest truth in the inward parts," and similar passages impressed upon the childish heart, are potent factors in the formation of character. They lead naturally to the prayer, "Cleanse thou me from secret faults;"

"Guide me into all truth," a prayer that is never unheard.

Obedience is our next corner-stone. Henry Ward Beecher says: "To neglect to teach obedience, to inspire it in the child, to require it and secure it, is to neglect the education of the child in one of the prime elements of success in after life.

"It is scarcely too much to say that a child brought up in the family not to know how to obey his parents, will be a bad citizen, a breaker of the laws of his country, and a violator of the rights of his kind; for although he may learn better, by and by, of himself, by the development of his reason, and his moral sentiments, there are thousands that do not learn this afterwards, and not learning it, become criminals. Nay, more, the submission of one's self to the law of God, the humbling of one's self before divine Providence, the yielding of one's heart to the supreme law of divine Love. All that is very easy to one that has been taught to yield his will to the love of father and mother, and very difficult to one who has been reared in self-will and obstinacy. We teach our children how to walk, how to talk—we teach them a thousand things that are absolutely necessary; but there is no one of these things that is as important as teaching the child to submit its will to that of its parents. They are to it in the place of God, they are to it in the place of king and magistrate, they are to it in the place of nature itself; and the child ought to be taught as its earliest lesson, implicit obedience to parental rule. No land in the world needs this teaching as much as our own does."

We give this extract in full because it impresses the first point necessary in laying the corner-stone, the fact that training to obedience is necessary to the well-being and happiness of the child, as an individual, as a citizen, and in his relations to God.

The next point is, that systematic training is *necessary* to



develop in the child's mind a love for the principle of obedience. Without such development, obedience will be a fitful and spasmodic thing, without any deep and underlying principle to insure its perpetuity. Obedience is not a natural instinct, like those instincts which impel children to eat or drink, to cling to their possessions or to resent injuries. Hence, obedience is not, as the action of many parents show they believe it to be, a matter of course. If gained, it must be the result of training. How shall we train children to obedience? Jacob Abbott, in his chapter on this topic, in his admirable book on "*Gentle Measures in the Management of the Young*," answers this question in such practical fashion that we advise every parent to read it.

Your object is to have obedience become a habit. Shape all your training to this end. Do not expect children to be spontaneously docile and obedient, and scold or punish them if they are not. Accept the truth that you have a work to do in making them so by wise, careful, persevering and gentle training. If they have already formed habits of disobedience, do not expect these habits to be broken up by sudden, violent measures, by scoldings, threats and punishments, or by any declaration that you are going to "turn over a new leaf." Turn over a new leaf in your own treatment of the children—for if you have had the charge of them from infancy, you are largely to blame for their habits of insubordination—but do not talk about it. "Deeds are better things than words, actions mightier than boastings." Instead of saying what you are going to do, or finding fault with the past, recognize the fact that the bad native tendencies of your children are probably inherited from their parents, and that whatever is wrong in their habits is the result of bad training. This will make you patient, a prime necessity if you would succeed.

Always recognize the good there is in your child, and give

him credit for it. We are much more apt to blame children when wrong than to praise them when they do well. Guard against this if you would make obedience a pleasant thing to your child. He prizes your approbation; let him see that he has it when he does well. Your little one is busy at play: you call him to you. If he hesitates, you call again, perhaps sharply, and scold him when he comes for not coming more promptly; perhaps the scolding is deserved; but are you quite as apt, when he does leave his play promptly and come at your call, to commend him? A few words of appreciative commendation, as, "I know little boys do not love to leave their play, but you came at once when I called; it pleases me very much to find you so prompt to obey me," will make obedience easier and pleasanter next time. Thus, little by little, the habit of obedience will be formed. Of course, we do not recommend flattery on the one hand, nor disregard of faults on the other. The consecrated common sense of the parent will avoid both these evils. But we do believe the habit of noticing and commending children when they do right, and being as quick to show pleasure at the right as we are to show displeasure at the wrong, will prove a powerful aid in training children to obedience.

It is human nature to strive harder to preserve a good character than to free one's self from the opprobrium of a bad one attributed to him. The feeling in a boy's heart, "I can not please father, anyway, no matter what I do," has been the ruin of many a boy. When a child has really tried to do right during the day and has succeeded passably well—as well, say, as we do in obeying our Heavenly Father—he should go to bed with the feeling that his parents are satisfied with him. It will help him to start out with fresh courage in the morning.

The training of your own voice has much to do with your children's obedience. If you speak in a fretful, querulous

tone, or an undecided one, you never need expect your children to obey you. Indeed, the very tone of your voice shows you do not expect it, and if you will honestly examine yourself you will find this is true. Down deep in your heart is the feeling, "I don't believe they will mind," and this disbelief makes itself audible in your tones. A command given with a rising inflection is seldom obeyed. Loud, angry tones are equally fatal to good government; they betray your lack of *self*-control, and no one can control others unless he first learn to control himself. Cultivate clear, smooth, pleasant tones. Their pleasantness does not at all interfere with their being firm; indeed, when you feel great decision is necessary, take all the more pains to have the tones pleasant. So far as possible, express your wishes in the form of requests, but when commands become necessary, as they sometimes do, remember that imperative sentences have the *falling* inflection. Keep the tone a little lower, if anything, than your ordinary pitch, but let its cadence be so decided as to leave no doubt in the mind that *it is a command*, and as such must be obeyed. The inflection you give, "John, come here'" or "John, come here," often makes just the difference between disobedience and obedience. He is not inclined to mind; the indecision of the upward inflection gives him a loop-hole of escape—you may be only questioning his intentions; but the decided downward inflection, "John, come here," leaves no doubt as to your intentions if he does not obey. For after all is said, or done, we need in the background the feeling that unpleasant consequences will follow disobedience.

Place obedience to parents on the foundation where God places it, "Children obey your parents *for this is right*." He gives no such reason for the obedience to masters by servants, but here, as everywhere, He draws a sharp line of demarkation between the status of a child and of a servant. Obedience to parents is right from the very nature of the rela-

tionship, and it lies at the basis of all other right government.

The correlative is equally true; parents should demand nothing of their children that is not right, nor should they take advantage of this divinely appointed relationship to be tyrannical. We know a lady whose sons were such models of obedience that she was often asked how she trained them to become so. "I never once, even in their childish days, took the ground that I had the right to require anything of them simply because I was their mother," was her somewhat startling answer. But, contrary as it is to the principle and practice of average humanity, I think there is something in her method that reaches down to the bed rock of philosophy and of principle. She required of them only what was *right*, irrespective of any personal relationship, and thus based their obedience on immutable principle.

Our fourth corner-stone is self-reliance. There is a sense in which every human soul is isolated from every other; it stands before God as a unit, responsible for its individual acts; in short, it stands alone upon its own foundation. In a modified sense this is true in its relation to its fellows. Being able to stand alone, makes all the difference between a strong man and a weak one. It has been well said that the great want of the age is men—"men who are not for sale, men who are honest, sound from center to circumference, true to the heart's core; men whose consciences are as steady as the needle to the pole; men who can tell the truth and look the world and the devil right in the eye; men who neither brag nor run, neither flag nor flinch; men who can have courage without shouting to it; men in whom the courage of everlasting life runs deep and strong; men who do not cry, nor cause their voices to be heard in the street, but who will not fail nor be discouraged; who know their message and tell it, know their place and fill it; mind their own business, will not lie, are not too lazy to work, not too proud to be poor; men who

are willing to eat what they have earned, and wear what they have paid for." Such men are self-reliant men, not blown about by every wind of doctrine or whiff of public opinion. To make such men and such women, they must be trained to self-reliance from childhood.

Emerson says that self-trust is the first element of success, the belief that if you are here God put you here for cause, with some task strictly appointed you, and that so long as you work at that, you are well and successful. True self-reliance is founded on faith in God. If it have any shallower foundation it is not self-reliance, but self-conceit; but with its true foundation it becomes an element of great value in character. Especially is self-reliance necessary for Americans, for to them—the people—is committed great political and religious power. Hence, they need to be trained to self-reliant, independent thought and action; to weighing carefully each question brought before them, and to deciding upon its merits for *themselves*.

Do you say this is too difficult a lesson to teach children? Not at all. We are continually, though often unconsciously, teaching them the one lesson or the other, the lesson of self-reliant independence, or of dependence and indecision. If we constantly choose for the child, deciding all questions in matter or in morals for him, we are decidedly *not* training him to be self-reliant. The choosing may be so simple a thing as between two playthings, or between two articles of diet, each equally unobjectionable; but if we choose for him, or allow him to choose first one, then the other, swaying back and forth uncertainly, till in very vexation of spirit we make the choice for him, usually to his great disgust, we are training him to two things: vacillation and distrust of his own judgment—neither of them very serviceable equipments for after life. But give him to understand that he must make the choice himself, promptly yet deliberately, because irre-



vocably, and then abide by the consequences, and you are teaching him an invaluable lesson. Our doting love would shield children from the consequences of their own bad choosing; it is often better to let them suffer the consequences, that in the future they may choose more carefully and wisely.

Train them to be self-reliant by throwing them upon their own responsibility. One way to accomplish this is to give each child some definite work to do, and hold him responsible for the doing. A few years ago I went to visit a friend whose "sons are all daughters." The youngest, a bright little miss of seven years, is my especial pet and always claims me as her own particular guest. I arrived about sundown, and in her delight at my coming and in her efforts to entertain me, Sala forgot her allotted task. After tea we were seated around the fire and Sala was entertaining me with an account of her school experiences, which were still a novelty, as she had just commenced attending school; suddenly she sprang up, exclaiming, "Oh! I forgot," and rushed out of the room, out of the house into the darkness. "What is the matter with Sala?" I asked. "Nothing, only she forgot to get her kindling," her older sister replied, "and she has gone to the wood-house after it." The little girl realized that this was her work, and that if she did not do it it would be undone, and her papa, when he came down in the cold the next morning to make the kitchen fire, would find no kindling ready. This feeling of responsibility made her break away from the pleasant group in the sitting-room, and gave her courage to go out into the darkness to do her neglected duty. If she grows to womanhood, I feel sure my little Sala will be a self-reliant woman.

Another way of training to self-reliance is by allowing children to make purchases by themselves. Of course, this presupposes a training in distinguishing qualities of goods, and a knowledge of the prices to be paid for them. We



know a wise mother who carries on this training very systematically, commencing it when the children are quite young, by allowing them to purchase small, simple articles, like handkerchiefs, and continuing it as they grow older, until they can be trusted not only to purchase all sorts of dry-goods, but to do the family marketing. Some of these children are grown and show the good results of their training in self-reliant manhood and womanhood.

I have another friend, the mother of an only daughter, whom she idolizes with a blind affection. The mother is a wonderfully capable, energetic woman, possessed of what Mrs. Stowe calls "faculty," and is such a good judge of all sorts of goods that her friends esteem it a great favor if she will accompany them when they go shopping. She thinks her daughter made of altogether finer clay than common mortals, herself included; much too good to be burdened with common duties, like shopping and housework, so Inez was never allowed to buy so much as a pocket handkerchief for herself, nor to have any share in, or care of, the work of the household. At eighteen Inez was married, and removing at once to a distant frontier town, was thrown upon her own resources. But she had no resources and no self-reliance. Trained servants were not to be had; most of the work as well as the care of the house came upon her. She must do the family marketing and shopping; but she did not know a "chuck" steak from a porterhouse, and could be easily cheated on dry-goods. Her husband's income was limited, and wise economy was necessary to make both ends meet. Worst of all, she had no confidence in her own judgment. Her bitterest enemy could not have wished to inflict on her more trouble and distress than her doting mother caused by neglecting to train her to self-reliance. Hers may be an exceptional case; if so, it is exceptional in degree only, not in character. Your children may not go out to the frontier, as did the daughter

of my friend, but in the most sheltered homes they will find abundant use for good judgment, decision of character, and that self-reliance which results from the possession of these faculties:

Closely allied to self-reliance, is self-respect. Teach your children to respect themselves by showing that you respect them. Fröbel was wont to take off his hat to any little child he met, bowing, as he said, to the possibilities that are in him. There are possibilities enough wrapped up in every little child to command the loving respect of every parent. If children are undervalued, doubted, snubbed, they are made to lack true self-respect; lacking this when fourteen or sixteen years old, they will never gain it, but sneak through life as though they had no proper place in the world. Destroy self-respect and you break down one of the strongest barriers against degrading vice.

On the other hand we need to guard against the vanity and self-conceit which seem innate to young America. These are the vices of shallowness, a shallow nature, superficial education, and need, for their correction, such a going down to the bottom of things as shall convince young America that he does not know as much as he thinks he does. A wise parent will devise many ways of pricking the bubble of his self-conceit, always doing it good naturedly.

Fidelity naturally follows self-respect. Your boy respects himself too much to do a dishonorable thing, therefore you can rely upon his fidelity. Higher motives also come in—his feeling of responsibility to you, to himself, to God—but without true self-respect these would be inoperative. In nothing is it more apparent that the boy is the father of the man than in respect to fidelity. The faithful boy makes the trustworthy man. When Havelock, the faithful Christian soldier, was a little boy, his father took him to walk one day in London; when in the middle of London bridge, the father remembered

something that must be attended to at home, and placing his son under one of the arches of the bridge, told him to stand there till his return, which he expected would be soon. But on returning to his house a summons called him to another part of the city, and he went, entirely forgetting the boy. The child stood there patiently waiting his return; an hour, two hours passed, a cold rain set in, turning soon to sleet; still the boy stood there shivering but faithful. The father never thought of his son till he sat down to dinner; then he sent a servant after him who found the boy just where his father had placed him eight hours before. Faithful over a few things in childhood, he was made ruler over many things in manhood.

Discretion, that bright jewel in any character, is developed by being trusted. It is twin sister to that prudence which the wise man tells us dwells with wisdom. While in its highest form it is a virtue of maturity rather than of childhood, yet its germ is planted in childhood, by training the reasoning faculties and cultivating the judgment. Shakespeare says:

"Let your own discretion be your tutor.

Suit the action to the word."

This suiting the action to the word is a thing that can be taught and learned.

Closely allied to the foregoing qualities is self-control, and this certainly is one of the all things "which have their beginning in infancy." In the chapter on Babyhood, we have seen how training to self-control commences in the nursery; let it continue through succeeding years in the same spirit, but with varying methods, suited to increased years, and the maturity of your children will prove the truth of the proverb, "He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

Honesty is an old-fashioned virtue, but a cardinal one,

and one to be inculcated from infancy. "Whatsoever things are honest" are to be thought on just as much as "whatsoever things are pure." Honesty should permeate the home life,—honesty in thought, speech and action. When it does we may have a revival of the old-time conscience, exemplified by an official during Washington's administration, who, seeing his son write a private letter on official paper, reprimanded him sharply, and made him restore the sheet three-fold.

There is no more pleasing trait in character than genuine modesty, "That lowly temper which accompanies a moderate estimate of one's own worth and importance, the absence of self-conceit, arrogance and presumption, an inclination to assume less than is one's due, and to concede more than is due to others." This was beautifully exemplified in the character of Dean Stanley when a boy. It is living out the Bible precept, "In honor preferring one another." Closely allied to this is docility, the teachable spirit. Teachableness is necessary to learning; so soon as the child or the man loses the docile spirit he ceases to learn, and so ceases to improve.

Industry is such an important factor in character building that we can not dismiss it with a few paragraphs, but will give a chapter upon employments through which children are trained to industry. Closely connected with industry is the lesson of perseverance which is an invaluable one to the child. For nothing do I thank my mother more than for teaching it to me, by making me finish whatever I commenced. Nothing is truer than the sentence pronounced on the vacillating Reuben, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." Some children have naturally much greater stick-to-it-iveness than others; but judicious training will develop this valuable faculty in greater or less degree in all. If you see that your child is naturally of a vacillating disposition, take the more pains to train him to perseverance. "Nurse most carefully

thy weakest gifts," is a good motto for your guidance, not only in self-culture, but in training your children.

Along with training to the right there must be constant repression of evil tendencies. Selfishness lies at the root of most evil, because it is antagonistic to the golden rule; it is never wholly eradicated except by enthroning God in the heart, where, without Him, self reigns supreme. It crops out continually and must be continually guarded against. Help the little child to fight it by teaching him to share his good things with others, and that nothing is really blessed until shared.

Selfishness often shows itself in the form of morbid sensitiveness, which is usually refined self-love. A child at the table not receiving just the piece of chicken he prefers, bursts out crying and leaves the table; his father says, "Poor Johnnie is so sensitive!" goes and coaxes him back and gives him the desired morsel. If the child had flown into a passion and loudly demanded the piece wanted, his father would have at once detected the selfishness, but since he did not, only cried in a grieved way, his father calls it sensitiveness and pets and pities him. The one is just as really the outgrowth of selfishness as the other, only it shows itself in not quite so repulsive a form.

Selfishness is often shown and fostered in children by their treatment of servants. Some children seem to think that servants have no rights which they are bound to respect. One day I sat at a window overlooking a yard in which the newly-washed clothes were hanging to dry. Adjoining it was a garden in which two little boys were at play. As soon as they saw the white clothes, some imp of mischief suggested to them to pelt them with dirt, and at it they went, so that when the girl returned with a second basketful, the first were in such plight that it would take an hour's hard work at the wash-tub to make them again presentable. She called to



the boys to stop, but they paid no attention; then she appealed to their mother who stopped their sport, it is true, but spoke of it in their presence in such a way that they failed to recognize the meanness of their conduct. And before the day was out they were playing off some other trick upon the servant that caused her hours of work.

Quite different was the lesson incidentally taught by another lady of my acquaintance. One day her dressmaker brought Mrs. Ward a dress she had finished. Mrs. Ward examined it, saw something about it that needed altering, but said nothing until the dressmaker went away, then proceeded to make the necessary alteration. Her little niece who was visiting her, but whose home was with another auntie of different spirit, said, "Why did you not make the dressmaker alter your dress? You paid her for doing it, and she ought to do it to suit you." "Usually, I do have Annie make any alteration in work that she has not done to suit me; but did you not hear her say she was going to see her mother this afternoon? It is very seldom she can go; I know she has been planning and working for this visit for several weeks, and it would have been cruel to deprive her of it. I have nothing especial to do this afternoon, and I can fix the dress just as well as not." "But," persisted her niece, "you might have told her about it, even if you didn't make her do the work over. I'd have had the satisfaction of letting her know that I knew it was not right." "But, my dear, don't you see that would have spoiled her visit? If I had mentioned it to her she would have felt that she must stay and fix it, for she is a very conscientious girl. Even if she had yielded to my solicitations and gone to her mother's, it would have taken away some of the pleasure of her visit to know I was doing her work over; and you know she has so few good times, I can not bear to spoil one of them." "Aunt Jane would have made her fix it," persisted the little girl,



and doubtless she was right. But Mrs. Ward did not tell her so; she simply replied, "Aunt Jane has so many children and so much to do, probably she could not have found the time to do it as easily as I can, who have but one child to sew for;" thus adding a lesson against evil speaking to that of thoughtful kindness toward employes.

"First pure, then peaceable," is the divine order of precedence. If we would have peace in our lives, or in our households, we must first have purity. How shall we transmute the innocency of the child into the purity of the man or woman? "Keep thyself pure" is God's command. Purity is freedom from all that contaminates and defiles. Whether it shall be secured for their children depends largely upon the care taken of them by their parents. There seems to be a close connection between cleanliness and purity. God's way of teaching purity to His ancient people, (rather, His way of making it an ingrained part of their nature) was by the washings in clean water; the robes of the priests "of fine linen, clean and white;" the perfect cleanliness of all vessels used in his sanctuary; the "without spot or blemish" required of every sacrifice offered to Him. Similar means will teach the same lesson in our homes. See that the child's skin is always kept clean by bathing in pure water; that its clothes, no matter how coarse and patched, are clean and whole; that the dishes from which it eats and the bed in which it sleeps are clean. Dirt and indecency seem to be twin brothers. Do not shock or destroy the child's modesty by undue exposure of its person. We have seen sensitive children sob as though their hearts would break on being undressed in the presence of strangers. On the other hand, we see children who delight in being naked, who dance and shout in ecstasy if they can escape from their bath undressed. This is no sign of lack of modesty, and should not be treated as such. We saw in Babyhood how the child delights in his own body; it is a

perfectly natural, innocent delight, felt undoubtedly by Adam and Eve before sin drove them to make a garment of fig leaves. I have seen Indians with their squaws walking proudly about, dressed only in breech-clouts and ear-rings; yet unchastity is unknown among them. Purity is not dependent upon the conventionalism of clothes; unlike beauty, it is more than skin-deep. It strikes its roots down deep into our moral nature. Instead of crying, "Shame! shame!" to the little one when he unduly exposes his person, and thus planting in his mind the seeds of suspicion and impure thought, we can teach that some parts of our body are to be covered, not because they are less pure than others—for why are we to call that which God has made "common or unclean?"—but because custom so requires. This, translated by wise mother love into his own language, he can and will understand.

And oh! parents, if you would preserve purity in your children, let them hear from your own lips, and not from coarse, vulgar "help" or street companions all that they need to know of the great mysteries of life, and its beginnings. A few years ago there appeared in a metropolitan journal the following article which expresses our thoughts upon this subject so much more forcibly and beautifully than we can express them, that we give it entire. Do not turn from its beginning with a sneer, but read it through, asking honestly, meanwhile, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" in this matter.

#### "WHAT GOD HAS CALLED PURE."

Sixteen years ago, Madam Sarti gave physiological lessons in New York, to ladies. One day there came to her rooms a mother with twin boys, ten years old. She asked Madam Sarti to show to the children the wax model of the female body with which she lectured, and to give to them her

usual full description and explanation of every organ and its use. The womb was represented in the seventh month of pregnancy with twins. When Madam Sarti reached this she was about to pass it by without mention. "Stop," said the mother, "that is precisely what I most wish my little sons to see." Then, as the children looked with earnest wonder on the two tiny bodies, locked tightly in each other's embrace, she said, "My darlings, you know I have often told you how for nine long months you lay close together in that wonderful little room which God has made in the mother's body. Now you can see just how it was. See how much mamma must love you, and how dreadful it would be if you did not love each other." When Madam Sarti told us this story the tears stood in her eyes, and she said in her broken English, "O, I do bless that woman! What men will she make those boys to be!"

There are mothers who will read this with a hasty blush and a half sneer. It is of no use to speak to such; we have tried it, and we have not found any words they could understand. But there are mothers who will pause, and while they are perhaps a little startled, will have a thrill of earnest questioning: "Is this really what ought to be done? How could I do it? How can I be sure that it would be best?" To these we stretch out our hands and cry, "What God has called pure, shall we call impure and withhold it from His little ones? Shall we allow the holiest of His mysteries to be rudely handled by coarse men and women in their hearing, to be defiled and overlaid with lies, to be made a savor of death unto death to them, instead of a savor of life unto life? All this we do if we delay for one unnecessary hour the telling them all that they can understand—and they can understand all that we know—of the great laws of the human body, of sex and reproduction.

There are three objections which we have heard made to

this by intelligent mothers who discussed the question with heart-felt solemnity and interest, but were unable to get clear convictions upon it. First, that it must be better for children to know nothing of such matters until an age when they can comprehend them perfectly, and the information will have a practical bearing on their relations to others. Second, that if children were wholly informed on such points, they would, in their innocent unreserve, constantly annoy older people by embarrassing allusions and questions. Third, that after all it would be impossible to give them so full an explanation as they would wish, and that a partial one would do no good.

These are worth answering: the first one is illogical—it begs the whole question; but it is the objection we most often hear. To save words, we might admit that if it were possible for young children's minds to be kept wholly free from all speculation and curiosity, it might be better. We do not believe this. But there is no harm in waiving a point which practically does not exist, for it is impossible in the nature of things that their minds should be kept thus free. The question is not between entire absence of knowledge of the subject on the one hand, and a full understanding of it on the other; but between the knowledge of the truth and a knowledge of lies; between the debasing, clandestine groping after explanation of coarse hints and accidental suggestions, and the free, pure-hearted knowledge of a great fact of nature, which is only one among many, no more wonderful than others, and not of itself, aside from the stimulating mystery in which guilty souls have wrapped it up, likely to occupy a child's thoughts any more than many other facts in the natural history of birds and animals.

All nature teaches to your boy, every day, things which are inconsistent with the lies you have told him. Soon he will find them out, then comes sensual suggestion, first born

of mystery ; companionship is always at hand ; concealment is as possible for him as for you ; and some day, while you sit at ease, believing him to be as pure as a babe, he is half ruined body and soul. Physicians, if they would, might do more than any other men to open mother's eyes to these dangers. No boy is safe, no girl, whose mind is not fortified against suggestions of evil ; first, by so clear a comprehension of the laws and relations of sex that the subject can have none of the attractions of a hidden and forbidden thing ; secondly, by a full understanding of the danger and the penalty of violating any of the laws of their own bodies.

The second objection—that children, if as fully informed as we are, would embarrass us by too free allusions and questions, it is difficult to meet with anything but stinging satire. Do we then, on the other plan, escape these allusions and questions which our unclean souls dare to find embarrassing ?

Is it easier for us to look into each others' eyes when a dear little child runs up, with breathless joy and says, "Only think, only think, last night a man brought a baby here in a basket, and we are going to keep it to be my little brother," than if he said, "Last night my mamma had a little boy born; we are all very happy, and to-day mamma feels quite strong and comfortable." O ! mother, which is best ? Do not tears fill your eyes, as you see for the first time this truth and this lie side by side ?

Of course there are points and occasions when children must be reserved ; there is no difficulty in teaching them this. They can understand this as well as we do, when they understand all that we do. There is no danger of their forgetting ; they are not stupid. A mother's delicate touch can point out to them clearly enough the things they are not to say, and the places they are not to say them ; teaching them that this is not because the things are improper, but because custom so determines. Moreover, children so treated, feel



that they have the mother's confidence; these are things which she and they hold together in secret keeping, and only mention when they are alone. Dear mothers, if you knew how easy it all is!

To the third objection—that it is impossible to give children a full explanation—our first answer always is, “Why?” and we have never yet received anything in reply, except a repetition of the first assertion that it is impossible. And again we say, “Why?”

We try to make our children hold birds' nests sacred by telling them all about the beautiful mystery of the little bird shut up in the egg, with its yolk food. We tell them of this law of reproduction through family after family of the animal kingdom. We show them how the spider packs hers in a little round silken bag, and fastens each in its place by a silver thread. We tell them how the ichneumon-fly bores holes in the wood for hers. We give them a silk-worm to watch through its mysterious stages of larva and chrysalis. We read them the story of that wonderful fellow, the nurse frog, who takes the eggs from the mother frog as soon as they are laid, and packs and glues them, sixty at a time, on his own legs, and walks round and round the pond with them till they are large enough to be safely shipped off into the water and left to hatch themselves into tadpoles. We tell them how the kangaroos are born helpless little things, only an inch long, and are put by the mother at once, into a soft, hair-lined chamber, in shape of a pouch, which hangs under her body, where they find their milk all ready for them in tubes in the walls, and live and frolic for six or eight months. Is it any harder to tell them about the growth of the most wonderful home in the human body, held there by a bond closer than the animals know; cherished there from its first instant of life by a love greater than any other love in the world?



Oh ! into what new sonship does your son enter, when he knows all this ! As he grows up, in how much purer, tenderer, more solemn honor does he hold you for the motherhood you have revealed to him ; and all other women for their motherhood which might be ! With what calm, clear-eyed reverence will your daughter take upon her the burden and blessing of her womanhood, and meet the joy and the intent of a strong man's love ! more innocent in her fullness of knowledge than any girl can be in her wondering maze of ignorance, more modest in her sweet, solemn acceptance of law than any girl can be in her blind, perverted fear ; you have made her ready to be the pure wife of a pure husband, the glad mother of glad children.

Sins against the laws of purity are many. Society is disordered by them. Of them, men and women die daily, body and soul. Cures are all the time being sought. Good people are working and praying, and a few are saved. But we honestly believe that more could be accomplished by bringing fathers and mothers to a right understanding of the subject on which we have here barely touched, than by all other instrumentalities put together ; that would strike at the root, begin at the beginning. Knowledge makes souls free, innocent, safe. Ignorance maketh ashamed, and of shame comes guilt.

“What God has called pure, that call not ye impure !”

A MOTHER.

My own experience leads me to believe that such confidences between parents and children are strong defences to purity. I once had a favorite pupil, a young man whose family I had known from his childhood. Until thirteen years old he was the only child, then a little sister was born to him. Before her birth, his mother, a woman of rare refinement and delicacy, between whom and her boy had always existed the

closest intimacy, took him into her most secret confidence, told him of the great joy she hoped would soon come to them ; of the change it would make in her figure, which she knew his sharp eyes would soon perceive, and his quick mind wonder about ; of the sickness which must precede the joy ; all that was necessary to enable him to enter into closest sympathy with her. Never was a trust more loyally received or more faithfully guarded. Never did a son show more knightly devotion to his mother, nor ever did one grow into purer manhood. This was remarked by all ; few knew the secret of it as I did, for I traced it directly to the influence of that mother and her confidence in him, which ever after made maternity and all that pertains to it too sacred a thing to him for jest or careless mention.

Guard your children against the contamination arising from hearing coarse jokes, vulgar allusions or lewd stories ; sometimes, we grieve to say, these are heard even around the home fireside ; often the danger comes from bad associates ; in the country, farm-hands too often sow the seeds of impurity in your boys' minds ; in town the danger comes from the education of the street. For the street is an educator just as much as the home, or the school, or the church ; and since it is so, its moral atmosphere should be as pure as either. We all know that it is not, and that it never can be so long as one dram-shop opens on it, for to the dram-shop the moral pollution of the community naturally gravitates ; there is no other place where virtue is so lightly esteemed, where lewd stories and coarse allusions are so rife. There are other demoralizing influences beside the dram-shop. Often a store is made the rallying-point of the village, where, night after night, men—and, we blush to say it, Christian fathers—congregate, and spend the hours that ought to be devoted to wife and children, in smoking, talking politics or gossip, and telling such stories as they would blush to have their wives and

daughters hear. They may be, in the main, well-meaning men, but they can not avoid being smirched by such associations. They endanger the purity of the home by bringing into its atmosphere, all unconsciously to themselves, something of the impurity of their nightly associations. If you would have your sons and daughters grow up pure, beware what influences you bring into the home, as well as what influence you expose them to outside of it.

Every family should be a White Cross society, supplied with White Cross literature and pledges. Here are the obligations for men :

I PROMISE BY GOD'S HELP

- I. To treat all women with respect, and endeavor to protect them from wrong and degradation.
- II. To endeavor to put down all indecent language and coarse jests.
- III. To maintain the law of purity as equally binding upon men and women.
- IV. To endeavor to spread these principles among my companions, and try to help my younger brothers.
- V. To use all possible means to fulfill the command, "Keep thyself pure."

Here are the corresponding obligations for women :

I PROMISE BY GOD'S HELP

- I. To uphold the law of purity as equally binding upon men and women.
- II. To be modest in language, behavior and dress.
- III. To avoid all conversation, reading, art, and amusements which may put impure thoughts into my mind.
- IV. To guard the purity of others, especially of the young.
- V. To strive after the special blessing promised to the pure in heart.

These are printed on beautiful cards, and also on white satin book-marks. As soon as your boys and girls are old enough, explain these obligations to them and encourage them to take these pledges prayerfully, solemnly. Let each sign the appropriate obligation, giving the card thus signed to the mother ; she, in return, gives to them the white satin book-marks which they keep ever after in their Bibles, thus linking purity with the most sacred thoughts of their

hearts, those associated with their mother and with the Word of God.

Watch carefully the literature of the home; while there is no more elevating influence than that which flows from good reading, there is scarcely a more debasing one than that of impure literature. If we would keep the home free from it, eternal vigilance must be the price of liberty. It forces its way through every avenue; even the daily papers which seem such a necessity to most fathers, are, many of them, unfit for family reading. They delight in drawing "a muck-rake through the haunts of sin," and dishing up as the daily mental food of their readers the pollution they find there, sickening details of crime gathered from the police courts and the slums, whole columns devoted to reports of prize-fights, while they begrudge five lines in which to record some really noble action, or some work for God and humanity. There are so-called boys' and girls' weeklies, filled with stories of criminal life, with a vein of licentiousness running through them, and we have seen Christian parents inveigled into subscribing for them because, forsooth, the publisher gave from one to a dozen chromos with every paper. You must prevent these streams of pollution from running into your homes if you would preserve their purity.

As you study this problem of character building, of which we have given you only the first elements, do you cry out in dismay, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Not one of us without God's help; but we can, like Paul, "do all things through Christ which strengthens us." He has "to our burden bent the might of His omnipotence," making His strength perfect in our weakness, while we work together with God to form in our children "that mind which was in Christ Jesus."

Thousands, yes millions, of Christian homes, from which have gone out pure-hearted, strong-souled sons and daugh-

ters, testify to this fact. No character in history demonstrates more unmistakably the value of right character building in the home than George Washington. Let us look into that Virginia home and see on what foundation that character was based, and how the glorious superstructure was reared.

If America has a patron saint, her name is Mary Washington. Very sweet are the echoes which come to us from that old Virginia home where Mary Washington sung cradle-hymns to her first-born—George. Very touching and tender are the tales tradition tells of her; very noble was the life she lived, and grand the lessons which this living teaches. Her life-work was the noblest work of women—the training of her children. How faithfully she did it and how successfully, the father of his country tells us when, in the zenith of his power, he declares, “All that I am I owe, under God, to my mother’s influence.” Each of her children, noble and honored all of them, could bear the same testimony.

From that bright spring morning, 1730, when Augustine Washington brought her home a bride, till that time when, in 1789, she greeted her son as President, and then lay down to die, her life was a benediction to all who bore the name of Washington.

Mary Ball was a great beauty, the acknowledged belle of Westmoreland county. Augustine Washington, when he sought her hand in marriage, was a widower with two sons, and was one of the leading planters in the district. Physically, intellectually, morally, he was every inch a man—of magnificent physique, remarkable muscular strength, and equally strong of heart and strong of soul—an American Bayard, the knight without fear and without reproach. And Mary was worthy to be his wife. A lady of the old school, she possessed a strong mind and clear judgment, united with great simplicity of manner, energy and truthfulness. The



heart of her husband did safely trust in her. She was a queen of Nature's own making; all within her influence became her willing subjects.

The home to which her husband brought her was a little, low house on Pope Creek, just above where it empties into the Potomac. No vestige of it now remains, but over its site wild flowers bloom and delicate vines weave their traces of green, fit emblems of the loving home-life lived there. A monumental stone now marks the spot, bearing this inscription, "Here, on the eleventh\* of February, 1732, George Washington was born." Nine years were spent by the family in this old house, built by their great-grandfather when he first came to America, and then they removed to an estate on the Rappahannock river, nearly opposite Fredericksburg. The new home was much finer than the old, and here Lady Washington, as she was popularly called, spent four as happy years as are often given to mortals. Rich in her noble husband and her five charming children, and in all else which makes life enjoyable, no cloud appeared to mar the perfect splendor of her day. But suddenly, as from a clear sky, the storm burst. Her husband was stricken down with mortal sickness, and in a few days he was a corpse.

Into the sacredness of that death chamber we may not enter; upon the agony of that devoted wife we may not look. But Mary Washington knew in whom is the resurrection and the life; in His strength she arose and took up the burden of life, now too heavy for her unaided strength to bear. She was a widow with the care of five children, the oldest only eleven years of age, and of the large estate left them by their father. This included a plantation for each child, together with some iron mines and other property.

Her husband showed his perfect confidence in her judgment by placing all the proceeds of her childrens' property

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\*Old style.



at her disposal till they should respectively become of age. Thus, the management of complicated business affairs was added to her weighty responsibility of training her young children. Mary Washington was fully equal to the task. Her native good sense, her tenderness and watchfulness, conquered all difficulties. Her husband had been in every respect a model father. The training of his children, physical, intellectual, moral, was the one great aim of his life. In this work Mrs. Washington had ably seconded him. Now, when it dropped from his lifeless fingers, she took it up and completed it.

There were few schools in those days, and they were of the poorest description. Augustine Washington had himself been educated in England, and so long as he lived he superintended his children's education. Now this work devolved upon the mother. She sent them to the best schools within reach, but these were very poor, and the real work of their education was done at home.

I love to linger in imagination over the home-picture of those evenings spent around the fire-place of that hospitable Virginian mansion. Here the children gathered about their mother, and the events of the day, its study, its work, its follies, were eagerly discussed. Never was there a stricter disciplinarian than Mary Washington; never a mother more revered by her children, yet never one who was more her children's intimate friend. They confided everything to her, and with cordial, genuine sympathy she entered into every interest of each one of their lives. This was the great secret of her power over them. After an hour spent thus in unrestrained conversation, she always read to them a portion of Sir Matthew Hale's *Contemplations*, selected with judicious reference to the experience or the needs of the hour. On this work, so full of plain, simple, but exquisite Christian maxims, and on the Bible, she sought to form her children's character.

So well did she succeed that in the character of George Washington we continually see their golden gleamings, and it has been aptly said that some of the models which Sir Matthew holds up for contemplation are life-like descriptions of Washington.

Mrs. Washington possessed the rare power of distinguishing between an accident and a crime, even in a moment of sudden surprise, and was never guilty of blunting her children's moral sense by confounding the two. An incident will illustrate this point. On her plantation was a splendid colt, her especial pet and pride. He had never been ridden and defied all attempts to bring him under control. But George possessed a spirit equal to the colt's, and determined to master it. So, without telling his mother, early one morning he went to the pasture. The colt came prancing up in answer to his whistle. After caressing it a few moments George sprang upon its back. "Now comes the tug of war." The colt dashes madly off, but George can ride as fast as it can run. Then it springs, now to this side, now to that, hoping to unhorse its rider, but the young Virginian is too good a horseman for that. It rears, it plunges, and finally, with a tremendous effort, it throws itself clear over backward and breaks its neck. George scrambles to his feet unhurt, but the colt does not stir; it is effectually broken, it lies stone dead.

What shall he do? He knows that there is not another animal on the place which his mother prizes so highly, and now he has killed it. He was tempted to do as Daniel Boone did in similar circumstances—run away to escape the consequences; but his better nature triumphed. He went bravely in and told his mother the whole story. Of course she was shocked, and in the first moment of disappointment inclined to reproach George, but she rigorously repressed every symptom of annoyance and replied, "I regret the loss of

my favorite, but I rejoice in my son who has courage to speak the truth." By such a course Mrs. Washington won the confidence of her children, as well as retained their affection.

An hour was coming in which she had need of all the power this love and confidence could bestow. When George was fourteen years old he went to live with his half-brother Lawrence, at Mount Vernon, for the purpose of attending school. Lawrence, whom the boy seems to have idolized, had been an officer in the British army, and, thinking to promote his favorite's interest, procured for George a commission in the British navy. The ship was about sailing, and thinking their mother would surely be pleased with the honor done her boy, they did not wait to consult her, but made all arrangements and had George's trunk on board of the man-of-war before she knew anything of the matter. Then George went to bid her good-bye. But the clear eye of Mrs. Washington saw the temptation and danger into which a sailor's life would lead her boy. She set them before him calmly and forcibly, telling him she could never give her consent to his thus going where his soul would be imperiled. He submitted to her decision, and without a murmur resigned what, to an enthusiastic boy, must have seemed the most brilliant prospects.

For this act, if for none other, does Mary Washington deserve to be held in reverence. Imagine what American history would be with Washington in the British navy, fighting against America, instead of leading her armies to victory! That this is not the case we owe, under God, to Mary Washington.

Thus the mother guarded and guided her children, and thus they grew to noble manhood. It needs not that we dwell on those long years of war. Each mother can imagine the anxieties, the fears, the distress they brought to Mrs. Washington. But they were also years of courageous,

hopeful love. In the darkest hours Washington repaired to his mother, and her counsel, her courage and her prayers armed him anew for the strife. The war is over and those first succeeding years of even greater peril to our Nation are safely passed. The Constitution is adopted and Washington unanimously elected President. On his way to New York to be inaugurated, he visits his mother in the old Rapahannock home. For a few hours she enjoys his society, and he receives from her words of counsel and loving benediction. Some one entering, congratulates her on the honors achieved by her son. She replies, "I am not surprised, George was always a good boy."

Do we not discern here the four corner-stones—loving trust in God, truthfulness, obedience and self-reliance?—and upon them was reared the superstructure of this noble life.



## Building.

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I was sitting alone towards the twilight,  
With spirit troubled and vexed,  
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,  
And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing,  
For the child of my love and care,  
Some stitches half wearily setting.  
In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about the "building,"  
The work some day to be tried;  
And that only the gold and the silver,  
And the precious stones should abide.

And remembering my own poor efforts,  
The wretched work I had done,  
And even when trying most truly,  
The meager success I had won,

It is nothing but "wood, hay and stubble,"  
I said: "It will all be burned"—  
This useless fruit of the talents,  
One day to be returned.

And I have so hungered to serve Him,  
And sometimes I know I have tried,  
But I'm sure when He sees such building,  
He will never let it abide.

Just then, as I turned the garment,  
That no rent should be left behind,  
My eye caught an odd little bungle  
Of mending and patchwork combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,  
And something blinded my eyes,  
With one of those sweet intuitions  
That sometimes make us so wise.

Dear child! she wanted to help me;  
I knew 'twas the best she could do,  
But oh! what a botch she had made it—  
The gray mismatching the blue!

And yet—can you understand it?  
With a tender smile and tear,  
And a half compassionate yearning,  
I felt her grow more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,  
And the dear Lord said to me,  
“Art thou tenderer for the little child  
Than I am tender for thee?”

Then straightway I knew His meaning,  
So full of compassion and love,  
And my faith came back to its refuge  
Like the glad returning dove.

So I thought, when the Master Builder  
Comes down this temple to view,  
To see what rents must be mended  
And what must be builded anew,

Perhaps as He looks o'er the building  
He will bring my work to the light,  
And, seeing the marring and bungling,  
And how far it all is from right,

He will feel as I felt for my darling,  
And will say as I said for her,  
“Dear child! she wanted to help Me,  
And love for Me was the spur.



"And, for the real love that was in it,  
The work shall seem perfect as Mine,  
And because it was willing service,  
I will crown it with plaudit Divine."

And there in the deepening twilight  
I seemed to be clasping a hand,  
And to feel a great love constrain me,  
Stronger than any command.

Then I knew by the thrill of sweetness,  
'Twas the hand of the blessed One  
Which would tenderly guide and hold me  
Till all the labor is done.

So my thoughts are never more gloomy,  
My faith is no longer dim,  
But my heart is strong and restful,  
And mine eyes are unto Him.



## CHAPTER X.

### Religion in Character Building.



OW shall I lead my child to Christ? is, to many parents, the most momentous question of their lives. It *is* a most momentous question; one which we approach with the deepest humility, knowing our insufficiency to answer it without Divine aid, and praying earnestly for that aid. "Guide us into all truth" is our prayer; without that guidance we may wander into error, where error is fatal to human souls.

How shall I lead my child to Christ? O, parent, tender and loving as you are, is there not a cruel fallacy in the very question, the fallacy that Christ is afar off from your little ones, and can only be found of them after laborious and conscious search? Is there not in your heart, back of the question and prompting it, the idea that your children must go on for a time in sin, not knowing their blessed Savior, wandering away from Him, and only returning to Him in after years by retracing their steps through the devious and difficult ways by which sin has led them away from Him? Is there no place within the fold of the tender Shepherd for little ones? Is it like Him who "carrieth the lambs in His bosom," to safely fold the *sheep* and leave the lambs *outside*? And yet this is just what we charge upon Him when we believe, or act as though we believed, that our children

can not be converted and become really His until they reach maturity, or, as we vaguely say, years of discretion. If they are not His—His who bought them with His own precious blood—whose are they in the interval between birth and that uncertain period which our halting faith fixes as the proper time for their conversion? The inevitable answer may well shock us out of our inactivity, for there are in the wide universe but two masters of souls, God and Satan.

Do not misunderstand us as teaching that children are all right by nature and have no need of regeneration; that if left alone they will grow into the beauty of holiness spontaneously. Twenty-five years' experience with children in the school-room has convinced us that such an idea is a fallacy. What we do affirm is, that it is possible, and ought to be common, for the children of Christian parents to grow up Christians, and never know themselves to have been otherwise. This should be the expectation of Christian parents; we rejoice to know that this is the expectation of many, and we have never known this expectation disappointed, except in cases where the disappointment was easily accounted for by extraneous circumstances. The atmosphere of the home into which they were born may not have been such as to nurture growth of the spiritual life implanted in the infant soul, though where there is this expectation on the part of both parents, that is not often the case. It may be that the church atmosphere is so cold as to freeze out the tender shoot; its style of piety may be active and bold, but with a certain hardness and rudeness—a piety of conquest, rather than one of love. Worst of all, and most common, there may be in the church a spirit of skepticism concerning child conversions, a feeling that the conversion of a little child is of small account compared with the conversion of an adult. We see this manifested in the way conversions, or accessions to the church, are often announced—so many adults “besides a number of children.”

Yet, look over your church, or your community, and see if your most consistent Christians, those who do most effective Christian work, were converted in childhood, or in maturity. I have tested this matter in many communities, and almost without exception, investigation has proved that the majority were converted in childhood, or youth. In very many cases they can not tell when they were converted, but seem, like Samuel and John the Baptist, to have been regenerated from the womb. This is strikingly exemplified by the Moravian brethren, and no church is more characterized by earnest, consistent piety, and consecration to the Master's service. It is affirmed that not one in ten of the members of this church recollects the time when he or she began to be religious. Parents expected and worked in the hope of having children "grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," not waiting till they are grown up to begin that nurture. Their churches are founded on the same idea, and are schools of holy nurture to the children whom they expect to grow up there as plants in the house of the Lord.

The same is true of the Waldenses, that heroic church, which, through the dark ages, held aloft the torch of Christ, even when that torch was lighted at martyrs' fires, and the church was, as Milton calls it, "the burning bush" of Christendom. Its radical distinction, the basis on which it was founded as a church, was the Christian nurture of its children. It believed that children could be sanctified from their birth; it acted on this belief, and results justified its faith. The bitterest persecutions failed to shake the faith of these child-Christians. Again, and again, and again, children accompanied their parents to the stake, and sang praises to God while the flames consumed their bodies. The wife and four children of Gianovel, the Garibaldi of the Waldenses, were captured by their enemies and offered the alternative of burning at the stake or abjuring their religion; without a moment's

hesitation they chose the former, and all five souls ascended in fiery chariots to heaven. The joint letter they sent to husband and father is one of the most heroic, and at the same time most pathetic, documents on record.

We hear much of German skepticism, and see it in the universities and among the upper classes, yet the body of the German people are constantly spoken of as religious by nature. Why is this? "It is due," says Dr. Bushnell, "beyond all reasonable question, to the fact that children are placed under a form of treatment which expects them to be religious, and are not discouraged by the demand of an experience above their years."

So much for the results of expecting children to be Christians. Have we any foundation in the Bible for such an expectation? Without such foundation the expectation will be a misleading fallacy. It seems to me that God expressly lays it upon Christian parents to expect their children to grow up in piety under parental nurture. He says, "Train up a child"—how? To be converted a dozen or a score of years hence? No; "Train up a child in *the way he should go*," not in the way he must forcibly be turned out of before he becomes a Christian. The New Testament phraseology carries the same idea, "Bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." This indicates that there is a divine nurture that may encompass the child, and mould him into the divine image.

Again, a time is told when all shall "know the Lord, from the least unto the greatest." Surely this includes children. If children can know the Lord *then*, why can they not know Him *now*? And will not their knowing Him now hasten the coming of this blessed time?

Dear friends, have you this expectation that your children will *early* know the Lord? For the very love you bear them, probe down deep into your heart, and reach the true answer.

You are loving and tender of your children, will make any sacrifice to feed, clothe and educate them ; for their sake you gladly renounce ease, comfort, health, rest ; yet amid all your loving sacrifices for them, do you not do their souls an irreparable wrong by distrusting the loving mercy of your God to them—His longing and His ability to seal them His, and bring them into His fold while still little children, like those of whom His Son said, “Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven?”

We charge you by the love you bear your children, to answer this question truthfully to yourself and to God. And if the truthful answer must be “Yes,” pray earnestly, “Lord, increase our faith,” for, “according to your faith, so be it unto you.”

“You will never practically aim at what you practically despair of ;” if you do not practically believe your child can be united to God, you will aim at something lower and less. So says Dr. Bushnell, and in this connection we can do you no better service than to urge you to read prayerfully his his book, “Christian Nurture.” In the few succeeding pages we shall follow the thread of his argument, without quoting his exact words.

“My child is a sinner,” you say, and truthfully. “How can I expect him to begin a new life, till God gives him a new heart?” Who has told you that a child can not have a new heart? Where do you learn that if you live the life of Christ before him and with him, the law of the Spirit of Life may not be such as to include and quicken him also? You have no doubt that men and women are converted through the public preaching of the Word. If your life continually, as it ought, though perhaps silently, preaches Christ, why should not that preaching be sanctified to the conversion of your child, as well as the oral preaching of any minister? Justin Martyr, in the first Christian century, testifies that he and others of his age, were “made disciples in early childhood.” The



saintly Baxter, nearer our own times, tells us that he was "for a long time in darkness because he could not point to the exact date of his conversion, but God brought him out of it by showing him that a Christian education is most effective means of grace, and that under it, children, himself among the number, are converted before they are old enough to remember it."

Why should it be thought incredible that there should be some really good principle awakened in the mind of a child? Conversion is but the beginning of the Christian life, not its full perfection. A Christian is one who has begun to love what is good, for its own sake; why should it be thought impossible for a child to have this love begotten in him? He is, in that case, only a child converted to good, and leading a mixed life as all Christians do. The good in him goes into combat with the evil, and holds a qualified sovereignty; and this combat goes on, if we may trust Paul's experience, till life's close. Why may not this internal conflict of goodness cover life from its dawn as well as any part of it? And what is more appropriate to the doctrine of spiritual influences, which we all believe, than to hold that as the spirit of Jehovah pervades all the worlds of matter, and holds and governs all objects, so all human souls, infantile as well as adult, have a nurture of the Holy Spirit, appropriate to their age and their wants?

It would be very singular if the loving Jesus, in his scheme of mercy for the world, had found no place for infants and little children, more singular still if He had given them the place of adults; and more than singular if He had appointed them to years of sin as the necessary preparation for his mercy. And yet that is just the theory on which is based that education which brings up the child for *future* conversion—instead of expecting and working for his conversion now—*now*, though he may be but a babe in arms. The very

fact that the Christian parent is led to desire the early conversion of his children, and that the intensity of this desire is just in proportion to the depth of his piety and the closeness of his walk with God, is proof that God is ready to grant this blessing. For He never implants such desires in the heart without meaning to fulfill them. He does not teach us to pray "Give us this day our daily bread," intending to answer that prayer by giving us a stone.

Assuming the corruption of human nature, when is it wisest to undertake a remedy? When evil is young and pliant to good, or when it is confirmed by years of sinful habits? How easy is it in childhood to make all wrong seem odious; all good, lovely and desirable! If not discouraged by some ill-temper that bruises the sensitive spirit, or repelled by some technical view of religious character which puts it beyond his age, the child is ready to be taken for good, and yield his ductile nature to the truth and spirit of God, and to a fixed prejudice against all that God forbids.

Of course he can not understand the whole philosophy of religion, but a right spirit may be virtually exercised in children, when as yet, it is not intellectually received. They can be put upon an effort to be good because God desires it, and will help them in the endeavor; this is all that, at a very early age, they can receive, but it is sufficient; indeed, it includes everything—repentance, love, duty, dependence, faith. Nay more, if the Christian scheme, the gospel, is really wrapped up in the heart of the parent, and beams out in all his looks and actions, the spirit of God may make this living truth as effectual, even before it can be taught in words, as the preaching of the gospel itself. What manner of men and women ought parents to be in all godly living and conversation!

It is never too early for good to be communicated. Infancy and childhood are most pliant to good. It can not

be necessary that the plastic nature of childhood must first be hardened into stone, and stiffened into enmity toward God and duty, before it can become even a candidate for Christian character. There is no age that offers itself to God's truth and love, and to the influence of His Spirit with such ductile feeling and such tender sensibilities as childhood. Its being placed under parental authority makes him to see the abstract principle of duty personified in his parents, and learning to obey them "in the Lord for this is right," is the first step towards learning to obey God. It is for this reason that teaching children obedience to parents is of such vital importance. When the child is brought to exercise true and loving submission to the good will of his parents, you will often see a look of childish joy, a happy sweetness of manner, a delight in authority, as like to Christian experiences as anything childish can be to anything mature.

"When I was a child, I thought as a child," said Paul. We are not to expect a child to think a man's thoughts, nor undergo a man's experiences. Sometimes I think we expect too much of children, and when we can not discern the perfected fruits of the Spirit in them, decide there has not been even the blossoming of grace in their hearts. We subject them to more severe tests than mature Christians can bear. We choke their spiritual life out with strong meat, instead of nourishing it with the sincere milk of the Word. My own childish experience, which I can not now recall without a shudder, illustrates this. I was converted when a very little child, and was very happy in the consciousness of my Heavenly Father's love, until I was nine years old. Then my earthly father, who had always led me beside the still waters of God, was called home. A good old elder, coming, as in duty bound, to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and questioning us concerning our "spiritual state," propounded to me, the youngest of the group, some

knotty questions concerning election and fore-ordination, asking me if I accepted the doctrines. I told him honestly I did not know, and he saw in that answer positive proof that I was not "a child of God." We all knelt in prayer, and his words spoken to God concerning me, were so burned into my heart that I seem to hear them now. "O God! Thou seest that Satan has fast hold of this child; deliver her, we pray Thee from his power." He was called a godly man, and really meant to do his duty, but if he had thrust a dagger into my heart he could not have done me a greater injury. He killed all joy, all hope in my heart, and caused me to walk in the blackness of darkness for many years. Light broke through the darkness at last, but not till "after many days." I look back to those years now as wasted years, because they were spent in wandering away from my Father, instead of drawing near to Him and learning to do His will. In all these wanderings His love followed me, and brought me back at last, fitted, perhaps, to deal more tenderly with child-souls, because of this deep wound inflicted on my own.

Do we not often fail in leading our children to Christ, or of recognizing when they are accepted in the Beloved," through setting up standards of conversion that are mechanical, and proper only to adult age? We may be right in asserting the necessity of a new birth, but we do not perceive under what a variety of forms the change may be wrought. We imagine that the soul can be exercised only in one given way, which is a struggle with sin, a conscious self-renunciation, a turning to Christ, followed by the joy and peace of a new life in the Spirit. This was our experience, and we think it must be the experience of every one; we think that the little child can not be born of God without this experience which belongs to maturity. Christ's own simile is "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth: so is

every one that is born of the Spirit." He who "tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb" will surely adjust the workings of His Spirit to the little ones, that not one of them shall perish for the lack of it, or because they understand not its workings. And are we any wiser than they in this regard? To our finite minds "great is the mystery of godliness." Shall we be puffed up because to them the mystery may be greater than to us? Nay, rather let us learn of them the trusting faith which solves the mystery by accepting the simple fact.

Our words are often to them but the darkening of wisdom, even when the Spirit of God is working His gracious will in their hearts. Simply to tell a child who is just beginning to make acquaintance with words, that he must have a new heart before he can be good, often inflicts a double discouragement. First, he can not understand our technical phraseology, and thus he receives the impression that he can do or think nothing that is right, until he can comprehend what is now so far beyond his age that it is a mystery; "What then," he questions, "is the use of trying?" Then he is told that he must have a new heart before he can be good, so he thinks there is no use trying until this mysterious something befalls him, and discouraged, gives up trying. God well understood how dangerous discouragement was to the child, when he commanded "Parents, provoke not your children to wrath, lest they be discouraged." And provoking to wrath is only one of many ways by which children are discouraged. What they need is not mystical talk about the new birth, the change of heart, but to be led to do right, because it is right and God's will. Thus doing, the promise standeth sure for them as for us. "He that doeth my will shall *know of the doctrine.*"

Just here is the reason why the Christian nurture of children must devolve on the parents. They can not delegate it to any one else, as sometimes they seem desirous of doing.



The Sunday-school teacher, however faithful, can do little else than teach the children the doctrine, for she has them but one hour a week. The doing, which is to them the more important part, because the part they fully understand, must be done in the home, under the loving guidance of parents. This doing, to "work out the peaceable fruits of righteousness," must be "done as unto the Lord," and this is not too difficult a lesson for even your little child to learn. Before he can speak he learns to do many things to please papa and mamma; learning to do things to please his dear Heavenly Father is but another step in the same direction. But to take it, his Heavenly Father must seem a real, living person to him, not a myth. In the chapter on Childhood, we have seen how the little child can be taught to know God. As he grows older, never let the lesson be untaught, but form in your child the habit of referring his words and his actions to his Heavenly Father.

We can not thus train the children unless the whole atmosphere of home is permeated by love to God. The child must feel that God's will rules his parents' lives, and that their deepest wish is that it may rule his also. As another says, "we can not teach cream and live skim-milk."

Do not irreligious parents here find reason to seriously consider what effect their own lives are producing upon their children? Few parents have the hardihood to wish their children to grow up irreligious; at least they do not wish the salutary restraints of religion to be entirely removed from them. They may think they do, but when tested, become convinced of their mistake. I once knew an infidel who purposely moved into a community where there was no church and no religious influence, because he wished to escape them. Before two years he offered to give five hundred dollars for building a church there, "for somehow," said he, "there is a different atmosphere about a place that has a church than about one



that has not, and it is a better air for children to grow up in."

It may be that you exert yourself to give your children some form of religious instruction, or to place them in Sunday-school, or in other places where they will receive it. I remember once having the most bitterly irreligious man in town—one who scoffed at religion and temperance, and was accustomed in print to attack, by name, Christian workers, myself among the number, with jibes and sneers and cruel imputations of unworthy motives—bring to me in our Band of Hope his two children, "Because," said he, "I wish them to get some good influences into their lives, and they never will get them at home."

But how little can be done for your children unless you lead in the doing? How hard to convince them by words to accept the truth which your lives practically reject. What they daily derive from you in your prayerless home, at your thankless table, is not the spirit of love to God, and faith in Him; it is rather the spirit of carnal gain, love of the world, pride, ambition, indifference to God and to the dear Savior who has given His life to save you. Your spirit will pass into your children by a natural law of transmission almost irresistible. Then remember you are to meet them in the unknown future, and to see how much of blessing or of sorrow they will impute to you—the fathers and mothers of their destiny. I know these thoughts are not pleasant ones, but they are wholesome. Loving these children, as most assuredly you do, go to your Christless homes and look upon them as they gather round you, and ask your very love to them faithfully to say whether it is well between you. If no other argument can draw you to God, "let these dear, living arguments come into your soul and prevail there." Seek for yourself and for them a FRIEND in Christ. He will prove the best, truest, kindest, surest friend you ever had—a friend from whose kindness we can not expect too much, for He delights in giving to us

abundantly "above all that we can ask or think" of just what we need in ordering our life and that of our children—wisdom to guide, strength to sustain, courage to deliver, grace for each day's needs. And as we "accept these gifts and grow in grace" the promise is, that we shall also "grow in knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ" and thus become wise to win souls.

The Bible is one of God's appointed instruments in religious character building. Among the earliest lessons taught our children should be love and respect for the Bible. This lesson is unconsciously taught in every home where family worship is sustained. The impressions made upon children by seeing the whole household gather, night and morning, around the open Bible, to hear it read by lips they love and revere, go with them through life. We hardly see how professing Christians who neglect family worship can expect the conversion of their children. This neglect usually arises from "lack of time," the parents say. But this is simply saying to your children, "Our worldly business is more important than the service of God." You have all the time there is in the twenty-four hours ; it rests with you to decide what use to make of it. The natural supposition is that you will employ it in that which you consider of the most importance.

In my own childhood's home on the farm the motto was: "Prayer and provender hinder no man." My father always insisted on having prayer before breakfast, even at the risk of having the steak grow cold, "for," said he, "if we wait till after breakfast some of the farm-hands will slip away before we have finished eating, and so lose the influence of family worship." No one in our household ever doubted the estimate our father placed upon the importance of God's service compared with his own. Reading the Bible daily in the family fixes the words of God in the children's minds, and His

promise is, "My word shall not return unto me void, but shall prosper in the thing whereunto I send it." We know that one purpose for which He sends it is the conversion of souls, another, "that they may grow thereby."

How shall the Bible be read in family worship so as to produce the best effect? Different persons will give different answers. The truth is, no stereotype form is best, but variety. Adopt some one method for general use, then vary it occasionally, to heighten interest. Our own preference is to have each member of the group supplied with a Bible, and all read in turn. The objection is, that children often read so poorly that they "murder the sense." In this day of free schools that devote three-fifths of the time to teaching reading, this objection ought not to hold, and with proper painstaking on the part of parents, we think it will not. The very custom of reading aloud thus in the family tends to cure the evil complained of. Choose for such reading the narrative parts of the Scripture; vary the exercise by occasionally having the grander portions, like Isaiah's lofty strains, read by the father, mother, elder brother or sister. Sometimes have a familiar passage, like the children's Psalm—the twenty-third, or the Beatitudes, read in concert. The benefit derived from reading around is that each child comes to feel that he has a part in the service; his attention is fixed, his thoughts are not in so much danger of wandering as when the father alone reads, and he is forming the habit of reading the Bible for himself, a vital point. We have seen families where the little children who could not read were given a Bible opened to the right place. It was touching to see the sweet gravity of the little faces as the eyes scanned the lines which the chubby fingers soon learned to trace. With such children the strongest incentive to learning to read is that they may be able to read in family worship.

In Arizona I met a pretty custom. Beside each plate at the

breakfast-table was laid a Bible, from which all read in turn. Then every head was bent, and the father, in simple, earnest words, thanked God for care during the night, for the blessings which the morning brought, and asked His guidance during the day.

What parts of the Bible shall be read? At least once during its family life let the Bible be read through in course. God did not put therein any useless matter. I am often surprised by the bright flashing of a gem of God's truth out from what had seemed a dreary waste of hard names. But as "one star differeth from another star in glory," so does one portion of His Word differ from another in its adaptation to the household needs. The words of Jesus and the record of His life should be more frequently read over than any other part of the Bible. Then the stories, especially those of young life, like Moses in the bulrushes, Joseph, Samuel in the temple, the young Josiah, have peculiar power in reaching young hearts.

As the children grow toward maturity, stories of young men and women of the Bible—and unless you have studied the subject you will be astonished to find how many such there are—touch them most deeply. In all these readings take pains to make the persons stand out vividly in their minds as flesh and blood boys and girls, young men and maidens like themselves. Eternity alone will show how many children learned to recognize God's voice speaking to them through hearing it speak to Samuel; how many young men have been strengthened against temptation by the story of the young Joseph in Potiphar's palace, or spurred on to noble endeavor by that of David, the young shepherd; how many young women have learned through the story of Esther to ask their own hearts, "Who knoweth but thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" For in America every young girl is more truly a queen than Esther was on the

throne of Persia. Next to the stories are the Psalms, especially those of praise and thanksgiving,—for we can not do too much to cultivate a cheerful, thankful type of piety in ourselves and in our children—the epistle and Proverbs, with their practical rules of living.

Usually, it is best to read an entire book through before beginning another. Some families make the home-reading of the Sunday-school the reading in family worship. This is good as connecting home and Sunday-school together. But we would not recommend it exclusively, lest it form the habit of disconnected, patchy reading of God's Word.

Let the prayer at family worship be short, simple, and couched in such language as the children can understand. Pray for just what you need, and feel that you need *for that day*. I remember a prayer I once heard by a father whose name, if I should give it, would be recognized as that of one to whom thousands have listened delightedly, but in his prayer were no flights of eloquence, only the simple asking for the grace which each one needed for his day's work—for himself, that as he went among men he might honor his Master; for his wife, amid her household cares; and for his children, that at school, and especially upon the playground, they might not do anything which the boy Jesus would not have done in their places. Such prayers are not mere words to those that hear them, they go with them out into the work of the day, to help and strengthen. Let each child feel that he, personally, is prayed for.

A family knelt in prayer, led by the grandfather who was visiting them. Little two-year-old Emma knelt by his side. When he prayed, "Take this little one in Thine arms and bless her, as Thou didst bless young children, when on earth," a sweet little voice piped up, "That's me; I'm glad grampa told Jesus about me." The dear old man was not disturbed or interrupted; he only thanked God in his heart



that the little one listened and appropriated the prayer—at least her portion of it.

Close with the Lord's prayer, all joining. See that this is repeated slowly and reverentially. Sometimes it is repeated so fast as to be unintelligible, at other times in a careless manner. A little painstaking on the part of parents will correct these faults, and make this service not a thoughtless repetition, but a prayer. Thus used, it is very effective as a means of unifying the family, as well as of making children feel that they have a part in family worship.

A pastor, well known for his success in the Christian nurture of the children of his church, organizes them into what he calls a Daniel's Band. Their motto is, "Dare to be a Daniel." Each member on joining, receives a card on which is printed on one side these promises:

1. I, the undersigned, do welcome to my heart the Lord Jesus Christ as my Savior.
2. I will ask God's help in daily prayer, that I may love and serve Jesus all my life.
3. So far as my parents think best, I will attend the meetings of our church. Unless I am necessarily kept away, I will always be present at the Sabbath morning service and at the Sabbath-school.
4. I will carry my Bible with me to church, and take part in the responsive readings and give close attention to the sermons.
5. I will read at least seven chapters every week, and will try and fill my mind with truth, and do good as I pass through His world.

In the presence of my pastor, and before God, I agree to numbers—of this covenant, this—day of—A. D., 188—.

Signed,———

———, Pastor. ———Church.

And on the other side, the hymn from which the band takes its name, and notice of its meetings.



## DARE TO BE A DANIEL.

"Daniel PURPOSED IN HIS HEART,"—Dan., Chap. i: 8.

Standing by a purpose true,  
Heeding God's command,  
Honor them, the faithful few!  
All hail to Daniel's Band.

CHORUS:—Dare to be a Daniel,  
Dare to stand alone!  
Dare to have a purpose firm!  
Dare to make it known!

Many mighty men are lost,  
Daring not to stand,  
Who for God had been a host  
By joining Daniel's Band,

Many giants, great and tall,  
Stalking through the land,  
Headlong to the earth would fall,  
If met by Daniel's Band.

Hold the gospel banner high!  
On to victory grand!  
Satan and his host defy,  
And shout for Daniel's Band!

Meetings of Daniel's Band for lessons in the Christian Catechism and for conference and prayer, the third Sabbath of each month, at three o'clock, P. M.

On a Sabbath not long ago, I attended the meeting of this band. It seemed just like the coming together of a loving father and his children. The pastor evidently knew every child's name and circumstances, the weak points in each character which needed especial fortifying, the "sin that doth so easily beset" each one. He talked to each about his or her soul's growth, just as familiarly as a father would talk with his children about household matters. Indeed, this little gathering gave me to understand better than I ever did before, what is meant by "the household of faith." There

were no technical terms, only a simple talk, not to the child, but with him, concerning how it fared with him in his conflict with sin. "Well, Johnnie, who gets the better in your fight with that hot temper of yours?" he asks. "Most times I do," says Johnnie, "but sometimes the temper gets the better of me." "How does that happen?" "Well," says Johnnie, and he hung his head and dropped his voice a little lower, as he said it, "whenever the temper does get ahead of me it is because I forget to ask Jesus to help me fight it." "Let us ask Him not to let you forget." They did not leave their seats, but every head was bowed, and in a few simple words the pastor asked God to make Johnnie always remember where to go for help. A tender light was on every face as the young heads were raised at the conclusion of the prayer, as though each had joined in asking God to help Johnnie. What a lesson, thought I, these children are learning concerning where to go for help, and in "bearing each other's burdens!" How this united prayer will help each one to overcome the temptation to hector Johnnie "just to see him get mad."

Mary sat next. "Well, Mary, has Jesus helped you to be patient with the baby when mamma left you to take care of him, and not to scold little Jennie when she tags after you, when you want to go with big girls?" "It's getting easier now to be patient than it used to be," she answered, "but it is pretty hard work yet, sometimes." "Yes, my dear child, but if everything was easy to us we would never grow strong." Mary sat thoughtful for a moment, then said: "Yes, we don't want God never to give us hard things to do, for we do wish to grow strong to work for Him." And so it went on around the circle, each one's particular need remembered, and his faith strengthened to take it to the Lord in prayer.

The lesson for the day, which the children recited from the Children's Catechism, was on prayer. It gave the theory, while the half-hour's conference taught the children how to

put it in practice. This pastor preaches a five-minutes' sermon to the children each morning between the first and second prayer. This morning it commenced with a story from the Waldenses, emphasizing the study of the Bible. It closed with "Now all of you are to be Christian children, to do Christian work, and you need this knowledge of the Bible to make you strong and wise to do it, and to do it right."

Here shone out the blessed expectation of which we have spoken, "*you are* to be Christian children,"—no doubt or uncertainty about it, and results justified his expectations. There are very few children in that congregation who are not Christians. Happy are those families whose Christian nurture can thus be supplemented by the church. This pastor takes great pains to unify the work of the church and the home. It will be seen that number five on the card enjoins the daily reading of a chapter in the Bible. Every Sunday morning, in connection with the sermon, he gives out the chapters to be read the following week. They are always consecutive chapters, and in many families of the congregation, are read at family worship. There is something very pleasant in the thought of this reading of the same chapter daily by all the parents and children of the church. It heightens the feeling that they are one indeed, one in the Beloved.

Why can not every family where there are many children, or every cluster of families, have something like the Daniel's Band? It would certainly aid in religious character building, especially in the three important departments—study of the Bible, prayer, and Christian counsel.

We particularly commend it to families in the country, prevented by distance from attending a second service on Sunday. Indeed, in every family containing children, it is a question whether any second service at church can be as beneficial as the study of God's Word at home by parents and children together. Some of the strongest characters we have

ever known, the most devoted and intelligent Christians, have grown up in families where this custom was maintained. To produce these results the work must be thoroughly and systematically done; not entered upon eagerly this week and set aside for some trivial excuse next Sunday. And it must be kept up to the standard of Bible study, not allowed to degenerate into gossip.

The Bible in the home is an important factor in our problem. We have spoken of its use in family worship. Besides this, and in connection with it, each member of the household should be trained to read it for himself. "Learning verses" should be encouraged. The quick, retentive memory of children makes this an easy thing to do, and its value in after-life can not be over-estimated. When hard pressed by the world's work, its cares, and its temptations, the Spirit whose work it is to bring all things to our remembrance, will often bring to our minds the very words we need to comfort or to strengthen us against temptation. A pleasant custom is to have each member of the household repeat a verse at breakfast or during the after-supper hour. Never enforce the learning of Scripture as a penalty; this degrades the Bible and connects with it unpleasant associations.

Train children to make the Bible in very truth "a lamp to their feet and a guide to their way," by accustoming them to make practical application of the texts they learn. A fretful, envious temper is one's besetting sin. Teach him to appropriate to himself "fret not thyself." Have him read often the thirty-seventh Psalm, especially the seventh verse, "Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him; fret not thyself because of Him who prospereth in His way." Another has a sharp tongue, quick to give a stinging answer, but he learns, "a soft answer turneth away wrath," and often it checks his tongue until his heart can form the soft answer. The temptation to deceit or untruthfulness comes, but is met and con-

quered by the words "deceit is in the heart of them that imagine evil; lying lips are an abomination unto the Lord, but they that deal truly are His delight." Bad company entices, but the first Psalm shuts the door against it. The wine cup allures but they are fortified against it by the command "*look not* thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Thus the sword of the spirit, which is the Word of God, will, in every temptation, make a way of escape.

The Bible should be *studied* as well as read. This is best done by the family as a whole, especially while children are young. The Sabbath-school lesson forms a good basis for this study. Times and seasons suggest appropriate topics. For example, I am writing this on Christmas week, and our topic for study, though it is not so given in our Sunday-school lesson, is suited to the season. We all gather around the table on the Saturday night preceding, with our Bible, concordance, Bible dictionary, map, and a Roman History. For a moment every head is bowed in prayer for God's light to shine upon the page we are studying. Then we read all the accounts of Christ's birth given in the New Testament. The map is consulted to locate Nazareth and Bethlehem, and the question, "Why did Joseph and Mary come from Nazareth to Bethlehem?" brings out not only the Bible answer, "To be taxed," but a further account of this taxing from the Roman History. The question, "Why did they come to *Bethlehem*?" leads us back through the genealogies to David, the shepherd of Bethlehem; and to the prophecy that Christ should be of his lineage. That opens up the many passages in the Old Testament, showing from what nation, tribe and family Christ was to come.

"What other passages declare His coming?" takes us back to Genesis, to the very fall of man, and shows us how through-



out Moses and the Prophets, the hope of His coming was the light of the world.

In the same way we trace the excellence of His character and the design of His mission as set forth in prophecy, and see the culmination in the grand words of Isaiah: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon His shoulder, and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." These, and many other references, were given out to different members of the circle, who found and read them when called for. Thus a happy evening was spent. That it was a profitable one was proved by the remark of one of the children: "I never knew there was so much Christmas in the Old Testament." We all echoed the sentiment. There were no small children in the circle. If there had been we should probably have devoted more time to the story of the babe of Bethlehem and less to prophecy.

Bringing into the study of the Bible methods proved useful in the secular schools. Having studied a passage carefully close the Bible and each write out, in his own words, an abstract of it. Commence this exercise with Bible stories, and proceed gradually to the didactic portions. Have each child prepare a set of questions on the passage. Compare the sets and show a more excellent way, when leading questions have been asked, or those which can be answered by simple yes or no. The preparation of these questions will lead to close study of the passage, and fix it in the mind, while the nature of the questions asked show us how far below the surface our young people have penetrated.

Comparing Scripture with Scripture. The Evangelists give the best opportunities for this kind of study. Take an incident told by two or more of the Evangelists, carefully compare the accounts, note the resemblances and the differences; show how the differences are to be accounted for. In Old



Testament history we find many parallelisms between Kings and Chronicles, like Solomon's choice, the dedication of the temple, the stories of Elisha and Elijah. The story of Hezekiah is found in Kings, Chronicles and Isaiah. Comparing prophecies with their fulfillments, also give exercises of this kind.

Studying by subjects. Take for example the Sabbath, and find out all you can about it in the Bible. Other good topics relating to religious rites are sacrifices, feast of the passover, feast of tabernacles, the ark of the covenant, the tabernacle, the temple, the Lord's supper. Young children will be more interested in biographical topics, like Moses, Joseph, Samuel, David, Esther, Peter, John the Baptist, Dorcas; or geographical and historical ones like Jerusalem, Egypt, the Nile, Babylon, Damascus, Samaria, Tyre, Ethiopia. It is very easy to make out a list of topics that will furnish interesting study for an evening each week throughout the year.

The old-fashioned way of learning hymns is too good a fashion to be abolished. The rhyme and rhythm of hymns makes them easier and pleasanter to learn than prose, and the lessons they contain often fit right into the child's needs. He may be away at school, lonely and discouraged. This hymn, which he learned at home at his mother's knee, comes to his mind, bringing a sense of fellowship with them and with his Father in Heaven which dispels his loneliness and encourages his heart.

#### GOD, THE FATHER IN HEAVEN.

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From the bright, blue heavens, with the angels mild,  
 God, our loving Father, looks on ev'ry child.  
 Lovingly He listens to each little pray'r;  
 Watches ev'ry footstep with a Father's care;  
 With a Father's kindness gives him daily bread;  
 Shields from ev'ry danger ev'ry little head.  
 Tell all little children of this Father true;  
 Who will ne'er forsake them, if His will they do.

Here is another favorite for the older ones :

A BOY'S HYMN.

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"Just as I am," Thine own to be,  
Friend of the young, who lovest me ;  
To consecrate myself to Thee,  
O Jesus Christ, I come.

In the glad morning of my day,  
My life to give, my vows to pay.  
With no reserve and no delay,  
With all my heart I come.

I would live ever in the light,  
I would work ever for the right,  
I would serve Thee with all my might,  
Therefore to Thee I come.

"Just as I am," young, strong and free,  
To be the best that I can be  
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee,  
Lord of my life, I come.

With many dreams of fame and gold,  
Success and joy to make me bold ;  
But dearer still my faith to hold,  
For my whole life, I come.

And for Thy sake to win renown,  
And then to take my victor's crown,  
And at Thy feet to cast it down,  
O Master, Lord, I come.



## “Oh, What Can You Tell?”

---

Oh what can you tell, little pebble, little pebble,  
Oh what can you tell, little pebble by the sea?  
The secret of your silent life,  
Now whisper it to me.



Oh what can you tell, little bird, little bird,  
Oh what can you tell, little bird upon the tree?  
The secret of your joyous song,  
Now whisper it to me.

Here is a hymn for the little ones :

O WHAT CAN YOU TELL ?

Oh what can you tell, little pebble, little pebble,

Oh what can you tell little pebble by the sea?

The secret of your silent life,

Now whisper it to me.

It is the love of God in Heaven,

The God that made both you and me,

And every day I think His praise

In silence by the sea.

Oh what can you tell little bird, little bird,

Oh what can you tell little bird upon the tree?

The secret of your joyous song,

Now whisper it to me.

It is the love of God in Heaven,

The God that made both you and me

And every day I sing His praise

Upon the summer tree.

Oh what can you tell, little flower, little flower,

Oh what can you tell little flower on the lea,

The secret of your sweet perfume,

Now whisper it to me.

It is the love of God in Heaven,

The God that made both you and me,

And every day I waft His praise,

In fragrance on the lea.

Oh what can you tell, little child, little child,

O what can you tell, little child upon my knee?

The secret of your happy smile,

Now whisper it to me.

It is the love of God in Heaven,

The God that made both you and me,

And every day I speak His praise

Upon my bended knee.

A beautiful motto to hang in a young man's or maiden's room is this verse from a favorite hymn of Bonar :

Think truly, and thy thoughts  
Shall the world's famine feed;  
Speak truly, and each word of thine  
Shall be a fruitful seed;  
Live truly, and thy life shall be  
A great and noble creed.

Speaking of mottoes ; they are a means of Christian training. The Bible furnishes many suitable for the home. "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another." It greets the boy's eye as he wakes in the morning. "Be kindly affectioned." I must treat everybody kindly to-day, must try to save them trouble and to make them happy." "In honor preferring one another." "I did not mind that when I was so mad at Tommy for getting above me in class yesterday, but I will try to mind it to-day." "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," may help Mary break up indolent habits, as it looks down on her from the walls of her bedroom.

How the Sabbath is kept in the home has great influence upon the religious character of the children. God's ideal is to make the Sabbath a DELIGHT, "the holy of the Lord, honorable," and we keep the Sabbath acceptably in proportion as we realize this ideal. It should be a real delight, the happiest day in the week, looked forward to with pleasant anticipations. There is much to make it so aside from its sacred character. On this day, more than any other of the seven, the family can be *together*. No business hurries the father away from an early breakfast and keeps him down town till dark ; household cares do not absorb the mother's time and attention as on other days, so that she has more of both to give her children ; the children do not go off by themselves to school, each, perhaps, to a different room, but all, parents and children—go *together* to church.



The very cleanness which the Sabbath brings is a means of grace. A wise man has said that if the Sabbath brought nothing else but the weekly cleaning up of body and clothes, to the working man and his family, it would pay, and we think he is right. There is a very close connection between cleanliness and godliness. The orthodox Saturday night bath, and the putting clean clothes on to the clean body, commence the work of hallowing the Sabbath. They mark it as an especial day, wherein all things should be pure. Make preparation for the Sabbath on Saturday, by giving the children their baths, laying out their clean clothes which have been carefully looked over to see that no button is missing, or no stocking is out at the heel. If all this is left till Sabbath morning, it will fail to be a day of rest. Make preparation for the Sabbath dinner on Saturday, so that it shall take as little work as possible to get it on Sunday.

Now that the Sabbath has come, in what spirit shall we keep it? Spend it in such a way as will best promote spiritual growth. No set program can be marked out, for all depends upon the spirit. A boy was "running a race" with a cousin to see who could read the Bible through first; he spent the entire day in racing through the chapters as fast as he could, without giving any thought to the meaning of the sacred Word. He broke the Sabbath by this way of spending it as much as though he had spent it playing ball. The spirit of the Fourth Commandment is that the Sabbath should be devoted to real improvement in Christian character. God did not institute it simply that children might be kept from play, he designed it for a much higher purpose—a day in which souls should grow.

Keep before you always God's ideal, making the Sabbath a delight, and holy to the Lord, and you will not go far astray. Circumstances may require that its early hours be spent in house work, or in doing chores on a farm, but if

this ideal is kept uppermost in your mind, you will not fail to hallow the day, even while necessarily employed. You will have planned to make this labor as light as possible; Sunday morning will not be the chosen time to do up all sorts of odd jobs, like salting the sheep, branding the colts or tightening up the loose screws generally. The chores done, all gather round the breakfast-table, where the talk befits the day. Family worship has an added charm on this day. The hymn sung is a joyous one, perhaps it is "The Children's Sabbath:"

I am so glad that there's one day in seven  
Made for the weary to think about Heaven;  
Made for the children to rest from their play,  
So I must keep it—'tis God's holy day.

CHORUS.—I am so glad that Jesus said this,  
Jesus said this,—Jesus said this;  
I am so glad that Jesus said this,  
"Keep for me, one day in seven."

Jesus loves children the dearest and best,  
Jesus knows little feet sometimes need rest;  
And that we have some bright glimpses of Heaven,  
Jesus said—"Keep for me, one day in seven."

If you should ask me, oh! how could I tell?  
Jesus knows all that I need very well;  
So He knows best that the hours should be given,  
Lovingly serving Him—"one day in seven."

We have before spoken of children's attending church, and emphasize that duty, or rather that privilege, here. Little children like to go to church; if they lose this liking, it is usually the fault of either the pastor or the parent. If the pastor obeys Christ's reiterated command, "feed my lambs," his child audience will be pleased and attentive. If the sermon is talked over at home in the right spirit, and they are questioned upon it, it will do much to heighten their

interest in it. If, on the other hand, they hear only carping criticisms, the best sermon will do them little good. Children's liking, or not liking, to go to church should have little to do with their going; that should rest on a firmer foundation than childish whim; the habit of church going should be so firmly fixed on them that they just as much expect to go to church on Sunday as they expect to go to school on Monday. In a family thus trained there will be few cases of "Sunday sickness."

Then comes Sabbath-school to which the children are not sent, but to which they go with their parents. We are as strenuous an advocate of having parents in Sabbath-school whenever possible, as of having children attend church. It unifies the family, helps the children appreciate Bible study and attendance on the Sabbath-school by seeing their parents join with them, and keeps the pupils in Sunday-school for life by bridging over the "jumping off place" they are apt to find when they are sixteen or eighteen years old, if none of their seniors are in school. Then it lessens the danger of parents' throwing the responsibility of their children's religious training off on to the Sabbath-school teachers. Our own opinion is that the best time to hold Sabbath-school is right after morning service, at noon. We notice that where this is done parents and children are found in both church and Sabbath-school. If church services are in the morning, and Sabbath-school in the afternoon, there are few children at church, and few parents at Sunday-school. Do you object that this double sitting is too tiresome? The time occupied by both church service and Sunday-school is not longer than the half day's session of school which the children have, not once, but twice each school day, and not so long as their parents' half day in the shop, field, kitchen or store.

Even Sabbath-school attendance can be over done. We have known children to go to two Sunday-schools, one in the

morning and another in the afternoon, with decidedly bad results. They learned no more of God's truth than if they had attended only one. Indeed, it often seemed as though they knew less of the lesson after the second school than after the first, while the *home-iness* of the Sabbath, if we may coin a word, was destroyed. And no public service can compensate for *that*.

The Sabbath should be peculiarly the home day, the day in which your children enjoy *you*, and together, they and you, enjoy communion with the dear All-Father. It is peculiarly the day for those sacred conferences between parents and children, especially between fathers and daughters, and mothers and sons, which often through after life stand out marked with white mile-stones on the road to Heaven. Every-day work usually brings mothers and daughters, fathers and sons together; but Sabbath must cement the ties between mothers and sons, fathers and daughters. It is peculiarly the day in which families should become acquainted with each other. Are you acquainted with your children? seems a strange question to ask a parent, yet is it not sometimes the case that members of the same family have really little knowledge of each others' inner life? Sunday evening is an appropriate time for the household Bible study we have sketched, for pleasant, cheerful converse, and for reading aloud.

What shall we do with the very little children? asks many a conscientious mother. "Let them play," we answer. "Play on Sunday?" you exclaim. Yes, but in their play preserve a distinction between Sunday and other days. Thus we plant the idea of sacredness, a day set apart for special work and service. It is very easy to keep a few of his playthings and picture-books in your drawer to be given to your child only on Sunday, and to teach him to put away all his every-day playthings on Saturday night and not touch them

until Monday morning. It is well to have Sunday playthings or books have some relation to the day, or at least to talks and lessons appropriate to the day. We know a family where Noah's ark is the Sunday plaything of the little ones, who never seem to tire of the Bible story connected with it, which every Sunday they coax mamma or papa to tell them. Nor do they tire of this one plaything, as some mothers to whom this plan had been suggested, have expressed a fear that they would. Not seeing it for six days gives it freshness for them each Sunday, and they do not tire of it till they grow into a more intelligent way of hallowing the day. Then there are their picture books—Bible pictures—a never failing source of delight, through which many a dear child makes the acquaintance of Moses, of Samuel, of the little maid who saved Naaman, the lad whose loaves fed the five thousand, and many other children of the Bible. The pictures, and the accompanying stories mamma tells, make these children "all alive" to the little ones, who claim them as their especial friends. This childish friendship makes the Bible in future years real to them; they love to read it because it brings them into communion with their childhood's favorites.

As the children become able to read for themselves, let there be a "Sunday shelf" in the library, always supplied with interesting books suited to their years, and suited to Sunday reading. Of course this pre-supposes that you make the same distinction concerning your own reading. You can not expect your child to stick to his Sunday books while you are reading the New York Herald or the Market Reporter.

In your scheme for Sunday, do not forget that God designed it as a day of rest for the body as well as for the mind. The mind rests not by inaction, but by change of employment; hence, the more complete the change, the more absolutely we break away from worldly occupations and



pleasures, the more is the mind rested and invigorated. But tired muscles demand repose, and we would devote at least two hours each Sunday to this purpose. For this reason, we think it well, when practicable, to sleep an hour later every Sunday morning and take an hour's rest Sunday afternoon. On the farm, or where there are little children, especially if they are incorrigibly early risers, this is not always possible. But if we keep in mind the necessity of these two hours' physical rest, and plan for them, we will get them in *somehow*. Where the week's work is hard, physical labor, they are especially necessary ; sometimes more than two hours' rest is needed.

Another thing : arrange that every member of the family shall have some of the precious moments of this day alone. We all need time to "commune with our own hearts and be still." We need them for self-examination, for such communings with our God as are impossible with a third person near. Especially are such hours needful for the mother. All the week she has borne the strain of constant contact with her children and their needs—no one knows what a strain this is without trying it—and the more conscientious the mother is, the greater is this strain. The kindest thing a husband and father can do of a Sunday afternoon is to take the care of the children upon himself and send the tired mother to her room with the assurance that for this hour every household care is lovingly lifted from her shoulders and gladly borne by shoulders stronger than her own. We know a thoughtful husband who does this, and the light which shines in his wife's face as she returns to the family circle, repays all seeming sacrifice. For the sacrifice is only seeming. "Papa's hour" becomes such a delight to the children who in it draw nearer to their father's heart than at any other hour during the week, that he would be colder than an iceberg if he did not reflect some of its brightness.



May 20, 1883, is marked with a white stone in my memory, for on that day I enjoyed a Sabbath which seems to me as nearly an ideal Sabbath as any we shall know till, from the many mansions of our Father's home above we gather in that Sabbath service "where Christ Himself doth teach." It was at the home of Mr. B. G. Roots, in Southern Illinois. It was a rainy Sunday in a country farm-house. Not the setting one would naturally choose for such a gem, but the sweet spirit with which the day was kept so pervaded all things, that prairie mud was forgotten, and pattering showers were transfigured into rainbow tints. The family consisted of grandfather and grandmother, the parents—the wife being a daughter of Father Roots as the whole State delights to call him—and their three children. How well do I remember the dreariness of the scene as I looked from my chamber window that rainy Sunday morning—the rain coming in continuous down-pour, the dripping trees, the sodden walks, the bedraggled hens. But when I joined the family at breakfast, the dreariness was all forgotten; the sweet, cheerful spirit of the day so brightened each heart and shone in every face that we did not miss the sunshine. The grandfather returned thanks in simple, earnest fashion, and kind inquiries as to health and our rest during the night went round, while the father filled the plates. When the business of eating was well commenced, Mr. Roots said in his usual cheery tone: "Who knows a story of a cake of barley bread?" "I do," "I do," responded the younger children, and the face of the elder showed that it was only the dignity of his fourteen years that prevented his joining the chorus. Then the story of Gideon came out—the oppression of Israel by the Midianites, the gathering of Gideon's host to resist them, their sifting out by God's sending away all those who were fearful and afraid and all who could not lap water, Gideon and his servant being sent by God to the camp of the Midianites on the

night preceding the battle, and their hearing the dream, which was His way of encouraging Gideon. The story was told eagerly, in childish fashion, part of it by one, part by another, with here and there a skillful question interjected to them by their elders, recalling to them any point they had omitted.

“You see God knew Gideon was sort of scared because so many of his men were sent away, and he did not have so many men as the Midianites to begin with. There were as many of them as there were grasshoppers in our wheat last summer, more than a million, I guess, and Gideon had only three hundred. So God told Gideon to take his servant Phurah and go down as near to the Midianites’ army as he could without their seeing him. He could not imagine what he was sent down there for, but seeing the Lord told him to go, he went. They crept along just as still as they could; they did not dare make any noise, nor carry a light, for fear the Midianites would hear or see them, and hang them for spies (the children evidently had Major Andre in mind); by and by they came so close to the picket-guard that they could hear the men talking; one said: ‘Last night I had the queerest dream I ever had in my life.’ ‘What was it?’ ‘I thought you and I were out on guard, only it was not dark, as it is to-night, but bright moonlight, so we could see the tents as plain as day. We were looking over there at the general’s tent, for we saw something moving toward it, and could not make out what it was; we looked sharper and saw,’—what do you think,” said Lulu, turning suddenly to her brother who took up his part in the dialogue promptly, “A big cake of barley bread that came rolling across the plain, all by itself, from nobody knows where.” “What did the cake do?” and he turned to his sister who took up the story as naturally as he had done. “It rolled along till it struck that big tent of the general’s and knocked it down

flat, and there it lay, tent poles and all, sprawling on the ground. 'Was not that a ridiculous dream?' the man said to his fellow. He looked as though he was afraid of being laughed at for dreaming such stuff, yet he could not help telling it for he felt sure it meant something." "Did his friend laugh at him?" asked mamma. "No; he said, 'This is nothing else but the sword of Gideon, the son of Joash, a man of Israel, for into his hand hath God delivered the hosts of Midian.' Then Gideon knew what the Lord had sent him down there for, and he was not a bit afraid any more." Breakfast was now over, so the children had not time to tell of the attack, when the weapons were lamps in pitchers, but they certainly could have told it. My description gives you no idea of the interest and enthusiasm of this Sunday table talk. This was not confined to the children, but was shared by all at the table; for myself, I am conscious of a new interest in that story of the cake of barley bread since hearing it so picturesquely set forth. Its encouragement entered my heart; my eyes were opened to watch for God's hand in all affairs, and my ears so unstopped that again and again, in times that sorely tried my faith, hath it been given me to hear rehearsed in the enemy's camp the story of the cake of barley bread.

From the table we adjourned to the sitting-room, where we found a Bible and "Gospel Songs" in every chair. The mother seated herself at the organ, and several songs were sung, each child being allowed to choose one. Then the father announced the chapter and verse, read the two first verses and we followed in turn. All then turned to the Sabbath-school lesson of the day and read it in concert. The father then led in a simple, fervent prayer, and at the close we joined in the Lord's prayer. After prayer Mr. Roots said: "As it is so very stormy we will not try to go into town to church, but will have service here. The bell will ring at ten o'clock and

at half-past ten; service will commence as soon as it stops ringing the last time. You have now an hour and a half to use as you think best befits the Sabbath.”

At ten o'clock the ringing of the bell called not only the household, but two other families living on the estate, to worship. The farm is large, and as Mr. Roots prefers to have men of families to work for him, he has built two houses for them to live in. These men, with their families, formed the group gathering in the sitting-room. Here, as at family worship, the mother was seated at the organ. On each chair lay, beside the Bible and hymn-book, a pamphlet containing a condensed form of Episcopal worship. A reading desk had been improvised by placing a box upon a table, and appropriately draping both. Behind it stood Mr. Roots with a hymn-book in his hand, open at the first hymn. All were in their places before the ringing of the second bell. As its last notes died away Mr. Roots gave out the hymn, and all joined in singing. The service followed. I have attended religious service in cathedrals, gorgeous with Old World paintings and statuary, with satin and velvet and gold embroidery, with swinging censer from which ascended costly perfume, but never has a service impressed me more than this in a plain farm-house, where a patriarch gathered his family around him and led them in prayer and praise to the Highest. After the service, he read a sermon from a printed volume kept for the purpose—a plain, practical setting forth of life's duties measured by God's standard. Occasionally he threw in some comment of his own, or explained some word which he thought the children might not understand. At the close of the sermon all kneeled, and he read most reverentially the prayer of Saint Chrysostom, we all joining in the responses. “Almighty God, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplication unto Thee, and dost promise that when two or three are gathered together in Thy name Thou wilt grant

their requests ; fulfill now, O Lord, the desire and petition of Thy servants, as may be most expedient for them, granting us in this world knowledge of Thy truth and in the world to come life everlasting. Amen. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with us now and evermore. Amen." Rising to our feet, we joined in chanting the Gloria, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost ; as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

Thus closed this household service. Lest any who need to conduct a rainy Sunday home service say they can not do this because they are not Episcopalians, I will state that my friends belong to the Presbyterian church, but have adopted some parts of the Episcopal service because they are so admirably fitted for household worship.

After dinner, the rain having ceased, preparations were made for going to Sunday-school. Here the forces were divided. Father, mother and eldest son went to the district school-house, where they have charge of a Mission Sunday-school. Their preparation for going was significant : a large satchel was filled with Bibles, hymn-books and lesson-leaves, for they took their supplies with them. The father superintended the school, and taught the Bible class. The mother led the singing and taught the primary class, and the son taught a class of boys. Mr. and Mrs. Roots, the younger children and myself went to town, where they were as busily occupied as the others at the school-house—the elders as teachers, the children as pupils—in the church Sunday-school. After our return there was an hour of sweet and pleasant converse in grandfather's room, as we three sat around the open fire which the dampness made welcome, though it was May. Every hour of that day had been so delightful that I was sorry to see the darkness closing round us. But I was to learn that the evening had its own pleasures. The children said it was the very



best of Sunday, and so I found it. They were evidently full of eager expectation, and could scarcely wait for us to gather in the sitting-room. During the day Lulu had brought me a story, with a sweet air of mystery, as though she did not care to have any one else see it, and asked if it was a good Sunday story. It was a familiar one to me, and I gave her an unqualified Yes, with which she ran away delighted, I supposed to read the story by herself. But no, this family knew no pleasure until it was shared with each other, and I found the story was to be read, not alone by Lulu, but aloud by grandma in the after-supper gathering. Every Sunday at this hour grandma reads a story, which is selected by the children in turn. It is always first submitted to some older person to see if it is "a Sunday story."

I wish I could describe that reading. Mrs. Roots was one of the pleasantest readers I have ever heard. No straining after elocutionary effect; "just talking it," as the children say. Often she would stop for a moment to chat with her children over some incident in the story, or to answer their eager questions, and the children were not the only ones who were sorry when she was through. Bright, happy talk followed, which was gradually and most skillfully lead by the mother into a real catechising of the children. Old teacher that I am, I sat in admiration of her power in the fine art of questioning. Any teacher might well envy the skill her loving mother-heart gave. She drew from those children all that they could remember of the sermon, and it was a great deal, and of the lessons learned in the Sunday-school. The father then gave a comprehensive pre-view of the lesson for next Sunday, showing its connection with the lesson of the day. Then the mother took lead again, questioning the children concerning Bible facts, and the cardinal doctrines of the Gospel. With loving tact the questions were made more personal concerning each child's duty and how it had been performed. Confessions



were made of slight omissions of duty, or transgression of the Golden Rule, which perhaps only the transgressor knew, and forgiveness freely accorded. Then came the repeating of memory verses—each one repeating a verse chosen as a guide and help in the work of the coming week. The children's bedtime had now arrived, and at a sign from their mother we all rose and repeated in concert :

The day is past and gone,  
The evening shades appear ;  
Oh ! may we ever keep in mind  
The night of death draws near.

We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds we rest ;  
So death shall soon disrobe us all  
Of what is here possessed.

Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears ;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears.

And when we early rise,  
Our duties to begin ;  
May we set out to win the prize,  
And flee from every sin.

Lord, when Thou call'st us hence,  
And we from time remove ;  
Oh ! may we on Thy bosom rest,  
The bosom of Thy love.

Loving good-nights were exchanged, and soon the children were asleep, while the elders sat around the fire for another hour, talking over the various ways the dear Lord had led us. The next morning we parted, I going back into the world that always has so much hard work for me, but going with heart strengthened by this Sabbath feast.

*Now*, the dear grandmother has passed through the gates into the City. The call came suddenly. One hour in health

here, the next enjoying the perfect health that only Heaven knows. But quick as was the transition, I believe that it brought no sharp contrast to her. Her earthly home was so pervaded by the spirit of Heaven that when she awoke in one of the many mansions prepared for her by the Beloved, I think she recognized it as the home of her heart, where she is now making ready for the coming of her dear ones, whose Sabbath she had helped to make "foretastes of the rest above."

We can not better close this chapter on Religious Character Building than by quoting this hymn of Faber's :

#### THE GOD OF MY CHILDHOOD.

---

O God ! who wert my childhood's love,  
My boyhood's pure delight,  
A presence felt the livelong day,  
A welcome fear at night.

They bade me call thee Father, Lord !  
Sweet was the freedom deemed ;  
And yet more like a mother's ways  
Thy quiet mercies seemed.

I could not sleep unless Thy hand  
Were underneath my head,  
That I might kiss it, if I lay  
Wakeful upon my bed.

And quite alone I never felt ;  
I knew that Thou wert near ;  
A silence tingling in the room.  
A strangely pleasant fear.

With age Thou grewest more divine,  
More glorious than before ;  
I feared Thee with a deeper fear  
Because I loved Thee more.

Thou broadenest out with every year  
Each breadth of life to meet ;  
I scarce can think Thou art the same,  
Thou art so much more sweet.

Father, what hast Thou grown to now ?  
 A joy, all joy above ;  
 Something more sacred than a fear,  
 More tender than a love.

With gentle swiftmess lead me on,  
 Dear God, to see Thy face ;  
 And meanwhile in my narrow heart  
 O make Thyself more space !



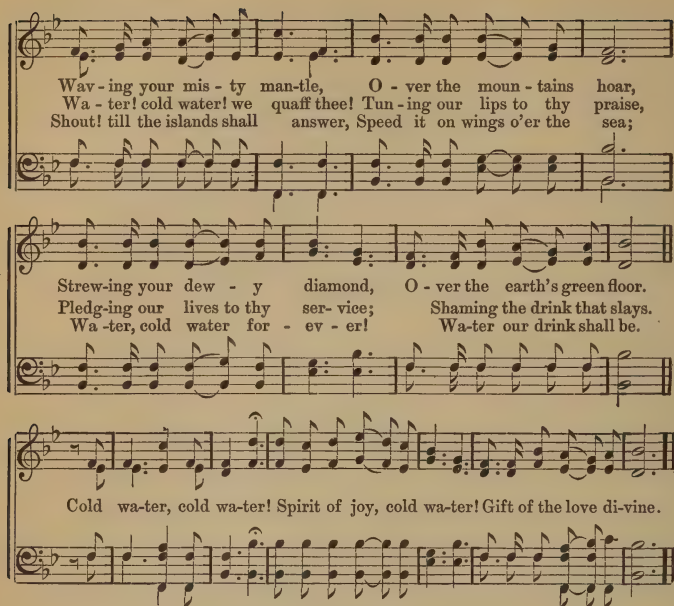
## Cold Water.

P. L. C.

MRS. PERSIS L. CHRISTIAN.

1. Rippling thro' ver - dant val - leys, Skipping thro' for - est glens,  
 2. Praise to the cup of re - fresh - ing, Sparkling and bright as the sun;  
 3. Down with the drink of the de - mon! Brewed by a spir - it ma - lign.

Chas - ing the glim - mer - ing sun - shine, O - ver the marsh - y fens,  
 Rich - er than tro - phy or jew - el, Ev - er by con - queror won,  
 Shat - ter the cup of per - di - tion! Spill the des - troy - ing wine!



Wav - ing your mis - ty man - tle, O - ver the moun - tains hoar,  
 Wa - ter! cold water! we quaff thee! Tun - ing our lips to thy praise,  
 Shout! till the islands shall answer, Speed it on wings o'er the sea;

Strew - ing your dew - y diamond, O - ver the earth's green floor.  
 Pledg - ing our lives to thy ser - vice; Shaming the drink that slays.  
 Wa - ter, cold water for - ev - er! Wa - ter our drink shall be.

Cold wa - ter, cold wa - ter! Spirit of joy, cold wa - ter! Gift of the love di - vine.

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*Innocence.*



## CHAPTER XI.



### Temperance.

WULD well." Without temperance no character can be pure and strong. Temperance, in the wide Bible sense, means control of all the appetites and passions, the persistent subjection of all "fleshly lusts which war against the soul." It is one of the fruits of the spirit; the golden sheaf consists of "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law." Temperance is the band binding the precious sheaf together—it unites the virtues into a symmetrical character; without it they would all crumble into dust.

"Know ye not that your bodies are the temple of the Holy Ghost? Whosoever defileth the temple of God, him will God destroy." Because this beautiful temple of God is defiled through gluttony, through drink and tobacco, destruction is coming to thousands to-day. This is no arbitrary law, but one based in nature, and therefore immutable.

The body was made for purity; the law written in its members by its Maker is violated by every impure act, by all excesses, and the penalty of this violated law is death; death from the destruction of the tissues, the disordered action of its organs—a self-inflicted death. Revert in thought to the wonderful mechanism of the body, as sketched in chapter second: the frame-work of bone, protecting its vital organs and giving it both strength and symmetry; the overlying muscles, through which all motion is secured; its wonderful telegraphic system of nerves, through which the mind's mandates are conveyed to the muscles; the exquisite net-work of canals, through which the life blood flows to every part.

Human skill has never devised such perfect machinery. Into this wonderful mechanism let us now introduce the one agent which is the basis of all intoxicating liquors—alcohol—and see what is the result. It looks innocent enough, the eye can not distinguish it from pure water, but we shall soon see that its looks belie it. It has a very great fondness for water, so great that it will drink it up whenever it touches it. Water drinking is good for a man, but it is just because alcohol is such an inveterate water-drinker that its effects are so deadly upon the human system. Did you ever think how large a proportion of our bodies is water? Oliver Wendell Holmes says our bodies consist of seven buckets of water, a hodful of coal and a little pinch of salts. Whimsical as this conceit seems, it is a good way to make us remember the scientific fact, that the body is seven parts water to one part of solid matter. Take the water all out and the body becomes a mummy, weighing but one-eighth as much as in life. As water forms so large a part of the body it must have a very important work to do in it, and anything which interferes with the water supply of the body must be a dangerous agent to introduce into it. We have

seen that nerve tissue is the queen tissue of the body, the one through which the mind acts. Introduce alcohol in any of its various forms and dilutions, wine, beer, or brandy, and at once it attacks this nerve tissue. You have all seen this tissue in the brains of animals, and you know how soft and jelly-like it is. This softness which the scientists call the collodial state, is just as necessary for the transmission of the mind's messages as insulation is to the transmission of the electric telegraph. Alcohol comes to this nerve tissue, drinks up as much of its water as it can, and so renders it hard. You can test this by pouring some alcohol over a calf's brain. This hardening process is going on continually in the brain of the drunkard. An experienced surgeon, when dissecting a human head, can tell the instant his scalpel strikes the brain whether it is the brain of a drinker, even though it be the darkest night, and the sense of sight can not aid him. If the man had been a total abstainer, the scalpel passes easily through his brain, as it would through jelly; if a drinker, it meets resistance requiring strength to overcome it. This same tissue makes the nerves, the white threads we call by that name being only the protecting covering of the active nerve tissue within. In this delicate, attenuated form the effect of alcohol on the nerve tissue is even more marked than where it is massed in the brain; they become like uninsulated wires which convey the mind's messages but imperfectly, if at all. Hence, the aimless movements of the drunken man.

There are so many muscles in the human body whose contractions and dilations must be in exact proportion to secure perfection of action, that if we had to control them consciously, we could think of little else. But God mercifully relieves us of this work by laying it upon the medulla oblongata, at the base of the brain, which, as the scientists say, presides over the correlation of muscular action. But this, being composed of nerve tissue, is also deadened by alcohol

and can not do its proper work. Precision of action is thus destroyed, as we see in the staggering gait of the intoxicated man. If enough alcohol is taken, all voluntary muscular action is paralyzed, and the man falls down *dead drunk*. This condition is well named, for it is the beginning of death, and were it not for the fact that this wonderful body has the power possessed by no human mechanism, of throwing off the noxious agent, would always, as it so often does, end in death. We saw in chapter second, that the action of the vital organs, though performed by muscular fiber incited by nerve tissue, is not under the control of the will. It is in this realm of involuntary action that alcohol does its most deadly work. Take for example the capillary system, through which the nourishment of the blood is carried to every fiber of the body; each minute artery, like the greater ones, has a muscular coat whose dilation or contraction regulates the flow of blood to every part. The will has no control over this action; it is controlled by the net-work of nerves dipping into every cell of the muscular tissue. Certain emotions cause the muscles controlling the flow of blood to the cheeks to dilate, and the blood rushing in, we have the blush of modesty or shame. Other emotions cause them to contract, and we have the pallor of fear or despair. This action is only in the cheeks; the hand never blushes or pales, any more than the glove which covers it.

Alcohol interferes with the circulation in a somewhat similar manner; it deadens the little nerves controlling the muscles of the capillaries, these relaxing their hold, the capillaries become dilated, and more blood than is needed flows to the part. This action will be most noticeable where nerve tissue most abounds, or where the mechanism is most delicate. These parts will be surcharged with blood, and as the blood in the body is a constant quantity, other parts will suffer from lack of it. The brain suffers

quickest and most; the common expression concerning "liquors flying to the head," shows the popular recognition of the fact. It *does* fly to the head; let us see what it accomplishes there. The brain receives much more than its proportionate share of blood, if we grade proportions by size. When this blood comes to it charged with alcohol, what occurs? By its first contact with the nerve cells it deadens them, and in consequence, the muscles of the capillaries relax, allowing more blood to flow into the brain than is needed there. This surplus blood produces excited action of the brain, and, for a time, thought seems to be quickened; the man talks freely, perhaps brilliantly, and is sure the liquor has done him good. It is this stage whose praise poets have sung, and learned men have apostrophized. But brilliancy is not its only effect; the baser passions of a man's nature seem to have their seat in the lower part of the brain, that part first affected by the upward flow of the poisoned blood, and they are excited to unwonted action, often overpowering the dictates of reason, conscience and will, which should sit regnant. The brilliancy becomes tainted with impurity; when in this condition words often fall from the lips of so-called gentlemen which would cause their cheeks to burn with shame in their sober moments, if heard spoken by another in the presence of wife or mother. The harmful custom of ladies retiring from the dinner table, so prevalent in Europe, and among some Americans who ape European manners, has its roots in this effect of wine.

The deadening process goes on; caution as well as judgment succumbs, and recklessness ensues. This is the stage in which desperate crimes are committed. If we could trace the history of such crimes we should find scarce one whose perpetrator was not, as it is termed, "nerved up to it"—"nerved down" would more accurately express the physiological and moral fact—by liquor. On the night of

Lincoln's assassination, Booth rushed through the hall of a Washington hotel, shouting, "Brandy, brandy," and the brandy drunk at that hotel bar nerved his hand to fire the fatal shot.

To return to the brain with its alcoholized blood. The unnatural flow of blood has surcharged the brain; it can neither be assimilated nor carried off by the veins. Meanwhile the brain is feeling the deadening effect of the alcohol, and the excitement of the first stage is followed by the stupidity of the second; no longer brilliant flashes of wit, but maudlin utterances, without pith or point are heard. A writer remarks that if the dinner-talk of an English table, after the ladies had retired, and the gentlemen had indulged in their wine for an hour or two, could be written down verbatim, they would blush for the stupidity of their own words when read with unmuddled brain next day. He also suggests that the well-known superiority of Americans as after-dinner talkers, may be attributable to the fact that wine drinking and the withdrawal of ladies from the dinner table is not as prevalent in America as in Europe.

If the drinking continues, the brain at last succumbs; stupor, nearer akin to death than the natural sleep, ensues and lasts till the system succeeds, by Herculean labor of its excretory organs, in throwing out the intruder. Nature makes no such effort to throw out anything which by any means can be made useful in the body. The fumes of alcohol breathed out by the lungs, or exuded by the skin and kidneys, are proof that alcohol is an enemy, to be expelled as soon as possible.

Alcohol is a *universal* poison, which is not true, so far as we know, of any other substance. Other things injurious to man can be swallowed by some animals with impunity. For example, a pigeon can take, without harm, a quantity of opium sufficient to kill several men; a goat will eat with impun-



ity enough tobacco to kill several men ; and a rabbit will swallow belladonna in like proportions with similar results. But neither pigeon, goat nor rabbit can swallow alcohol without injury. This universality of deleterious action is also shown by the fact that not one organ or tissue of the body is exempt from baneful influence. We have seen what it does to nerve tissue, and through it to the muscles. As we study its effects further, we shall see that this is only the beginning of the mischief it does.

Let us look at what it does in the blood. To understand its action here we must know something of the composition of the blood. We are all familiar with its redness, and think this color inheres in the fluid itself, but it does not. The main part of the blood is water, and in this stream float millions of minute red corpuscles. These make the whole stream look red, as we can imagine a mountain brook would do if it were packed full of little red fishes, only these corpuscles are infinitely smaller than we can even imagine fishes to be, and their smallness is essential to life. They carry oxygen, the life-giver, to every living tissue and must be small enough to enter the minutest capillaries to reach these tissues. And they must float singly, for if they stick together the effect is the same as though they were increased in size. Besides these red corpuscles, there float in the blood white corpuscles, larger but fewer in number than the red, and they have their especial work to do. There is also a jelly-like substance floating in the blood, in the proportion of two and a half parts in a thousand, called fibrin, very important in producing coagulation. You all know that if you draw blood from your arm in a bowl and set it away for a little time, it will coagulate or clot. This is caused by the fibrin's gathering all the little corpuscles together, as a shepherd dog gathers the sheep, in a mass, thus separating them from the watery part, or serum. This power of coagulation

is a very important property to the blood. Except for it the slightest wound might be fatal, as from it might flow all the blood in the body, just as all the water in a tank can flow out of a very small hole in the pipe. But coagulation stops up the wound, and this danger is avoided. It also heaps around the wound materials for repairs, and Nature soon rebuilds the broken wall. If by any means the blood becomes poor in fibrin, this power is impaired, wounds heal very slowly, blood flows too freely from the slightest break, and often exudes through the finer tissues, as the gums. One effect of alcohol on the blood is to reduce this fibrin, more accurately to collect it in little masses by itself, where it becomes useless in the circulation. The result is seen in the difficulty with which wounds heal on intemperate persons, and their tendency to hemorrhage. This result follows moderate drinking. If alcohol enters the blood in large quantities, as when great draughts of strong liquors are drunk, the fibrin may solidify, the blood in the heart become a semi-solid mass, and sudden death follow.

The effect of alcohol on the corpuscles of the blood is even more deleterious. These little red atoms are literally iron-clad life-boats, for upon them all life depends. Flying swiftly through the blood, each to its own appointed pier, they take up their freight, the waste carbon which must be expelled from the system. Returning with their load to the lungs, they unload the deadly carbonic acid and take in its place the life-giving oxygen which they bear to every fibre of the body that would die without it. These little boats have determinate size and shape best adapted to the work they have to do ; their form and size are determined largely by the amount of water each corpuscle contains. Alcohol enters the blood ; its first work is to drink up the water in the corpuscles, thus altering their shape and shriveling them up. The result is that in their altered form they can not carry their accustomed

loads; to make matters worse, they acquire a tendency to cohere in rolls, instead of flowing freely. In this form they can not enter the minute capillaries, so the more delicate tissues are starved.

We all know how dark and mottled the complexion of the habitual drunkard becomes. This results directly from the effect of the alcohol on the fibrin and the corpuscles of the blood. All know that the blood in the veins is dark-colored, while that in the arteries is bright red. This comes from the oxidation of the blood in the lungs, the giving up of carbonic acid by the corpuscles and the taking on of oxygen. While loaded with the deadly carbon, these little boats run up the black flag and make the whole life-current dark; when it is given up for oxygen, they glow rosy red and the whole blood brightens. But as we have seen, alcohol interferes with this oxidation, and the blood flows from the lungs as dark-looking as it came, in proportion to the amount of injury its corpuscles have received from the alcohol. As the ruddy blood of health gives the rosy tint to the cheek, so this vitiated blood imparts its own dark color. The mottled appearance comes from impeded circulation, caused by unnatural coagulation of fibrin and running together of corpuscles. The red nose of the drunkard is caused by loss of nervous control over the muscular coat of the capillaries, resulting from the action of alcohol on the nerve tissue, as before explained. These signs in the face are the danger-signals Nature hangs out to warn of troubles within. This vitiated blood goes to every tissue and organ, and always works them woe.

In the stomach it produces ulceration and impedes digestion, so that not one drinker in a hundred is free from dyspepsia. On the liver its effect is only less potent and deadly than upon nerve tissue, producing enlargement of the liver, congestion, hardening, cirrhosis; it changes the substance of the kidneys so that they can not perform their function, and the

poison they should excrete remains as a disturbing element in the system. In the bowels it produces irritation and relaxation, in the lungs congestion and bronchitis. The muscles suffer fatty degeneracy, by which they lose their proper contractile power. This fatty degeneracy in the heart, which is a muscle, often leads to sudden death, while the brain, the greatest sufferer in the whole body, succumbs to delirium tremens, dementia, apoplexy or paralysis.

I paint no imaginary evils as resulting to the body from use of alcoholics. Every word I have written is verified by the highest medical authority; happy are you if in the experience of some one near and dear, you have not seen some or all of these evils illustrated. Alcohol's deadly work does not stop with the body. It enters the domain of the mind and shatters the will power, so that the man is no longer his own master. It blunts moral sensibilities, deadens family affection, exalts the baser instincts and brings the higher nature into subjection unto them; destroys truthfulness, the very foundation of character, exalts appetite and passion above reason and conscience; in short, brings the whole being into a condition whose natural and inevitable outcome is the terrible sentence, "No drunkard shall inherit eternal life."

This, then, is the awful danger confronting your children through the drink habit, a danger enhanced by the fact that they can go scarcely anywhere in this professedly Christian land of ours without being assailed by legalized temptations to drink, which man's avarice has spurred on his ingenuity to make as seductive as possible. Well is it for your children if this foe without does not find an ally within, inherited appetite. What can you do to save your child from this awful doom?

First, keep thyself pure. From what we have said concerning heredity we can readily see how slight tampering with temptation on your part, may entail disaster on your

children. Darwin, the highest authority on transmission of qualities, says that no scientific fact is more thoroughly established than the hereditary effects of alcohol. These effects are progressive and cumulative. What is a very slight tendency in one generation, if indulged, becomes stronger in the next, and uncontrollable in the third. The constant use of drinks containing only a little alcohol, like cider and light wines, creates a thirst for something stronger. One of the most dangerous things about alcohol, distinguishing it from a natural drink, is the fact that it never assuages thirst, but creates a craving for itself. Thus appetite is formed and transmitted to posterity. At the same time alcohol weakens the will power; this weakness is also transmitted, thus the child receives the sad inheritance of awakened appetite with a weakened will to resist it. This accounts for the well-known fact that each succeeding generation of drinkers craves stronger liquors, and shows less power of resisting this craving. Very much of the drunkenness of to-day is directly traceable to the cider barrels of our grandfathers. They drank cider freely, never imagining it was any harm; their children craved and drank wine, and their grandchildren are satisfied with nothing less strong than whisky or brandy. We, looking back over this sad vista, see that the harm began with the cider; for this reason we banish it from our homes, and pledge ourselves and our children not to touch it.

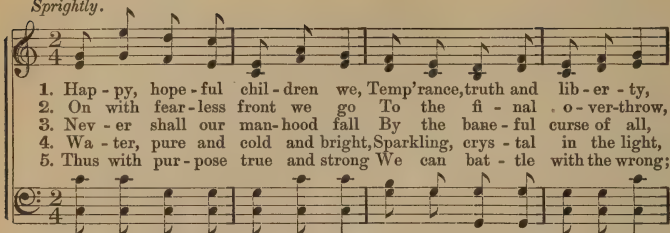
Closely allied to the drink habit is the tobacco habit, and we need to guard our children against both. The filthiness of tobacco using should be enough to banish it from every home. Remember your bodies are the temples of God, "and whosoever defileth the temple of God, him will God destroy." The defilement of tobacco is second only to the defilement of drink. And this defilement its users carry ever about with them, unconsciously perhaps, but to the disgust of nostrils not tainted by long contact therewith. Some ladies pretend



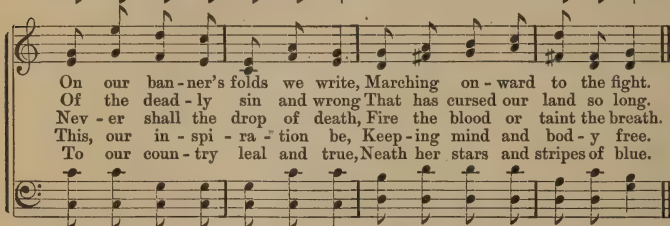
# Happy Children.

Mrs. EMILY J. BUGBEE.

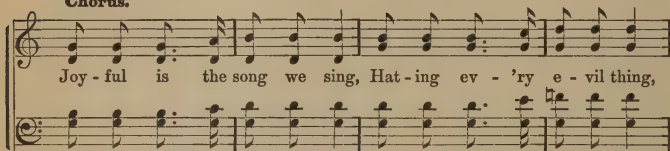
T. MARTIN TOWNE.

*Sprightly.*


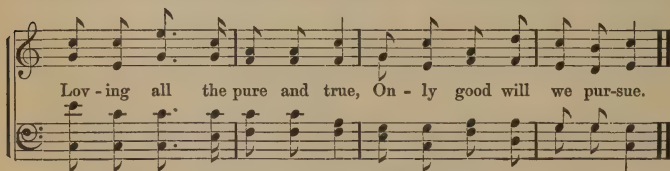
1. Hap - py, hope - ful chil - dren we, Temp'rance, truth and lib - er - ty,  
 2. On with fear - less front we go To the fi - nal o - ver - throw,  
 3. Nev - er shall our man - hood fall By the bare - ful curse of all,  
 4. Wa - ter, pure and cold and bright, Sparkling, crys - tal in the light,  
 5. Thus with pur - pose true and strong We can bat - tle with the wrong;



On our ban - ner's folds we write, Marching on - ward to the fight.  
 Of the dead - ly sin and wrong That has cursed our land so long.  
 Nev - er shall the drop of death, Fire the blood or taint the breath.  
 This, our in - spi - ra - tion be, Keep - ing mind and bod - y free.  
 To our coun - try leal and true, Neath her stars and stripes of blue.

**Chorus.**


Joy - ful is the song we sing, Hat - ing ev - 'ry e - vil thing,



Lov - ing all the pure and true, On - ly good will we pur - sue.

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to like "the flavor of a good cigar;" we doubt if one was ever yet found who enjoyed the effluvia which comes from the hair, the whiskers, the clothing of a smoker. Who of us has not been made sick and faint by having such an one come into a warm room where we were sitting? Physicians tell us that many cases of chronic headache among women are directly traceable to their husband's cigar. These cases are more marked among the wives of business and professional men who smoke indoors, than among those who smoke in the open air, as in the latter case the effluvia is blown away, and does not settle in the clothes, to be carried into the home.

I knew a lovely girl, the only child of a literary man, who from childhood had been accustomed to spend much time with her father in his library. When she was about sixteen her health broke down, and no resident physician could ascertain what ailed her. Her father took her to a noted physician in Philadelphia who examined her critically, and pronounced her disease the effect of nicotine poisoning. As she had never used tobacco in her life this seemed absurd, but the physician persisted in his opinion and inquired into her manner of life. On learning that she spent several hours a day with her father, who was an inveterate smoker, he said, "That explains the mystery. You smoke in her presence in a close room; the whole air becomes charged with nicotine, and hers being a sensitive physical organism, absorbs the poison which has produced the result you see." No one denies that tobacco contains nicotine, one of the deadliest poisons known, but because "everybody uses it," and does not fall down dead, but rather seems to be preserved and pickled in it, warranted to keep, like the mummy, comparatively little attention is given to the subject.

All poisons do not act alike; some kill instantaneously, like a stroke of lightning; others lead to death through long torturous ways of agony, as the leprosy does, and others

through just as torturous ways, but their agony is dulled by stupefaction; this is the case with tobacco. Against nothing does the human system revolt more stoutly than against tobacco. This is shown by the deathly sickness which accompanies all first attempts to use it. "But papa and other men smoke and chew; it must be manly, so I'll learn," thinks the boy, and he does learn. The habit once fixed, it is harder to break up than even the drink habit. And what does it do for the boy after he has formed it? If he is young it tends to stunt his growth and decrease muscular strength. Germany strictly interdicts the use of tobacco to all youth, and bases the prohibition on the fact that "tobacco lessens the future capacity of service to the State, especially in military life." If it deserves interdiction because it unfits for military duty, it surely deserves it on higher grounds. It tends to produce cancerous affections of the mouth and throat. Senator Hill, of Georgia, a man honored and respected by the nation, died from this cause; General Grant died before his time from the effects of his cigar.

Cigarettes are more deleterious than cigars because they are usually made of refuse tobacco, "doctored" to give the required flavor. The paper in which they are incased instead of being rice paper, as it pretends to be, which is expensive, is often made from the filthy scrapings of rag-pickers, and is treated with arsenic to give it the proper appearance. Several States have passed laws forbidding the sale of cigarettes to minors under sixteen. The way this law came into existence in one State illustrates one danger from cigarette smoking. A noted politician of New Jersey had a son who desired to enter Annapolis Naval Academy; he secured his appointment, passed successfully the literary examination, but was rejected on account of physical disability. His tonsils were eaten away, and the examining surgeon attributed it to cigarette smoking. At the next meeting of the State Legislature, his father pro-

cured the passage of the bill forbidding the sale of cigarettes to minors.

The tobacco habit is dangerous not only in itself, but also from its relation to the drink habit. Dr. Copeland, F. R. S., of England says: "Tobacco creates thirst and vital depression, to remove which, alcoholic stimulants are often resorted to. Thus two of the worst habits are firmly established, to the injury of the individual, and transmitted, often in increased force, to his offspring when he becomes a father." The hereditary taint of tobacco is as well established as that of alcohol; it shows itself most frequently in disordered nervous action, producing St. Vitus' dance and kindred nervous diseases.

Dr. Gihon, Medical Director of U. S. Navy, makes a strong point against tobacco in his reports to Congress. He says: "Beyond all other things the future health and usefulness of the lads educated in our naval schools require the absolute interdiction of tobacco in all its forms. An agent which through its sedative effect upon the circulatory system creates a thirst for alcoholic stimulants; which by its depressing and disturbing influence on the nerve centers increases bad passions, determines functional diseases of the heart, impairs vision, blunts memory, and interferes with mental habit and application, ought in my opinion as a sanitary officer, at whatever cost of vigilance, to be vigorously interdicted." Largely through his efforts it has been interdicted in most naval and military schools. By recent action of Congress the effects of its use as well as the effects of alcoholics, is to be taught in all these schools; why should it not be in the home?

Concerning this vice, as concerning drunkenness, the first safeguard parents can throw around their children is to keep themselves pure. Next to parental purity and a right inheritance, we rank as a step in temperance character building

such living and training as tends to secure to your children healthy bodies ; over such, temptation has little power. See that all the conditions of health are fulfilled in your household ; let cleanliness and fresh air reign there. Especially see to it that your children have plenty of wholesome, nutritious, simple food, at regular times, and are not pampered with dainties. Keep from them condiments, highly-seasoned foods, tea and coffee. Such foods unnaturally stimulate the digestive organs and thus arouse or create a craving for something stronger. Tea and coffee tend to nervousness, and disordered nerves sometimes open the gateways of temptation. Study carefully the relation of cooking and foods to intemperance. If every mother in the land would join the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in its preventive temperance work, its study of heredity and of hygiene in relation to home life, much good would result to them and to their families. This organization has in every State in the Union superintendents of these departments, whose address you can easily obtain and to whom you can apply for information on these important topics.

In this connection we can not urge too strongly the banishing of every species of intoxicants from your table and your home. If you use them there you can not with any propriety forbid their use elsewhere. Besides, their use in cooking or in medicine administered by your hand, may create a thirst for them. Many a son has gone to destruction because of the appetite formed by the hard cider or brandy in his mother's mince pies, her home-made wine, or the toddy administered by her hand for childish ailments. Many a dear gray head has been brought down with sorrow to the grave because, in her ignorance, she wrought her own child's undoing. Oh parents, we beseech you by the love you bear your children, acquaint yourselves with the actual facts in the case, with what effects alcoholics and tobacco really do have upon

the human system, and guide yourselves accordingly.

Next to physical health, cultivate self-control in your children. He that ruleth his own spirit is stronger against temptation than he that taketh a city. Alexander conquered the world, but he could not conquer himself. The boy who in childhood has every whim humored and is indulged in fits of passion, is much more likely to become a drunkard than he who early learns obedience and self-control. While fortifying your children against danger by these means, do not neglect direct instruction. Teach them the well-established facts concerning the action of alcohol and tobacco. Commence this while they are little, and continue it, varied to suit their advancing age, till they become thoroughly rooted and grounded in the truth. We emphasize commencing with the little children; they understand much more than we give them credit for, and this subject may be so presented that they will understand it and profit by it. I never cease to thank my parents for so teaching me; when I was only six years old I signed the family pledge, my father, after explaining it to me, holding my little hand and guiding it to trace the letters of my name. To that instruction and to that pledge I attribute my strong temperance principles and robust health, resulting from life-long total abstinence. With this memory fresh in mind, I urge taking the pledge in families, intelligently, seriously, as you gather around the family altar, from which afterwards ascends day by day, prayer to God for strength to keep it. There is a sacredness about such pledge-taking which will go with children into the world and be a strong defence in hours of temptation. Such a pledge signed by father, mother, brothers and sisters, framed and hung in the family sitting-room, will be a most precious and comforting souvenir for a mother to look upon when her children have gone out into life's battle.

In teaching and training for temperance, stories and inci-



# Rallying Song.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

GEO. F. ROOT.

*Allegretto.*

1. Come brave little soldiers, who stand for the right, Whose hearts they are valiant and  
 2. There's many a tempter to lure you a-stray, For - get-ting your lead-er's com-  
 3. There's many a dan-ger, if i - dly you sleep, For - get-ting the e - vil to

true; There's ma - ny a bat - tle for he - roes to fight, But vic - t'ry is  
 mand; No mat - ter how sweet-ly they call you a - way, Be sure that a  
 face; But noth - ing can harm you, if bold-ly you keep Your watch as you

**Chorus.**

wait - ing for you. For truth o - ver false - hood pre - vails, And  
 foe is at hand. For truth, etc.  
 stand in your place. For truth, etc.

wrong shall be van - quish'd by right; And the Good and the True, and the

Beau - ti - ful too, Shall con - quer the world by their might.

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dents have a place, but do not depend upon them for laying foundations. I think a mistake has been made just here. The staple of so-called "temperance talk" used to be stories illustrating the evils of hard drinking, often showed up in ridiculous light. The world is growing wiser now concerning this matter, and is striking down to bed-rock foundations. A few stories as illustrations may not be amiss, provided they are illustrations and not caricatures; but the investigations of Christian and philanthropic scientists like Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson and Dr. Carpenter, of England, Axel Gustafson of Sweden, Dr. Willard Parker and Dr. N. S. Davis, of America, have shown us a more excellent way. They have brought to light facts and principles concerning the physiology of alcoholics and narcotics which lay a firm foundation for temperance teaching, and have given the results of their investigations to the world in such simple, inexpensive form, that every family can both purchase and profit by them. Dr. Richardson's *Temperance Lesson Book*, which can be procured in its best binding for half a dollar, and in paper covers for a quarter, studied around the winter fireside would lay temperance foundations not easily shaken.

Says Dr. J. G. Holland, whose wise words as "Timothy Titcomb" have benefited thousands: "It is a cruel thing to send a boy out into the world untaught that alcohol in any form is fire, and will certainly burn him if he puts it into his stomach. It is a cruel thing to educate a boy in such a way that he has no adequate idea of the dangers that beset his path. It is a mean thing to send a boy out to take his place in society without understanding the relations of temperance to his own safety and prosperity, and to the safety and prosperity of society.

"What we want is to do away with the force of a pernicious example and a long-cherished error, by making the children thoroughly intelligent on this subject of alcohol.

They should be taught the natural effect of alcohol upon the processes of animal life. (1) They should be taught that it can add nothing whatever to the vital forces or to the vital tissues, that it never enters into the elements of structure, and that, in the healthy organism, it is always a burden or disturbing force. (2) They should be taught that it invariably disturbs the operation of the brain, and that the mind can get nothing from alcohol of help that is to be relied upon. (3) They should be taught that alcohol inflames the baser passions, blunts the sensibilities, and debases the feelings. (4) They should be taught that an appetite for drink is certainly developed by those who use it, which is dangerous to life, destructive of health of body and peace of mind, and in millions of instances ruinous to fortune and to all the high interests of the soul. (5) They should be taught that the crime and pauperism of society flow as naturally from alcohol as any effect whatever naturally flows from its competent cause. (6) They should be taught that drink is the responsible cause of most of the poverty and want of the world. So long as six hundred million dollars are annually spent for drink in this country, every ounce of which was made by the destruction of bread, and not one ounce of which has ever entered into the sum of national wealth, having nothing to show for its cost but diseased stomachs, degraded homes, destroyed industry, increased pauperism, and aggravated crime, these boys should understand the facts and be able to act upon them in their first responsible conduct."

We echo this sentiment heartily, but would add "or girl" to his "a boy." The alarming increase of drunkenness and opium-eating among fashionable women shows there is work to be done on that side of the house. Even if there were no danger of girls becoming drunkards, they need the instruction to save them from the sadder, if not so hopeless, fate—that of drunkards' wives. If girls really knew the danger

there is in the first glass, they would never offer it; if they at all comprehended what will be the harvest from a sowing of wild oats, they would never dare link their lives with men engaged in that kind of agriculture.

O, youths who are sowing wild oats, do you know  
That the terrible seed you are sowing will grow?

The physiological effects of self-indulgence are not the only ones to which you should direct the attention of your children. There are others growing out of them which should be kept in mind, as they have to do very largely with success in life. Bad habits shut the door of lucrative, honorable employment. If a boy applies for almost any position with a cigarette in his mouth, he will be refused, even though the one refusing will have a quid of tobacco in *his* mouth. If he does use it himself, he knows it is a bad thing for boys. He knows that the use of tobacco leads to bad companionship; lewd conversation comes more naturally from tobacco-stained lips than from clean ones, because the characteristic action of nicotine is to deaden moral sensibility. He knows, too, that it often leads to dishonest practices, and even to stealing, to procure tobacco, and so he will not trust a tobacco-loving boy. Let a young man apply for any employment, and the first question asked is, "Is he temperate?" and the next, "How does he spend his evenings?" Every business man knows that it is not safe to employ a young man who drinks and smokes and carouses round nights. He will soon become unfit for his work, physically, mentally and morally. Even dram-shops want temperate clerks. Said the proprietor of one in Chicago, not long ago, "If I do make drunkards, I will not employ them."

The great organized industries of the world are fast closing their doors against all but total abstainers. Many of the great railroads make total abstinence a condition of employment, and if an employe is ever seen in a dram-shop, he is

discharged. The great manufacturing establishments are fast wheeling into this line. If this work goes on for the next ten years as rapidly as it has done for the last decade, it soon will be very difficult for a tippler to gain employment. And this is the result of no fanaticism; it is founded upon sound business sense. Employers have learned that it is not safe to trust work or business to heads muddled and hands rendered unsteady by liquor. This will go on increasingly with increasing complexity of mechanical invention. Machinery is fast coming to do the greater part of the world's work, but machinery must have clear heads and steady hands to guide it. The more complicated, powerful or delicate the machine, the clearer the head and the steadier the hand it requires. A drunken man driving an ox team may do little damage, for his oxen usually have more sense than he has, and will bring him safely home. But put that same man, if you dare, in command of the iron horse, with its load of valuable merchandise, or its more precious burden of human lives. You would be crazy to do it, as every railroad man knows. Now, unless you would shut the doors of honorable, lucrative labor against your children, you *must* teach them temperance. Again and again and again comes the testimony from manufacturers and business men, "The drink habit is the greatest foe to the industries of our nation."

We have dwelt thus long on this argument for total abstinence from the industries because some will be influenced by it who are not so easily reached by high moral considerations. The tendency of our rushing American life is to make a boy feel that to be "a doing," and doing great things in some of the leading industries of the country, is the great aim in life. If he finds these industries barred against him unless he is temperate, he will think twice before taking his first glass, and if he never takes *that*, he is safe.

Another argument which appeals to boys is the economic

one. "Can you afford to spend your money on either liquor or tobacco? Especially, can you afford to fix upon yourselves habits which will eat up a large part of your earnings, without leaving any good thing to show for it, and which, once formed, are so difficult to break?" Give the children such examples as these to figure out around the fire on winter evenings: How much land at ten dollars an acre could a man buy with the money he wastes on tobacco by smoking three five-cent cigars each day, from the time he is twenty-one till he is fifty? Vary it to illustrate the waste by drink. Show them that this is a low estimate, as self-indulgence grows with what it feeds upon, and exacts constantly increasing offerings at its shrine. Then ask them which they would prefer to have, tobacco and liquor, or the money they cost invested in something to make life better and happier?

A merchant of New York tells the following story: "In early life I smoked six cigars a day, at six and a half cents each; they averaged that. I thought to myself one day, 'I'll just put aside the money I am consuming in cigars, and all I would consume if I kept on in the habit, and I will see what it will come to by compound interest.' Last July completed thirty-nine years since, by the grace of God, I was emancipated from the filthy habit, and the savings amounted to the enormous sum of \$29,102.03 by compound interest. We lived in the city, but the children who had learned something of the enjoyment of country life from their annual visits to their grandparents, longed for a home among the green fields. I found a very pleasant place in the country for sale. The cigar money now came into requisition, and I found that it amounted to a sufficient sum to purchase the place, and it is mine. I wish all American boys could see how my children enjoy their home as they watch the vessels with their white sails that course along the Sound."

An eminent man says: "Put into my hand the money



wasted in tobacco in the United States, and I will clothe, feed and shelter all the suffering poor on this continent."

"Say No to tobacco, that poisonous weed;  
Say *No!* to all evils. They only can lead  
To shame and to sorrow. Shun them, my boy,  
For wisdom's fair pathway of peace and of joy."

This motto framed and hung in your boy's bedroom, may help him to keep himself pure.

Thus, here a little, and there a little, by example, by precept, by incentive, you are building temperance into the character of your children. Thus builded, it becomes as a house founded on a rock, against which the storms of appetite, the waves of temptation, dash in vain. In this building, ever remember that you are to build up yourselves and your children upon holy faith in God who is able and willing in every temptation to make a way of escape. Being rooted and grounded in this faith, go on to that most glorious sum in addition, "Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity."



### Babolink Temperance Song.

E. E. MARCY.

ANNA A. GORDON.

1. I heard a little bird one morning sing, Sip, sip, sip, Sip no wine, As it  
2. And a gay little girl caught up the lay, Sip, sip, sip, Sip no wine, As she  
3. And the gleeful air bore a-way the song, Sip, sip, sip, Sip no wine, And it



flew a - way on a blithesome wing, Sip no wine, Sip no wine.  
 danced a - bout in the glad new day, Sip no wine, Sip no wine.  
 fell on the ear of the passing throng, Sip no wine, Sip no wine.

**Chorus.**

Cheer cheer chirr ra ree, Chirr ra ree cold wa - ter, Chirr ra ree chee chee chee

*2d time pp.*

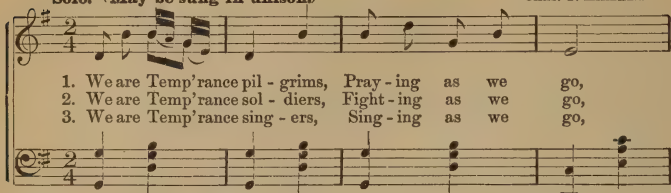
Chirr ra ree cold wa-ter.

# Temperance Pilgrim's Marching Song.

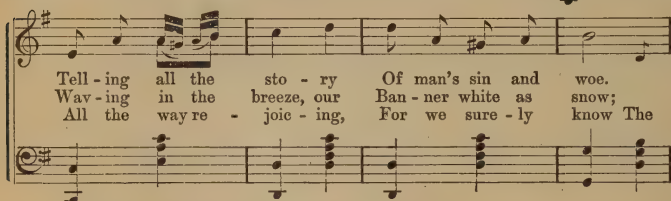
MRS. NELLY BAYLEY.

Solo. (May be sung in unison.)

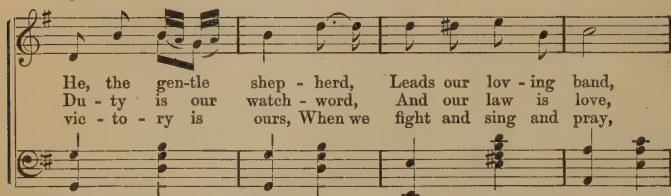
CHAS. T. KIMBALL.



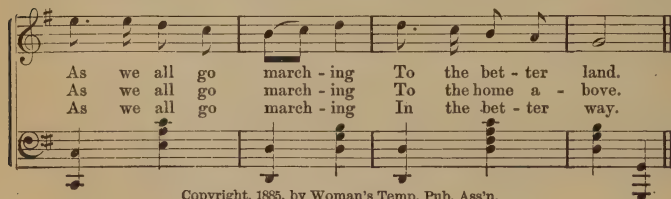
1. We are Temp'rance pil - grims, Pray - ing as we go,  
 2. We are Temp'rance sol - diers, Fight - ing as we go,  
 3. We are Temp'rance sing - ers, Sing - ing as we go,



Tell - ing all the sto - ry Of man's sin and woe.  
 Wav - ing in the breeze, our Ban - ner white as snow;  
 All the way re - joic - ing, For we sure - ly know The



He, the gen - tle shep - herd, Leads our lov - ing band,  
 Du - ty is our watch - word, And our law is love,  
 vic - to - ry is ours, When we fight and sing and pray,



As we all go march - ing To the bet - ter land.  
 As we all go march - ing To the home a - bove.  
 As we all go march - ing In the bet - ter way.

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**Chorus.**

Come and join our ar - my, Come and join our band,

**Duet.**

Come and join our ar - my, And for Temp'rance stand, With

Je - sus for our lead - er, We'll fight and sing and pray,

**All sing.**

As we all go march - ing In the bet - ter way.

## CHAPTER XII.

### *Imagination.*



HERE is no faculty whose right training has greater influence upon character than imagination, yet none whose cultivation is more neglected. We often act as though we thought God made a mistake in giving us imagination, or that the world had outgrown all need of it. It might have done very well in the idyllic age of Eden when Adam and Eve had nothing to do but philander about and pick posies, but there is no place for it in the utilitarian nineteenth century. "Facts, sir, facts are what we need." Yes, but the fact remains that most of our joys and sorrows, and all of our temptations enter through the imagination; to leave such a gateway unguarded is the height of folly.

What is the imagination? Webster defines it as the power to create or reproduce an object previously perceived; to recall a mental or spiritual state before experienced; to reconstruct or recombine material furnished by experience or apprehension, for the accomplishment of an elevated end or purpose. This latter power distinguishes it from fancy, with which it is often confounded. The two are near of kin, but imagination is the higher. It creates by laws more closely allied to reason; it has strong emotion as its actuating cause, and aims at definite results. Fancy moves on lighter wing and is governed by laws of association more remote, and often more capricious. Properly speaking, imagination and fancy are

different exercises of the same general power, and much of what we say will apply to both, while much will apply to imagination alone.

Being the creative faculty in man, imagination allies us most nearly to God. By it we perceive God. It is the germ of faith, of noble purpose, of enthusiasm whose literal meaning is, "God in us." The world's best work is always done by enthusiasts, no matter how much utilitarians scoff at them. They do this work because of their deep, true, heaven-born belief in God and that it is His work, which having given them to do, He will give the ability to perform. Such a conviction is not to be hammered out of cold reason. It comes only through imagination taking hold upon the unseen and spiritual forces. To rise, we must reach up and take hold on something *above*; we can not be pushed up by forces from below; and that something becomes real to us only through the imagination.

"I count these things to be grandly true :  
 That a noble deed is a step toward God,  
 Lifting the soul from the common sod  
 To a purer air and a broader view.  
 We rise by the things that are under our feet,  
 By what we have mastered in greed and gain,  
 By the pride deposed and the passion slain,  
 And the vanquished ill we hourly meet.  
 Heaven is not reached by a single bound,  
 But we build the ladders by which we rise  
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
 And we mount to its summit round by round."

Those who have builded this ladder best have been men and women of strong imagination. Such men and women are the best workers. Castle-building precedes real building. Every great achievement lives first in the imagination of its doer. This faculty is the soul of all philanthropies; for by it we are enabled to put ourselves in the place of wronged,

sinning, suffering men and women, to feel their sorrows, and through thus feeling them, be moved to relieve them. By it Howard put himself in the place of the prisoners, and thus was moved to inaugurate prison reform. Florence Nightingale and Mary Stanley put themselves in the place of suffering soldiers, and wrought out their relief in imagination before they could work it out in reality. Making the woes of the drunkard, and of the drunkard's family, their own, led Mrs. Thompson and her noble co-laborers into the Temperance Crusade whose fruits are now blessing thousands. It is the basis of all sympathy with joy as well as with sorrow. More than any other faculty it distinguishes man from the brutes and allies him with spiritual natures.

Often imagination in its highest, noblest development, exists in those we are wont to consider only prosaic workers. If their work is well done and has a lofty aim, we may be sure it has its root in imagination, no matter how little of this appears in blossoms or fruit. The world knows Elihu Burritt as the learned blacksmith, an embodiment of practical, prosaic work, yet no one had a more vivid imagination; no one appreciated this faculty more highly. He tells us that it is the God-given power of the imagination to build ideals, on the low and narrow basis of actual fact. Take away ideals, and how could humanity ever be lifted above the dull level upon which it gropes?

"As long as the heart hath passions,

As long as life has woes,"

the reality and the mission of ideal character will remain.

The happiest homes on earth are the homes of living ideals, husbands and wives, parents and children, radiant with the idealism one gives to the other, as each sees the other in the light of affection, robing their real being with the soft velvet of idealism, and hiding the unpleasant features which we do not care to see. For there are many things which it is not



best to see, things we can not help by seeing, and which only annoy us. The idealism which covers them from sight is near akin to that charity that beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, thinketh no evil, and covereth a multitude of sins. We have the clear testimony of God in Revelation, in Nature and in History that there is no power of the mind through which He works so irresistibly for the uplifting and salvation of man as through imagination. "Not a tribe has ever made one step towards civilization without it; not a pilgrim soul has reached the gate of the Celestial City without its aid. It gives substance, reality, to things hoped for, so becomes indispensable to faith. It creates for heart and eye and ear a new heavens and a new earth \* \* \* All mechanical, electrical, and chemical discovery is idealism brought to bear upon the pure simple facts of Nature."

The ideals of Greece and Rome deify the brute forces—strength, courage, feats of war. Inspired idealism illustrates the reactive virtues—the cultivation of the human soul, the development of its faculties to their highest perfection. In your home erect the statue of the perfect man, all glorious with truth and beauty in their highest conceivable perfection, and say, "Behold the man! Behold the model of your life and thought!" It rests with parents to decide what ideals they erect in their own households. It behooves them to decide carefully, for their children's lives will be moulded to the model of the ideal thus erected. If your highest type is Croesus, your children may gain wealth, but bring leanness into their souls, and so on through all the catalogue of ruling passions. It is only when the perfect Christ is the family ideal that the noblest family life is possible. Combined with this you can keep before your children the lives of noble men and women, and these ideals become insensibly wrought into the fiber of their being; herein is the great good of pictures and

statues of grand men and women in the home. In my study hangs a picture of Agassiz. I never came into the room tired out with a hard day's work in school, without being rested and refreshed by looking into the noble face of him who so gloried in his life work that he counted it his proudest distinction to write his name "Louis Agassiz, *Teacher*." In my bedroom hangs a picture of Lucretia Mott. As it greets my opening eyes in the morning the strong, sweet face bids me "good cheer," and I go to the labor of the day with greater courage from thinking of the eighty years of noble work she did.

"Even their phantoms rise before us,  
Our loftier brothers, but one in blood ;  
At bed and table they lord it o'er us,  
With looks of beauty and words of good."

To this principle Roman Catholicism owes much of its power over the masses. Pictures of Christ and the saints adorn not only cathedrals and churches, but even the humblest homes. Around them gather the sweetest ideals of the household. The pictured images become living friends to them, rejoicing in their joy, sympathizing in their sorrow. I once sat in a Mexican cathedral in the dim gray of a November morning. There were many pictures on the walls, all of them in shadow but an exquisite Mater Dolorosa, which was lighted by the altar candles. It stood out from the dimness with a beauty and pathos I never saw equaled. My eyes were riveted on it, and the longer I gazed the more eloquently it seemed to speak to me. Men and women were coming and going, gliding through the shadowed aisles like ghosts. This I noted and did not wonder at it—whenever a sad-faced woman came in, and they were many, for their lot there is very hard, she knelt long before the Mater Dolorosa, often with an adoring, pleading look on her own upturned face that seemed to say, "O Blessed Virgin, thy heart was pierced with many sorrows,

thou dost know the trials I bear, pity and comfort me."

Books as well as pictures are powerful in forming ideals. If the reading of the household is of the Jesse James order, your children's ideal will be a highwayman; if it be books written by the pure and good, purity and goodness become your children's standard. It is wonderful how great the influence of one book or even one poem can be. Burritt relates that the effect of Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith," sung to the working men in England, was magical. They hailed the patient, brave, helpful, self-reliant blacksmith as their highest ideal of manly dignity and heroism, and became earnest in striving to lift themselves up to his plane. His "Psalm of Life" made equal impression upon the Chinese, showing how "one touch of Nature makes the whole world kin." The Secretary of the British Legation translated it into Chinese vernacular and hung it on his door-post. Crowds continually surrounded it, many committing it to memory. A mandarin was so impressed by it that he translated it into classical Chinese, had it engraved on a magnificent fan, and sent it to Longfellow as expressing his thanks to him for giving expression to what was in the hearts of all men.

Bring biography and incidents of noble deeds to aid in forming your children's ideals. The world is full of them. If newspapers would take as much pains to record them as they do to give the records of revolting crime, the world would be much better. The imagination would be fed on worthy food, and would grow pure and strong instead of groveling in the mire. All history is full of incidents whose tendency is to lift us to a higher plane of living. What an inspiration to self-denial has been Sir Philip Sidney's passing the untasted cup which his own dying lips so craved to a wounded soldier dying beside him, because "his need is greater than mine." It is matched in our own time by the magnanimity of Albert Sidney Johnston. A minie-ball wounded him in the leg, cut-

ting an artery from which the life-blood was rapidly flowing. Scarce realizing the danger in his anxiety to have his wounded soldiers and the prisoners attended to, he sent his surgeon to attend to them saying, "These men were our enemies a moment ago, now they are our prisoners; take care of them." The surgeon went, not dreaming of his general's danger, and in a few moments Johnston was dead.

The cholera was raging in Naples. The whole city was in a panic, which but increased the fearful ravages of the foe. King Humbert and his beautiful wife undertook to allay this panic, and did so at the risk of their lives. Going to the plague-smitten city, whence all had fled who could escape, the young king literally took his life in his hand and periled it for the protection of his people. The monarch gave place to the philanthropist; he went about among the stricken people, his very presence allaying their fears and thus increasing their chance of life. The priest who first accompanied him soon fell a victim to the cholera, and then the heroic queen, whom the king would have kept from the contagion if he could, took his place beside her husband; it was as though Queen Victoria and Florence Nightingale had united in one person. History shows no brighter example of heroism—a king and queen, in the very meridian of life, happy in all relations public and private, periling their lives, not for their crown, but for their suffering people.

We need not go to royalty to find examples of heroism. Plain men and women, and even little children, are exhibiting it daily. Scarcely is there a wrecked railway train but some grimy railroad man exhibits a heroic self-forgetfulness which puts to shame the boasts of chivalry. Scarcely a great fire occurs that some fireman does not risk his life—aye, and often lose it—to save an unknown woman or a little, helpless child from death. Children are most touched by instances of childish heroism; it comes within their reach as something

they might do if occasion offered. I remember a little hero in Shreveport, Louisiana, when that place was suffering from yellow fever. The family of six—father, mother, two sons, and two daughters—were all stricken down except Charlie, and this boy of twelve was the only one to care for all the rest. Soon his mother died and his heart was almost broken. Just as she died, the physician came in and said: "You must dry your tears and go and wait on your sisters, and don't let them know by your crying that your mother is dead, for it may make them worse." The brave boy choked back his sobs, washed the tear stains from his face, and went to his sick sisters. "How is mother?" was their first question. "Mother is better off now," he answered, so cheerfully they never suspected their loss, and did not find it out till they were better able to bear it. They recovered, and the physician used to tell them they owed their lives to the heroic self-control of their brother.

Near one of the beautiful lakes of Central New York lived a father and mother with their three boys, eight, ten and twelve years old. One February day the two younger were skating on the lake; unknown to them or their parents, the warm sun had weakened the ice, and little Benny broke through. His brother tried to save him, but he too went in. The boys rose to the surface and caught on to the ice, trying to draw themselves out, but the treacherous ice crumbled at their touch and down they went again. Again they rose and again sunk. Their cries reached their older brother, the only person near, and he rushed to their assistance, reaching the lake just as they rose for the last time. Seeing him coming and knowing the ice would not hold him, Benny cried out, "Don't come to us! don't come to us! you will be drowned, and then papa will lose all of his boys." Are not such deeds worthy to be recorded on the same page as those of Sir Philip Sidney, and of Albert Sidney Johnson?

The heroism of Livingstone awoke an answering chord in the hearts of his attendants, native Africans as they were, degraded slaves as they had been. After his death, in accordance with his wish, they determined to take his body to his friends, and this they accomplished by first drying it in the sun with salt, wrapping it up in a bale of goods to allay suspicion. If it had been known they carried a dead body with them they could not have passed through the superstitious, hostile tribes. But with these precautions they bore the precious burden a long six months' journey to the sea. Sir Bartle Frere says: "None but they who know practically the difficulties and dangers of African travel, can rightly appreciate the marvelous devotion with which this undertaking has been accomplished. Let no man henceforth say that the people of Africa are incapable of acts of the highest and most sustained heroism and self-devotion."

Compassion and tenderness find many illustrations both public and private. How beautiful the spectacle of a world's pity shown in practical fashion to burning Chicago, to plague-stricken Memphis and New Orleans. To those hospitals and homes through which yellow fever stalked came devoted men and women from the North lands, and with cool, soft touch on fevered brows obliterated the memory of war. A frigate captured from the British in the War of 1812 was left as a trophy, till the cry of starving Ireland smote upon the ear of America. Then, old feuds forgotten, it was loaded with food and sent to the starving subjects of the government from which it was captured. "Landseer's white lamb, looking into a dove's nest in the mouth of a cannon," says Burritt, "does not make so good a picture of peace." Paint this picture on the hearts of your children and they will then feel that there is something nobler, more heroic than war. And when they hear of war let them hear the nobler side of it, its patriotism, its devotion to right and duty, not simply its gory grandeur.



Commodore Foote seems not so much a hero while commanding his victorious fleet at Fort Henry, as he did the Sabbath before, preaching to his men in the absence of the chaplain. He had just received at Cairo the message telling that his own dear little boy was dead. He and his men were starting out to battle in untried gunboats, with a firmly intrenched, untried enemy. God only knew what the result would be, yet that grand commander with his father-heart bleeding, chose for his text, "Let not your heart be troubled," and from the blessed Word of God drew comfort for himself and courage for his men.

And then there are the deeds of mercy done through the Christian and Sanitary Commission to heal the hurt of war. Teach your children to revere the names of Florence Nightingale, of Mother Bickerdyke, of Mary Safford, of Clara Barton, with a more tender reverence than they can accord to generals with garments dyed in blood. As has been beautifully said, "The small angel army of Florence Nightingales, walking with tearful eyes and voices soft and low, among the dying and the dead, will raise athwart the red roadway of Mars, a cross that shall overpower the corslet and shame it to dust."

Longfellow's genius has made familiar the story of the Arcadians, and aroused indignation throughout Christendom. A simple story, having for its scene a neighboring island, may well thrill our hearts with pleasanter emotions. Soon after the close of the last war with Great Britain, before the feeling of bitterness had died out of all hearts, St. Johns, Newfoundland, was almost entirely consumed by fire, and its inhabitants left shelterless and starving in the depth of winter. How they were succored is graphically told by Elihu Burritt. The story told around the fireside will call out the sympathies of the children, and through these sympathies lift them to a plane of self-forgetful devotion.

The news of the calamity which had befallen St. Johns reached Boston when all common means of communication with the city, whether by sea or land, were blockaded by ice and snow. But if hunger can eat through stone walls, humanity can break through ice to relieve it. The good people of Boston, men, women and children, touched by the vision of the sick, the aged, and little children snatched out of the crackling flames, half-dressed, to meet the cold of that Arctic air—determined to relieve them. Well-stocked homes and homes of poverty were alike searched by their owners for food and raiment. The rich from their abundance and the poor from their penury brought something for the homeless, starving people. But how should relief be sent through the ice-bound sea or the snow-blockaded land? A merchant offered his ship for the hazardous journey; there were no steam vessels then, and no sail-boat had ever forced its way through such ice as blockaded their pathway. She was appropriately named “The Good Hope,” yet to many it seemed the forlornest of forlorn hopes to think she and her brave crew would ever reach their destination. A brave hearted old sea-captain offered to sail her through the fields of ice; equally brave-hearted sailors volunteered to man her. Loaded down with the product of hundreds of New England valleys, mills and factories, amid the prayers of thousands swarming Boston docks, with frozen sails she started out to plow her way through champing ice, and to wrestle with hard-fisted winter all the way to Newfoundland. Day after day and night after night she battled with fierce northeasters till not a man upon her but had frozen fingers and cheeks, blistered by the biting air. On and on they went, till at length “so God brought them to their desired haven.” From out the bleak desolation of the burned town their ship was sighted. It seemed the spectre of a dream—a ship of snow, with masts, spars, sails of ice—what could it be! The port captain

turned his glass upon the strange apparition, but could make nothing more of it. On it came, and still on—crushing its way through the ice, yard by yard. Now those on land distinguished on the strange phantom a signal for human help and guidance; surely it must be men and not spirits who thus signaled for a pilot. The best pilot of the port responds and pushes off his boat for the strange craft. When he comes within hailing distance, he shouts, “Ship ahoy! What ship is that?” and receives in reply, “The Good Hope, from Boston, with something comfortable for your burnt-out people, sir.” And thus that blessed ship and her thrice blessed crew broke through, not only the ice of that northern winter, but through the middle wall of partition which war had built between these alien neighbors.

From far away Scandinavia, which has sent so many emigrants to our shores, comes a story of heroism whose equal in the higher elements of courage I have never known. Its heroine is Maria Mathsdotter, a simple Lapp maiden, the only child of her parents who enjoyed the privilege denied most of their countrymen at that time, of owning a Bible in their own tongue. And this was no longer ago than 1860. Lapland had fallen a prey to her strong neighbors, Russia, Sweden and Norway, who had divided her territory between them. Nominally, the Lapps received the religion of their conquerors. Actually, they had almost no religion. The reign of Thor was broken, but the reign of Christ had not taken its place. They were much in the same condition as Alaska during the first seventeen years after it came into possession of the United States. Maria was faithfully taught the Bible during the long winters, and meditated on it during the summer, when, as was the custom of her country, she was sent away to the hills to watch her father’s reindeer. All the summer through she stayed there alone, and during those long summer days she pondered the Word of God till it became a

part of her very life. The condition of her people, ignorant, degraded, knowing nothing of Christ, unable to read His Gospel, weighed ever on her mind. "What can I do for them?" was the constant question of her own heart, but as constantly came back the hopeless answer, "Nothing." But one day as she asked the old question there came a new answer, whence, Maria could not tell, but it came with a force she could not resist—"Go to the King of Sweden and intercede for your people." The idea seemed so preposterous she tried to banish it from her mind, but banished it would not be till it had wrought its will. I will not weary you with an account of all that opposed the accomplishment of this will; enough that all obstacles were surmounted.

Enthusiast as she was, Maria was no rash fanatic. She believed that her call was from God, but she also believed that she must prepare herself for the work He called her to do. She made her preparation with wise forethought and quiet determination wonderful in a simple maiden of seventeen, and thus silenced the scoffs of those who at first had pronounced her insane. She mastered the Swedish language that she might present her cause to her sovereign without the hindrance of an interpreter, meanwhile accomplishing the harder task, that of reconciling her parents to her plan. Three years were thus consumed, and then Maria was ready. She bound on her well-tried skates and alone started on her perilous journey. Eighteen hundred miles must the maiden go over those frozen wastes, in the depth of winter, to which we know no parallel, on foot, for only in winter and on skates can those vast steppes be traversed, before reaching any public conveyance. Alone and utterly unprotected? No, He who sent her, Himself went with her, though she had no human companionship, and for protection the Everlasting Arms were ever around her.

The desolate loneliness of that journey is beyond our imag-

ination. It was the depth of winter when the days were only a few hours long and the nights were at their longest and coldest. As far as the eye could reach on every side stretched frozen wastes, a picture of utter desolation. The cold was so intense that to sit still in the open air was death, while the only places of shelter were leagues and leagues apart. Never once did her faith falter, for hers was a courage born of trust in God. Her own words were, when she was asked if she was ever sad or discouraged: "Sad, yes, sometimes, when I thought of the condition of my people; discouraged, *never*. How could I be when God Himself bade me go to Stockholm?" Days, weeks, months passed while Maria sped southward on her skates, till spring came and she saw its sunlight flash from the waters of the Gulf of Bothnia. From here to Stockholm her journey was the commonplace one of a common traveler.

She has reached Stockholm, but her hardest work is still to be done. With her own heart so full of love to God and man, she has never felt the slightest doubt that in this favored land where were Bibles and schools in plenty, all hearts must glow like hers. But now, as of old, one is absorbed in his farm, another in his merchandise; all are too busy to heed the Lapland maiden. A strange object she must have appeared, as alone she entered Stockholm. Her dress, uncouth in style, was made of half-dressed reindeer skin. On her head was the high conical bonnet of bright red, which is the distinguishing badge of her country-women. Her face, when in repose, was thoughtful, almost to sternness, yet when anything awakened her interest it would kindle and glow with the soul light within. She was of medium height and walked with a firm, springy tread, as light and free after her long journey as when she left her home months before. She was so modest and utterly free from self-consciousness that she never seemed to imagine that she had done anything remarkable.

The strangeness of her appearance brought her to the no-



tice of Pastor Rorick, of the French Protestant church in Stockholm, whose heart the Lord opened to receive her. He proved the very friend she needed, introduced her to many Christian people who entered warmly into her plans, and presented her to the Swedish Missionary Association, before whom she pleaded her cause so well that a generous appropriation was at once made to establish Bible schools among the Lapps. This encouraged her, but summer was waning and she had not yet fulfilled the commission given her while herding her reindeer on the lonely hills—"Go to the King of Sweden and intercede for your people." She had thought only of the difficulty of reaching Stockholm, never dreaming, ignorant peasant that she was, of the greater difficulty of breaking through the barriers that surround a king. No other throne in Europe is so difficult of access, because so hedged about with ceremony, as that of Sweden. In Maria's case the difficulty was greatly increased by obstacles thrown in her way by unscrupulous politicians, who did not wish the cause of her oppressed people brought before their sovereign. But all obstacles melted in the fervid zeal of this strong-souled peasant girl, and at length a day was appointed for her audience with the king.

Her friends loaded her with directions for her conduct at this momentous interview, which she could neither understand nor appreciate. She thanked them for their kindly interest, but said: "It seems to me you have forgotten the story of David when he tried to wear Saul's armor. I must fight the battle with the weapons God has placed in my hands, otherwise I shall not only make myself ridiculous, but what is worse, injure the cause of my people. I am a peasant of the hills, knowing nothing of courts or of kings, but He whom I serve will put fitting words into my mouth;" and He did abundantly fulfill to her His promise, "I will teach you in that hour what you shall speak."



The king's heart was won, and he promised all needed aid and protection. So well was this promise and that of the Missionary Association kept, that by the close of this year, ever memorable in the history of the Lapps, the year 1864, eight schools were established in their principal villages, and colporteurs were sent through Swedish Lapland bearing the bread of life to the wandering herdsmen.

When the Frost King again laid his pavement of ice, Maria returned home on her skates, her heart overflowing with thanksgiving to God that her mission was accomplished. The next summer we find her contentedly herding her reindeer, with never a thought that the ring of her skates had echoed across the broad Atlantic, and that in thousands of Christian homes to day "this thing that she hath done is told as a memorial of her."

But does some busy parent ask, "Is it really worth while, in this hurrying life we must live, to take time to tell such deeds to our children?" Yes, we answer unhesitatingly, if you would have your children emulate them. Children are natural-born hero worshipers; better to set before them noble heroes, around whom a pure imagination may twine, than leave them to bow at unworthy shrines. Imagination will be busy; supply it with pure material upon which to work.

All people, especially children, idealize character. Their heroes are not the real men who bear the honored names—whether these names be David or Daniel, Alexander or Napoleon, Wellington or Washington; but these real characters clothed in the robes imagination weaves for them. "We look at a mountain twenty miles away; it wears not its own rugged face; all its bald, jagged rocks, its rough ravines, are smoothed over with the blue of the intervening distance. So historic characters are smoothed over, softened, purified by our idealism." We take the living breath of David's psalms, tender and beautiful as they are, and breathe it back into a human

ideal which we call David. "The blue of twenty-five centuries has smoothed the rough crevices and the wide discrepancies of his actual human life." The evil drops from him or is veiled from our eyes, and he stands in our imagination, not as the slayer of Uriah, but as the sweet singer of Israel whose songs find echo in the deepest recesses of our being—the beloved of God. Thus standing, he is a help and inspiration to us, encouraging us when we fall, strengthening us in all good endeavor, and drawing us nearer to God.

Look, now, on the other side of the picture. Neglect to fill your child's mind with noble ideals; let his imagination grovel in the dust, as it assuredly will if you give it nothing upon which to climb; let the materials of which it builds be furnished by the daily papers' showing-up of crime; by the dime novel, or by lewd stories told on street-corners; or, not to descend into such depths, let its materials be drawn from frivolous gossip, carping criticism, or sensational literature, and what an ideal is set up in the heart of your child! You can not touch pitch without being defiled. Such images once impressed upon the mind go on doing their deadly work—their work of vile insinuations, of sinful suggestions, of promptings to evil, all through life. John B. Gough said he would give all he was worth could he cleanse his imagination of the vile pictures impressed on it during the years of his dissipation; but there they remained, starting out vividly at unexpected moments, often when he most longed for purity. Who has not had somewhat similar experiences, images of evil, formed, perhaps, long ago by listening to some story or cherishing some impure thought, springing into life at the very moment we most desire their destruction; coming, perhaps, between us and God as we kneel in prayer? However parents may neglect its culture, Satan never fails to make use of the imagination. If it be true, as before stated, that all the world's great achievements live first in the imagination,

it is equally true that all sin against God and crime against man find there a starting place. An evil thought or suggestion gains entrance into the mind ; it is repulsive, but is not repulsed ; imagination dallies with it, dresses it up in fair colors, dwells upon the pleasure or the gain which will come of the wrong doing, lulls conscience to sleep with a siren song ; meanwhile, desire grows strong, passion overpowers reason, till the imagination of the heart becomes the outward act whose consequence may darken a lifetime. It was because every imagination of the thoughts of men was only evil continually that God repented that he made man, and destroyed the race by the flood.

Christ continually appeals to the imagination. "Without a parable"—a little story formed in His imagination, appealing to the imagination of His hearers—"spake He not unto them." The child-hunger for "Arabian Nights," "Hans Christian Andersen," and fairy tales is Heaven-sent. The imagination which transforms a soiled rag-baby into a princess, or erects and furnishes a palace out of some old boards and bits of broken crockery, should be used in making Christ real to children. Tell them the story of Jesus as it runs from Genesis to Revelation, not as dry details of something dead and gone, but made by your imagination speaking to theirs, instinct with life and feeling. Make them see Jesus as He takes little children in His arms and blesses them ; as He forgives the penitent child seventy times seven times ; as He, from the scant store of a little lad, feeds the multitude ; as He raises Jairus' daughter to life. Help them to know God through that most beautiful idealization, the father of the prodigal son. Let their imagination take strong hold upon the fact that God is their Father, that He loves them as no earthly father can, that His care is continually around them. Sow seeds of faith ; seeds of doubt are in every breeze. There is no danger that the child's imagination will picture

God as too faithful, too mighty, too loving. They and we are saved by faith, not by fear. But "faith is the substance of things hoped for," and this substance is apprehended only through the imagination.

Another thing: make your child acquainted with Heaven through the imagination, which is the Bible way. Many children die; all children are liable to do so, and there are few children to whose minds this possibility is not present. I well remember how my own childish thought brooded over death. I believe this is true of most children. It is certainly natural that it should be so, for death presents just the materials upon which the imagination seizes—mystery that no one can fathom, a weird strangeness unknown to everyday life; its attendants, hushed voices, darkened rooms, the strange putting away of the dear form under ground, all appeal strongly to the imagination. Left to itself the child's imagination builds from the materials not a beautiful ideal, but one of terror. Thus left, many a sensitive child in a home where death has entered, has suffered tortures from the terrors its imagination conjures up, and no wonder, for all the accessories of death, the stillness and coldness of the form they had so lately known full of bounding life, the dark desolation of the grave, all are most repugnant to child nature. It is cruel to leave the child a prey to these imaginings. I have known children to sob as though their hearts would break because the storm was beating on "poor little brother out in the graveyard," and beg piteously to have papa "bring brother in out of the rain." We should teach them from the first, not that they have souls, but that they, themselves, are the souls which have bodies to live in, and from which they can go out when God calls them, just as they can move out of the house in which they live, and that when God calls the soul away, it has no more use for the

body, and we lay it away in the grave just as their mamma lays away their outgrown clothing in the drawer. Do not let their thoughts linger in the grave, but lead them straight up to Heaven along the shining way an inspired imagination has laid, from earth to the "many mansions" Christ has gone to prepare for us. For nothing is there more abundant material in the Bible than for thus building the Celestial City in the minds and hearts of the little ones. The brightest imagery of earth is used by God to help our imaginations paint a picture of Heaven—the pure river of the water of life, whose banks are lined with beautiful trees bearing twelve manner of fruit, and whose leaves are for the healing of the nations; balmy, health-giving air, for none of its inhabitants ever say, "I am sick;" streets of gold and gates of pearl, in walls made resplendent with all manner of precious stones. "But," you say, "these are only figures; you don't suppose the streets are real gold and the gates are real pearl?" Yes, or something better than this; figures they may be, but the thing prefigured by them must equal or exceed them in beauty, or they violate all true use of language, and this God never does. He is striving through these figures of the most beautiful and precious things on earth to paint in our minds a picture of that home whose beauties "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man" to conceive; make your children feel at home in this beautiful place by picturing it to their imaginations in ways they can understand. The figures used in the Bible may give no definite picture to their minds, because they are not comprehended; use, then, such figures as they do comprehend.

What little German boy of the sixteenth century would not like to receive such promises as Martin Luther holds out to his little son in this letter:

*"To my little son, Hansigen Luther, grace and peace in Christ.*

"MY HEART-DEAR LITTLE SON :—I hear that you learn well and pray diligently. Continue to do so, my son. When I come home I will bring you a fine present from the fair. I know of a lovely garden, full of joyful children who wear little golden coats, and pick up beautiful apples and pears, and cherries and plums, under the trees. They sing and jump and make merry. They have also beautiful little horses with golden saddles and silver bridles. I asked the man that kept the garden who the children were, and he said to me, 'The children are those who love to learn, and to pray, and to be good.' Then I said, 'Dear sir, I have a little son named Hansigen Luther; may he come into this garden and have the same beautiful apples and pears to eat, and wonderful little horses to ride upon, and may he play about with these children?' Then said he, 'If he is willing to learn and to pray and to be good, he shall come into this garden; and Lippus and Justus too. If they all come together they shall have pipes and little drums and lutes, and music of stringed instruments. And they shall dance and shoot with little cross-bows.' Then he showed me a fine meadow in a garden, all laid out for dancing. There hung golden pipes, and kettledrums and fine silver cross-bows; but it was too early to see the dancing, for the children had not had their dinner. I said, 'Ah, dear sir, I will instantly go and write to my little son Hansigen, so that he may study and pray and be good, and thus come into the garden. And he has a little cousin Lena, whom he must also bring with him.' Then he said to me, 'So shall it be. Go home and write to him.'

"Therefore, dear little son Hansigen, be diligent to learn and to pray; and tell Lippus and Justus to do so too, that you may all meet together in this beautiful garden. Give



cousin Lena a kiss from me. Herewith I recommend you all to the care of Almighty God. Your father,

“MARTIN LUTHER.”

The Bible also gives us very much information about Heaven that is not figurative. We know that our Father is there, and the dear Jesus, and that they care for those who love them on earth, for when Heaven's curtain was drawn aside that the dying Stephen might be strengthened by a glimpse of its glories, he saw Jesus standing at the right hand of God, looking down with intense interest upon the good fight being fought, single-handed and alone, by the first martyr. We know the blessed angels are there, especially those who watch over little children, for Christ says, “Their angels do always behold the face of your Father which is in Heaven;” and we know our own loved ones are there, satisfied to awake in His likeness. Utilizing all the Bible has told us of Heaven, we have abundant material out of which to rear the ideal Heaven that shall take away the terrible aspect of death, making it seem what it really is, only the stepping from one room to another in our Father's house. Few earthly homes are there from which some have not gone to the heavenly home. We would not have our children forget them or think of them as lost, dead, but as living in the light of His presence whose smile is the light of Heaven. Thus thinking of them, the place where they are seems real. Says an eminent minister: “When I was a boy I thought of Heaven as a great, shining city, with vast walls and domes and spires, and with nobody in it except white-robed angels who were strangers to me. By and by, my little brother died, and I thought of a great city, with walls and domes and spires, and a flock of cold, unknown angels, and one little fellow that I was acquainted with. Then another brother died, and there were two that I knew. Then my acquaintances began to die, and the flock grew continually. But it

was not till I had sent one of my own little children to his Heavenly Parent that I began to think that I had got in a little way myself. A second went, a third went, and by that time I had so many acquaintances in Heaven that I did not see any more walls and spires and domes." Mr. Moody says: "I have read that on the shores of the Adriatic sea, the wives of fishermen whose husbands have gone far out upon the deep, are in the habit of going down to the sea-shore at night, and singing with their sweet voices the first verse of some beautiful hymn. After they have sung it they listen until they hear, brought on the wind across the sea, the second verse sung by their brave husbands, as they are tossed by the gale, and both are happy. Perhaps, if we would listen, we too might hear on this sin-tossed world of ours some sound, some whisper, borne from afar, to tell us there is a Heaven which is our home, and when we sing our hymns upon the shores of earth perhaps we may hear their sweet echoes breaking in music upon the sands of time, and cheering the hearts of those who are pilgrims and strangers along the way. Yes, we need to look up—out beyond this low earth, and to build higher in our thoughts and actions."

As it is only through imagination that spiritual things are discerned, so by it alone we seize the future. Thus, it becomes an element of hope; through hope it is always ready to help us over hard places. The way now may be dark, but imagination paints a bright future, and this makes the darkness endurable; it may be rugged and rough, but on the wings of hope we are borne over the difficulties of the way. We bear the present ills because imagination enables us to take possession of the future. We have learned to do this, and because of this learning, no present ill seems without remedy; children have it still to learn, hence the bitterness of their early sorrows. A pet lamb dies, they are inconsolable because they have not yet come to realize that there are other

lambs in the flock just as white and just as lovable. We sometimes laugh at these childish sorrows; we should rather pity them, and help our little ones to be brave in bearing them by teaching them to find, by hopes in the future, compensation for the losses of the present.

We must take imagination into account, in training to truth telling. Imaginative children often tell lies unconsciously because they fail to distinguish between the things they imagine and those that are real. The former are real to them for the time being, as all know who have ever played "bear" with a little child. She *knows* it is only papa under the table who growls and springs out at her as she passes, but soon is so wrought up that she *feels* he is a veritable bear, and flies from his den to mamma's arms, her little heart throbbing with fear. In my own childhood I had for a playmate a very imaginative child; she was younger than most of "us girls," but she excelled us all in planning wonderful plays, and in "telling stories out of her own head." We would sit for hours entranced, listening to these wonderful tales. Like all imaginative children she was fond of personifying her playthings, and holding long imaginary conversations with them. Her especial friend was her little rocking chair with which she would talk by the hour, and often tell us what her chair told her. Her parents were excellent people, but apparently without a spark of imagination in them. At least they had been trained to crush it out if they ever had any, and had succeeded. They were well to do, but their home was bare of beautiful things; the mother would not so much as wear a bow on her bonnet, lest it encourage vanity. No story books were tolerated, they were not *true*, and these conscientious parents really believed such reading would incline their children to be liars. In their eyes nothing could be more dreadful, and their whole energies were bent to make their children truthful. They were horri-

fied when little Mary told them what her dolly or her chair said to her, or when they listened to the fairy tales she spun out to the great delight of the other children. Where could their child whom they had so carefully guarded against contamination, have learned to tell such falsehoods? Satan must have possession of her, and they must exorcise him at any cost. I have not yet recovered from my indignation at seeing poor little Mamie severely whipped for telling us one of her delightful "made-up stories." The effect was to produce the very result they feared; Mary grew up a liar. The whippings did not in the least check her imagination, they rather made its pictures more vivid and life-like; but they taught her she must conceal her thoughts, and to conceal them she learned to deceive. Had her parents been as wise as they were conscientious, they could have helped her to develop a beautiful character. Her fancy was so vivid that at first she did not distinguish between it and reality. The childish stories she told were true to her, she could not understand why they were false to other people. A wise parent would have taught her to distinguish between fact and fancy, would have given her imagination something real around which to twine, would have formed in her mind beautiful ideals of truth, of goodness and of purity. Thus recognized and trained aright, her creative faculty would have brightened her home and her life; crushed and despised, it darkened both.

Imagination is a blessed gift to parents no less than to children. Not only does it give them the power to enter into child life, thus sympathizing with its joys and its sorrows, it also keeps their own hearts young. No mother with a quick imagination which enjoyed free play in her work or her play with her children, ever grew old in heart while they clustered round her. And what a help it is to her in planning the plays which keep the restless little ones happy and out of mischief! It helps her to be one with her children in work

and in play, to tell them stories, and to be a good story teller is a most desirable accomplishment for a mother. How beautiful is the picture Sir Walter Scott gives us of his mother, who, he tells us, joined to a light and happy temper of mind, a strong turn for poetry and work of imagination. He was lame from his birth, so that at five years of age he could scarcely bear his weight upon his feet; his mind seemed sluggish, at least he did not take to the usual ways of learning. But imagination was strong within him, and through this avenue his mind went out till it compassed the whole earth. We can see the little fellow now, as he describes himself—lying on the floor, wrapped in the warm skin of a just-killed sheep—an old remedy for lameness—while his grandfather, an old man with snowy hair, tries to incite him to crawl—he could not yet walk—by telling him marvelous tales of the great Scottish chiefs. Colonel McDougal, his grandfather's comrade, in his old military dress, small cocked hat, deeply-laced scarlet waistcoat, light-colored coat, and milk-white locks, kneels on the ground beside the child, dragging his watch along to coax him to follow. Both died when he was three years old, before he had learned to walk, but they stamped themselves indelibly upon his memory and live again in some of his beautiful creations. His grandmother told him thrilling tales of many border chiefs, and kind "Aunt Janet whose memory will always be dear to me," he records, read to him tales and poems over and over again with unfailing patience till he knew them by heart. He was averse to study, but learned to read that he might read these wonderful stories for himself. His bright, happy-tempered mother never tired of luring him on in learning's ways, reading with him Pope's Translation of Homer, fairy tales and Eastern stories and romances. He says: "I once found in my mother's dressing-room some odd volumes of Shakespeare, nor can I forget the rapture with which I sat up in my shirt reading them by



the firelight." Thus in his afflicted childhood, and within his own home, was fostered that genius through which alone Walter Scott could make himself felt upon the world. He "had no head" for the dry details of business; mathematics and mechanics were beyond his skill, but through the imagination, this "Wizard of the North" reigns over the hearts of men with a potent spell. Well was it for him that his mother and other home friends also possessed this faculty and recognized and encouraged it in him. Well, too, for the imaginative boy that the surroundings of his home were beautiful, presenting objects grand in themselves and venerable from their associations. Had Walter Scott been born on the middle of a big prairie, reared among unimaginative people, with surroundings lacking natural beauty and historic association around which his imagination might twine, the world would probably be the poorer for the lack of "Ivanhoe," or the "Heart of Midlothian," and the "Lady of the Lake."

Imagination blesses not only the mother and her children, but the father as he toils for their daily bread. To him who plods on working because he must, and seeing in his work only so many hard blows struck on the anvil, so many rods of soil turned by the plow, work is, and ever must be, drudgery. But when in every shower of sparks that flies from his anvil, imagination shows to the smith the love-light brought into bright eyes at home by the comfort those blows purchase; when to the farmer, the good green earth he treads, the air he breathes, the sunlight which fructifies his grain, all speak of his Father's love, then work becomes ennobled and refined. God gave imagination to hard-working men, not to be crushed or smothered, but to be the inspirer of higher, nobler, more successful lives than Gradgrind ever lived. Without imagination enthusiasm is impossible, and without enthusiasm success is impossible. No one ever suc-



ceeds in a business of which he is ashamed, even in one which he has not schooled himself to like. At first it may have been unpleasant to him, but if he determines to pursue it, and steadily keeps his thoughts fixed on its favorable aspects, soon imagination robes it in fair colors, and its unpleasant aspect disappears, just as do the jagged outlines of the distant mountains, toned down to beauty by the intervening but impalpable air. Thus imagination helps us to bear the inevitable not only with composure, but with cheerfulness. It cultivates a cheerful spirit if only we have trained ourselves to look upon the bright side, and nothing is a greater help over hard places.

Let the man of business deal *exclusively* with bare, dry facts, and soon his vision becomes contracted so that he can not take in these facts in their full compass and in all their bearings. He needs to collate and compare them, viewing each fact in its relation to every other, and drawing legitimate conclusions. Of course reason and judgment are principal factors in this process, but Imagination may assist materially by presenting these facts before them, not as bare skeletons, for this is what they appear without her aid, but clothed with the flesh and blood of reality.

Imagination is a great help in laying plans for the future. He whose thoughts and purposes center in the present, never transacts business successfully. His plans must reach out into the future, and in that future must be fixed the prize he hopes to win. But only Imagination, and her eldest daughter, Hope, can give him possessions there. Memory gives him the past ; consciousness puts him in possession of the present ; imagination holds the key of the future. There is a future before each one of your children ; you must plan for it, and teach them to do so, if you would have them win success. Aimless drifting into a future for which no plans have been made, in which no goal is fixed, causes innumerable failures

in life. Fill the future of your children with noble ideals; fix in each some one objective point toward which they can bend their energies, round which their imagination can twine, and it shall become the center of romantic hopes, of innocent ambitions, of generous purposes, of deathless faith.

Thus, alike to parents and children is imagination a good gift of God, giving help over hard places, light in darkness, consolation in sorrow; making things real to us, both in earth and in Heaven, and putting us in possession of the future with its deathless hopes. Do not begrudge the hour spent in "foolish prattling" with your children, giving free reign to their imagination and your own. You and they are better for it. You have grown less worldly and hard, younger in heart and stronger in faith; they have crept into your heart, and, nestling there, have absorbed into their being your own strength and devotion.

Hear what Nathaniel Hawthorne says of such an hour spent with five-year-old Annie: "Say not it has been a waste of precious moments, an idle matter, a babble of childish talk, and a revery of childish imaginations about topics unworthy of a grown man's notice. Has it been merely this? Not so; not so. They are not truly wise who would affirm it. As the pure breath of children revives the lives of aged men, so is our moral nature revived by their free and simple thoughts, their native feeling, their airy mirth, for little cause or none, their grief soon aroused and soon allayed. Their influence on us is at least reciprocal with ours on them. When our infancy is almost forgotten, and our boyhood long departed; when life settles darkly down upon us, and we doubt whether to call ourselves young any more, then it is good to steal away from the society of bearded men, and even of gentle women, and spend an hour or two with children. After drinking from these fountains of still fresh existence, we shall return into the crowd as I do now, to struggle

onward and do our part in life as fervently as ever, but with a kinder and purer heart, and with a spirit more lightly wise."



### Make Childhood Sweet.

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Wait not till the little hands are at rest  
Ere you fill them full of flowers;  
Wait not for the crowning tuberoses  
To make sweet the last sad hours;  
But while in the busy household band  
Your darlings still need your guiding hand,  
Oh, fill your lives with sweetness.

Ah, what are kisses on clay-cold lips  
To the rosy mouth we press,  
When our wee one flies to her mother's arms,  
For love's tenderest caress!  
Let never a worldly bauble keep  
Your heart from the joy each day should reap,  
Circling your lives with sweetness.

Give thanks each morn for the sturdy boys,  
Give thanks for the fair girls;  
With a dower of wealth like this at home,  
Would you rifle the earth for pearls?  
Wait not for Death to gem Love's crown,  
But daily shower life's blessings down,  
And fill your hearts with sweetness.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### Work and Play.



HIS chapter is designed for thoughtful parents who can take time to study into the philosophy of character building. Those who can not do this may skip it, for they will find little in it.

To those who can, we trust the chapter will prove helpful by showing that a right understanding of the nature and of the relations of work and play has much to do in character building. Some elements of character can be developed only through work ; others, only through play. The finest characters are those where these elements exist in beautiful equipoise. Many characters become dwarfed or unsymmetrical because their development has come solely through work or solely through play. God's way is to combine the two. As Horace Bushnell says : "No creature lives that must not work and may not play." This universality proves that both work and play have important offices to perform. To understand these offices we must learn to distinguish clearly between work and play. "Work is activity *for* an end ; play is activity *as* an end." The difference between them consists not in acts performed, but in the principles controlling the acts, the will governing work ; impulse, instinct governing play. The boy really puts forth as much physical exertion in skating as in sawing wood, but this is work, that, play, because one is done under compunction, the other is done just

for the fun of it. Doing things for the fun of it constitutes play.

But what is the use of doing things just for fun? What is the use of play? Rather, has it any use? If it had no use we do not believe a desire for it would have been so firmly implanted in our natures, and in the nature of every living thing. Lambs frisk in the pasture, the high-spirited horse prances and gambols from very exuberance of life; the birds, those children of the air, play with their voices in ravishing trills and quavers, or with their wings as they dart from tree to tree, chasing each other in abandon of joyousness. The first few years of a child's life, if he be good for anything, seem spent almost wholly in play. Nothing gives us more uneasiness than to see a child who does not play. We consider it a sure sign of sickness, either of body or mind. The healthy baby laughs and crows and jumps. As he grows older he turns the house topsy-turvy with his pranks, he frightens mamma almost out of her senses with his feats of grand and lofty tumbling; but in spite of manifold thumps and bumps, his bones harden, his muscles grow strong, the little limbs round out into beautiful proportions; in short, the child *grows*. Growth is the primary use of play, and this is as true of intellectual and spiritual growth as of physical.

The first years of a child's life seem given wholly to play, but this is only seeming. The little fellow in reality does much hard work to prepare him for play. Much crying must he do to gain sufficient control of the vocal apparatus to laugh, to crow or to talk. Many tumbles does he have before he can control his muscles so as to run and jump, the crying and the tumbling being the work necessary to fit him for the play. This simple illustration shows the office of work and of play in character building.

By its very nature play is spasmodic, being the result of impulse; work, being the exercise of the faculties and mus-

cles under direction of the will, affords discipline for both mind and body. Thus we see that growth, development, is the mission of play ; discipline, training, the mission of work. Confining our thoughts for a time to the child's body, it is evident that as he advances, the relative importance of development and discipline gradually changes, and the necessity of the discipline of work gradually increases. Indeed, were development the only office of play, necessity for it might cease when the body attained its full growth. But play is equally necessary as "tired Nature's sweet restorer," a means of rest and recuperation. Our language shows that recreation is but re-creation—creating anew the worn-out faculties. This use of play must continue just so long as work continues. There are many kinds of weariness that can be restored only by play. It is because people forget this that we have so many physical and mental wrecks ; the finest steel subjected to long-continued, heavy pressure, will snap at last. Could the pressure have been removed but for one moment every day, the catastrophe might have been averted. Mechanics can teach us many lessons concerning the care of the delicate mechanism God has entrusted to each one of us.

When a set of muscles are tired they are often rested, not by inaction of the whole body, but by change of action which calls into motion different sets of muscles. Total inaction, when only a portion of the muscles are tired, brings not rest, but restlessness ; the tired and the untired muscles fret each other, and the result is intolerable. Every housewife knows that she sleeps better after a day spent in doing general housework in which all the muscles of the body are brought into healthful action, than she does if the day has been spent in sewing, wherein the muscles of the upper part of the body only were exercised. A brisk walk in the open air, especially if it be in pleasant companionship and through pleasant scenes, will restore the equilibrium. This



walk is the play which the tired body demands after its day's work. So long as the necessity for work exists, there exists also an equal necessity for play. By calling into action untired muscles or faculties, play tones them down and produces the equilibrium necessary to repose. Never say to a child, tired of work but ready for play, "You can not be very tired or you would not be so anxious to play." He is anxious to play just because he is tired.

Work and play have mutual relations, and each is necessary to produce its own results. Work is necessary for the development of a strong, self-reliant, reliable character; the more regularly and systematically work is done the greater is the value as a means of discipline. "There is no excellence without labor" is no more trite than true. Nothing but work puts us in complete control of our own faculties, of either body or mind. Impulsive play makes them grow strong; work alone gives control of that strength, and directs it into useful channels. The child grows strong by romping in the sunshine, and this is a vital necessity, but no amount of romping or of any other aimless action will make him a good mechanic, able to turn the strength thus gained to useful purposes. Work, so planned as to bring the muscles under control of the will and to train them to execute the will's mandates accurately and quickly, must do that. The giant's strength is worthless unless it can be well applied. It is worse than worthless if it be directed to ignoble ends, and the counterpart of this is seen in character. A character may be strong and yet be powerless for good because its strength is frittered away upon trifles; or it may become potent for evil through misdirection of its forces. The right kind of work rightly done tends to concentrate the powers upon worthy ends. These powers *will* be active, either for good or for evil. A young man of strong vitality if not trained to work is almost sure to sink into vice. Illustrations of this truth are seen on every hand.

The old Jewish polity teaches many lessons in social science. Not the least important of these is that taught by their law requiring every boy, be he rich or poor, to learn a trade. The effect of this is manifest in the sturdy strength of character for which that race was noted, and it may have something to do with the fact that to-day that race, outcast and down-trodden for centuries, presents no beggars and few criminals. Learning a trade requires carefulness, accuracy, thoroughness and patience. The daily exercise of these virtues strengthens them and weaves them into the very warp and woof of character.

Mastery of a trade gives self-reliance. In this country no man or woman with a good trade well mastered, need ever be long without employment by which to earn an honest living. This makes them independent; they can follow out their own convictions of right. Nothing so fosters the servile spirit as the feeling that we are not in command of any certain means of making a living. The class who are either not able or not willing to work, but feel that "the world owes them a living," is always and everywhere a dangerous class; out of it communists and criminals are made. Wise patriots count as one of the dangerous signs of the times the fearful increase of boy criminals. I lately sat in the chapel of a States Prison where were seventeen hundred prisoners. As I looked into their faces that which impressed me most was, how many young faces! Remarking it to the warden he replied, "Yes, thirty per cent. of them are under twenty years of age." Reflecting a moment, he added, "That may be a little too high, but I am quite sure thirty per cent. are under twenty-five when they are admitted." A variety of causes lead to this result. Prominent among them are the drink habit and reading impure literature. But connected with these, perhaps underlying them, is the fact that a very small proportion of these convicts had received any systematic training for work.

Careful examination showed that in some wards the proportion of those thus trained for honest self-support was as low as two per cent. This lowest per cent. was found among women criminals. Among the boys and younger men it was found almost as low.

The decay of the apprentice system in America is deplored by those who note the evils resulting therefrom to our industries—the lack of thoroughness, the great increase of “shoddy.” He who cares for the souls of men must deplore it even more on account of its effect upon character. The three years’ steady application required of apprentices, the learning to make every part of an article well, and to so make it that it shall be in harmony with every other part, the regular hours, submission to proper control, to say nothing of the skill required, form valuable preparation for life work. This system is a thing of the past, and probably can never return, owing to the change wrought in our industries by machinery. But something must be done in the way of industrial training or the interests of the nation, material and moral, will seriously suffer. The realization of this fact is resulting in industrial training schools of various kinds. May their number and efficiency increase.

Systematic, productive labor tends to develop a wise economy. The value of money is never so well learned as by earning it. If it comes without labor, it is spent without thought. The spendthrift son is very apt to be the bad son; the money which he spends but does not earn leads him into many temptations. More important even than economy in the use of money is economy of time, and this is never learned in idleness. What busy worker is there who has not been exasperated almost beyond endurance by interruptions caused by some idler whose own time being of little value, he never scruples to consume any amount of his neighbor’s time.

I well remember how my own soul used to be vexed in this way by a neighbor, a dear, good woman she was, too, whose afternoon visits I much enjoyed. With plenty of help in her own kitchen she had little of housework to do and had a fashion of "dropping in" to my kitchen of mornings. She seemed always to hit upon the days when I was busiest, and often was my whole forenoon's work thrown out of time and my nerves out of tune by her inappropriate visits. A more experienced housekeeper might have kept up the work and the visiting at the same time, I could not, and as I really liked her too much to risk hurting her feelings by apparent incivility, the work had to suffer while the visiting went on. I used often to wish she had her own work to do, so that she would not so thoughtlessly interfere with mine. The race of bores is a race of idlers. Nothing will decrease their number so much as to train everybody to systematic industry, for nothing so thoroughly teaches the value of time.

As the characteristics developed by work are as essential for women as for men, the training to systematic work which develops them, is as necessary for girls as for boys. Women are often blamed for not possessing these qualities when they are more to be pitied than blamed, for they have never received the training necessary to develop them in this direction. They go through life suffering for the sins of their parents in neglecting this training, sins resulting from false ideas held by communities concerning work. When systematic training for work is held to be as necessary and honorable for women as for men, we shall find more self-reliance and reliability among women, a wiser economy of time and money; in short, stronger and more symmetrical characters. Such a change is now going on, and we thank God for it.

John G. Whittier was once asked by a chambermaid for his autograph. He wrote for her this verse, which beautifully sets forth a beautiful truth:

"The truth the English poet saw  
Two centuries back is thine—  
'Who sweeps a room as by God's law,  
Makes room and action fine.'  
And in thy quiet ministry  
To wants and needs of ours, I see  
How grace and toil may well agree."

While we prize work as means of character building, we do not forget that it is only the half of a whole whose other half is play, and that symmetrical character can no more be developed by work alone than a bird can fly with one wing. The old nursery rhyme, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," expresses a philosophic truth. There is a higher development than the Gradgrinds of work ever attain, and this can be attained only through play. There is a sense in which play is a higher, nobler thing than work, and the greatest dignity of work comes from the fact that it prepares for play. Work in its very essence is not an end but a means. "It is transitional, having its good in its end." The design is that by a fixed law of Nature it shall pass into play." This view antagonizes common opinion, but is it not true? Why do men work? To gain wealth, position, fame. Yes, but is it the simple possession they toil for, or is it the enjoyment they expect the possession to afford? If it was the simple possession of money our business men were toiling for, all would be misers, and the greatest miser would best attain the common desire. This is revolting, and the very revulsion of feeling caused by the statement demonstrates the fact that the possession of money is not the end of labor, but through this possession we are striving for the higher good, the freedom from labor, the enjoyment of play, which this possession renders possible. All hard workers look forward anxiously to a time when they can "retire" and exchange work for play. True, it often happens that when this time comes they do not enjoy the play as they expected to do, but



it is because, mistaking the relations of work and play, they have tried to divorce them, putting off all play till all work was done, and have tried to debase play to a creature of their convenience, when its essential elements are freedom and spontaneity. Returning to the definition, "work is activity *for* an end, play is activity *as* an end," we see that compunction rules work, while play is spontaneous. No line can be drawn between them, for work is continually merging into play, and play into work. Just so long as we toil because we must, we work. Just so soon as the incubus of "must" is removed, and we become filled with an enthusiasm that makes us joy in our work, irrespective of the end, we play. Play, whether of body or mind, is the full, free, spontaneous acting of our faculties, irrespective of any good to be gained thereby. Thus it rises into self-forgetfulness, a plane mere work never reaches. But work has a noble mission in preparing for this play. The perfect freedom of action which is essential to play, pre-supposes perfect self-control; perfect self-control can result only from perfect discipline, and discipline is the mission of work.

Our common language, which is a crystallization of the deeper thoughts of the ages forming it, shows that men instinctively feel play to be a higher thing than work, however strongly they might disavow such a sentiment were we to charge them with entertaining it. We stand by a steam engine encased in glass, as we see it on the Hudson river steamers; we watch its ponderous piston gliding back and forth, quietly as a baby breathes, resistless as a tornado, and we say, "How grandly it plays." Some valve refuses to perform its office, the piston moves irregularly, the wheels retrograde, the whole machine *labors*. In the human system, that most beautiful of mechanisms, the blood dances through the arteries, the air plays through the lungs: disease comes, the blood sullenly leaves the extremities to stagnate round



the heart; the lungs which in health welcomed the life-giving air with musical gurglings like the laugh of a happy child, now with defiant mutterings deny it entrance, and the man *labors* for breath.

Passing to the realm of the intellect, we find the same truth. Longfellow sings to us, Wendell Phillips speaks to us, and we bow in homage to the play of their genius; we read an elaborate, prosy essay whose every thought seems hammered out by the hardest, and we shrug our shoulders, saying, "A most *labored* effort." Thus, language testifies that the highest intellectual results are obtained, not when the mind works, but when it plays.

Advancing into the domain of morals, the very suspicion of work becomes offensive. "To be good or true for the sake of some ulterior end, is to value goodness and truth second to that end," which is to have no true sense of either. This holds true through the whole circle of virtues. Take from any one of them spontaneousness which is the essential element of play, and it ceases to be a virtue and becomes a miserable cheat. The idea of moral work is a heathen idea, not Christian. By Herculean labors the heathen seeks to secure the favor of his gods; failing here, he goes farther into what he deems the sublimity of suffering, and tortures his body for the good of his soul. Our God shows a more excellent way; He teaches us that He requires something higher than work, something nobler than suffering—the love of our hearts freely given Him. For suffering, though it be the chisel by which God has wrought some of His noblest works, is but the chisel still, the means, not the end. And when the work is completed the chisel is laid aside and forgotten in the joy the contemplation of the perfect statue gives. Sorrow is the soul's work, joy its play.

A few years suffice for the body to attain its full growth, when the imperative demand for physical play ceases; there

are no limits to the development of the soul, hence its play-time may stretch away to all eternity. We cease from our labors when we enter into the joy of our Lord, not by ceasing from all activities, but by having the mainspring of these activities transformed from compunction to freedom and joy. Rightly considered, all Heaven's employments are play. If this seems trifling, consider what play is. It is perfect freedom, because it is the full, free working of the faculties; it is a state of perfect rightness, or righteousness, because these faculties can only act with freedom when they act harmoniously, and to act harmoniously each must carry out perfectly the law stamped upon it by God. To such play all true work tends.

In this sense of play, its higher, truer sense—and we speak it reverentially—God is at play. Is it not sacrilege to think of Him whose simple word, "Let there be light, and there was light," called suns into existence, as toiling to accomplish His great ends? "My Father worketh hitherto and I work," says Christ. Yes, but does He labor, does He toil? There is a point where work, labor, toil, cease to be synonymous, where work passes beyond the realm of the other two, and merges into play. Work in play, play in work; this is God's plan, and in it is found the true dignity of work and of play. He never means that our life work shall crush or dwarf our souls. By the hard discipline He appoints us of care and sorrow and labor, He is only training us for that higher condition where work and play shall mingle into one, where every faculty, having attained through discipline perfect freedom of action, shall be brought into perfect play in that work which God shall permit us to pursue through all eternity, and to pursue it as do the angels of Heaven—"without weariness and without rest."

Looking forward to the grand possibilities opening out before every soul He created, through its development by

play, God never decreed any human being to "bear the dreary doom of labor" without having that doom transfigured into a blessing through the compensations which play affords. No soul was ever made without having its play-ground within itself. In all our hearts there is some chamber which the key of utility never unlocks; some gate called beautiful through which we may pass, leaving behind us the burden of work and gaining strength and refreshment through the ministry of play. Worldliness may shut the chamber, may bar the gate, but they are *there*.

To all is given in greater or less degree, imagination, that play-ground of the mind; to some is given the power of expression by voice, or pen, or brush, and through this they enjoy play in its highest forms. Many others have the gift, second only to this, the power of appreciation, and while they may be unable to *create* forms of beauty, their souls delight in all forms of physical, intellectual and moral beauty. Some find their play in what to others is the hard work of the study of mathematics or the natural sciences; others in the cultivation of flowers, in music, painting, embroidery, anything which they love well enough to do simply from love of the doing. Each mind takes its play in its own way, but take it it must, or become dwarfed. The kind of play a person chooses reveals his character more than does his work; he may be forced to do the one, while the other is his voluntary choice.

Here comes the application of this subject to the training of children in its relation to both parents and children. If we live as we should we never outgrow our love of play and of playthings. These playthings change with passing years; the baby's rattle is changed for the boy's top and ball; these in turn give place to the man's horse or dog, or flower garden; but something there must be to meet this demand of our nature. A wise observer of human nature remarks, "No one

who has kept the playful spirit through a long life of labor ever became bigoted, invalid or insane." We believe the converse is true; no one who crushed out this spirit ever passed through such a life without being somewhat tainted with one or more of these three evils. Hence, for their own sakes parents should cultivate the playful spirit. To work its own blessed results, play must be play, and not dissipation. Such pitiful mistakes as people do make here! and such a misnomer as play becomes in their vocabulary! Gambling they style playing, when it is Satan's own dirty work; a theatre is a play-house, when all that goes on upon its stage is forced and stilted, lacking the very first essential of true play. Or they seek play in the whirl of the round dance, the rush and crush of fashionable parties, and find only weariness and vexation of spirit. All this because they mistake dissipation for recreation. Let them go to their dictionaries and study the derivation of these two words, and they will find between them a sharp distinction. The root of dissipation is an obsolete verb, meaning to throw or scatter, and its prefix intensifies this meaning. Dissipation throws away and scatters our resources, material, mental and spiritual. It has not, nor can it from the very nature of the case, have in it one element of restfulness, nor can it bring one of the good results we seek for in play. Turning now to the etymology of recreation, we find its root in "create," and its prefix means, anew—re-creation, to create anew, to give fresh life, to revive exhausted strength, to refresh our weariness. This is what all true play does. We can ascertain whether what we term play is the genuine article or only a counterfeit by submitting it to the test and noting whether it gives the clear, true ring of recreation, or the dull, heavy sound that stamps it dissipation.

Genuine play always rests us. It may tire the body, but it tires it so as to make us sleep better. To do this it must

take us out of the line of our daily work. Our language shows this fact by giving us as synonyms for play, diversion and amusement, in both of which is incorporated the idea of turning away from our regular employment. The lawyer or the minister is apt to have a better garden than his farmer neighbor, because with them gardening is a recreation so different from their daily work that it rests and recuperates them, while with the farmer, gardening is only more work of the same kind as that which has tired him in the fields. Those whose daily work is in-doors among books, or in contact with people, should take their play out-of-doors, away from books and people; while the farmer whose work is hard, physical labor in the open air, and usually in solitude, finds the best recreation in his easy-chair, amid books and cheery companionship. This may account for the fact, that in the earlier years of my teaching it was a mystery to me that professional and literary men seemed to take less interest in their children's studies than farmers did.

Just here let me say a word for the teacher who may be boarding with you—let her be *alone* when she returns from school. After the strain of a day spent with a score or two of children, for every one of whom she feels herself personally responsible, she needs absolute solitude and quiet as the condition of rest. You, my good woman, have been alone all day, your husband in the fields, your children at school, and you need the change of companionship; you are just bubbling over with things to say, and you can not understand why she is not just as ready to have you say them. Perhaps you think her ill-natured or “stuck up” because she prefers staying in her own room, all by herself, to talking with you. Don't think so; the same principle which leads you, after a day of solitude, to long for society, demands for her after a day in the school-room, solitude and silence. Incorporate this principle into home life,



that play is just as necessary as work, that parents and children alike need recreation, and its outworkings will be blessed. Parents will not so often grow old before their time, nor lose their sympathy with childhood; children will be more happy and contented in their homes, and not so apt to seek recreation outside, which, seeking too often, leads to dissipation; the bonds of family union will be strengthened, and thus home life will be elevated and sweetened.



### "Little Brown Hands."

[The following lines, said to have been written by a girl fifteen years of age, are pronounced by Miles O'Reilly as the finest verses he ever read. He published them four times, and declared he liked them better every time he read them:]

They drive home the cows from the pasture,  
Up through the long, shady lane.  
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat field,  
That is yellow with ripening grain.

They find, in the thick, waving grasses,  
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows,  
They gather the earliest snow-drops,  
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow,  
They gather the elder bloom white,  
They find where the dusky grapes purple  
In the soft-tinted October light.



They know where the apples hang ripest,  
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;  
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest  
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,  
And build tiny castles of sand;  
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells—  
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,  
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings,  
And at night-time are folded in slumber  
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;  
The humble and poor become great;  
And from those brown-handed children  
Shall grow mighty rulers of State.

The pen of the author and statesman,  
The noble and wise of our land—  
The sword and chisel and pallet,  
Shall be held in the little brown hand.



## CHAPTER XIV.

### Amusements in the Home.



MUSEMENTS in the home should have these characteristics: they should unite the family, deepen children's love of home, and guard them against temptation. To accomplish the first object we need recreations in which parents and children can join. Here at the very outset we are met with a difficulty, the irrepressible conflict between children's noise and grown folks nerves. Love of noise seems innate in every child, certainly it is in every boy, and

not only is the love of noise innate, but the noise itself seems to be in him and must come out. Noise seems to radiate from him as heat does from a fire and does not seem to be at all dependent upon outside conditions. Let him be shod in velvet and treading upon thickest carpets, his heels will make a noise every time his foot comes down, and though he be trained to speak never so softly, he can scarcely open his mouth without emitting sounds like a watchman's rattle. If this be done in the green tree what shall be done in the

dry? If it is all our nerves can stand to live in the house with him when he is under repression, what will become of us when he is let loose in the abandon of play? It is a hard question, but we believe we can better afford to bear his noise at home than to let him go away to make it. And if we are in the midst of the making, the noise does not trouble us half as much as if we stand outside and listen. Then a good hour's romp with the children every day will strengthen the nerves and sound a truce in the irrepressible conflict with noise.

How many of you now look back with delight to the game of blindman's buff played in your mother's kitchen with father, mother, and perhaps grandpa too, joining in it? If such a picture hangs on your memory's wall I am sure you would not exchange it for any specimen of high art you can purchase at Goupil's. This same kitchen brings up memories of nut-crackings, candy-making, corn-poppings, apple and chestnut roastings and all the fun that accompanied them, father's stories, mother's songs and happy talk and bubbling laughter. Such musses as we used to make! and the fact that we knew we must clear them up, leaving the kitchen in good order, did not detract from our pleasure, for we managed to extract a deal of fun out of the clearing-up process. These kitchen romps usually came early in the evening, right after the chores were done; later, came the quiet hour in the sitting-room, with music, work and reading aloud. I well remember such evenings in my own home. Lewis' and Clark's "Explorations," and D'Aubigne's "Reformation" seem sacred books to me because my father read them aloud to us during the evenings of the last winter he spent on earth. Reading aloud in the family circle can not be too highly commended; the reading should be in turn by all who can read.

Music is invaluable as a means of recreation. There are

few families in which there is not one member who can sing well, and others passably. Sing together, even if you do sometimes make discords. The more you sing together the more harmonious will you grow in more senses than one. An instrument of some kind aids greatly in the family music, and they are becoming so common that few families are without them. We believe that in no country on earth, not excepting music-loving Germany, are there found so many pianos and organs in homes as in America. If you have neither of these, a violin, a flute or an accordion will aid greatly.

We know a family in which "taking journeys" was a favorite pastime for the winter evenings. Some place was chosen as a destination that father, mother, or some member of the household had visited, and an imaginary journey thither taken. You will better understand how pleasant this may be made by the recital of such a journey as actually taken in a family of my acquaintance. During the preceding summer the father and mother had visited Iron Mountain, Missouri, and this was chosen for their first trip. Imagine the family gathered around the table, on which stands a bright lamp, around it clustered specimens of minerals brought from Iron Mountain. Each child had his school atlas, brought home for the purpose. The mother sat by with her knitting, which, however, was not so engrossing as to prevent her taking part in the conversation and helping little Billy find places on the map when he could not find them for himself. "Now let us play it is summer, it is so much pleasanter traveling when the trees are green, the flowers in bloom, and the birds singing everywhere. Where shall we go first?" "To Peoria, and down the river to St. Louis," said one. "To Burlington," said another; "To Quincy," said a third. "Yes, either way will do, but I think we will go to Peoria, and then we can ride on two rivers; what two?"

"Illinois and Mississippi." "Yes, now find Peoria." Soon on every map Peoria was hidden by a chubby finger. "Now we will go down the river," and each finger moved slowly down toward its mouth. "Where are we now?" "On the Mississippi." "And what city are we passing?" "Alton, where the State Prison used to be," they answered. "And here is the Big Muddy, flowing right into the Mississippi," exclaimed Harry, entering into the play enthusiastically. "But the waters of the Missouri are a beautiful color, if they are muddy," says mother. "Just the color of a cup of delicious coffee with the rich cream in it, or of your auntie's watered silk dress. It pours its great volume into the Mississippi, but for miles the brown stream and the blue stream flow along without mingling. Here we are at"—"St. Louis," the children inserted in her pause. "See the crowds of boats, some loaded with corn from Illinois; some with wheat from Minnesota; some with cotton from New Orleans. Now we are at the pier; the beautiful blue and brown tints are all gone, the water looks black and dangerous. So it is—the captain says—twenty feet deep here, with under-currents that would suck you down to death if you should fall overboard. But there are little children, some no bigger than our Nannie, clambering over the slippery docks, springing out upon the rafts, holding on with one tiny hand, while with the other they reach far out to catch the floating driftwood which is all the fuel they have. It makes me shudder to look at them, for one slip would be their death."

Then the father took them to the great bridge and explained how those piers on which it rests were founded on a rock beneath that broad and treacherous river, and the wondrous skill with which the immense structure was planned and executed; then followed trips to Shaw's Botanical Gardens and other beautiful suburbs of that city. "Now we start for the mountain. Which way shall we go?" "Southwest," all

agreed, but there was a difference of opinion as to how. Some wanted to keep on down the river, but mother said that would leave them twenty or thirty miles to travel over a rough wagon road, so they all concluded to go by rail. Nobody could tell how far it was, and so their mother told them they must look on their railroad tickets and find out. At this they all laughed, till Harry, from a bit of yellow cardboard that had been slyly slipped into his hand, read out in conductor's style, "Iron Mountain, eighty-two miles!" Then all started gayly on their journey. A delightful ride it is, following for a time the course of the river, its waters dancing in the sunlight and its banks crowned with lordly oaks, hickories and sycamores, while here and there a rocky ledge juts out, over which clammers the trumpet-creeper, gorgeous with its scarlet trumpets; then plunging into thick forests to emerge in the rough, rugged region of the lead mines. Up, up, all the way, but with an ascent so gradual you hardly notice it.

Then mother said, "It is not very much of a mountain, after all. The people who have seen the Alps and the Rockies and who make geography books don't think it is a mountain, nor mark it by so much as a shade on the map, but for us prairie-born people it answers the description very well. It is a real *iron* mountain, that is the beauty of it; iron, iron everywhere. All around lie what upon other mountains would be pebbles, but here they are weather-worn bits of ore, ninety per cent. pure iron, the professor says. The mass of the mountain is even purer. To get the ore they blast with gunpowder, which bursts off great pieces. These are broken up into pieces the size of an egg and thrown into the great furnaces, where they melt and boil and bubble for forty-eight hours, then the metal is drawn off into molds."

"What are the molds made of?" asked Mary. "I should think the hot iron would burn up or melt anything it touched."



"They are just sand," their mother answered. "To look at it you would think children had been playing in the sand which covers the earth floor of the casting shed, digging canals and heaping up boundaries. Down the middle runs a wide, deep channel, and opening into it at regular intervals, canals four feet long and about as many inches wide and deep; these are the molds in which pig-iron is formed. When these 'pigs' are piled up, as they are all along the railroad ready for shipping, they look like finely-split cord-wood. While we are at the mountain we must go some night and see the casting. It is as beautiful a sight as any Fourth of July fireworks. When the plug is drawn from the furnace out rushes eight tons of glowing, white-hot metal, a river of fire, filling the channel and rushing out into all the molds. Wherever it touches the sand sides, it breaks into showers of sparks, fairly dazzling your eyes by their brightness. There is no light except what comes from the molten metal. The effect of this light is much like that of burning sulphur. In it everything looks blue; the reddest faces look ghastly; the workmen flitting about look like ghosts, and the room looks like a witches' cavern." "I thought you did not believe in ghosts and witches," said matter-of-fact Jo. Mamma saw that she was caught, and joined in the laugh against her. "After the metal runs off," she continued, "there is left the dross; beautiful it is, too, looking like foam from the wash-tub, frozen hard, pure white and shading off into most delicate tints of yellow, with here and there the play of rainbow colors, as you see in soap-bubbles."

After a rest she took them for a clamber up Pilot Knob, the highest peak in all that iron region, showing them that what, from a distance, seemed a smooth sugar loaf, was really a pile of rough boulders, heaped one upon another, each succeeding one smaller than the last, till the topmost stone was

less than three feet square. "We will climb upon that two at a time, holding tight to each other, so that the wind shall not blow us away. Now look off to the east, we can catch glimpses of the Mississippi as the sunlight flashes back from the water; all around are hills piled one upon another as though the land had been tossed into great waves, as the sea is by the wind, and in the midst of its tossings it had been hardened into rock, or as if," she added softly, "these waves, like those on Gallilee, had heard Christ's voice say, Peace, be still. To the southwest these land-waves break against the Ozark Mountains, whose peaks you see yonder dim and hazy in the distance. But I will leave you to get home from Pilot Knob as best you can."

All enjoyed this journey so much that during the winter many more were taken. In this way the most interesting places in our own land and in the Old World were visited. The interest awakened in the study of geography, the actual knowledge gained, the power acquired and the habit formed of using books of reference to advantage, will be of inestimable value to the children through life.

Somewhat akin to this as a recreation for winter evenings, we have found it interesting to trace the origin of children's games. If you have never tried this you will be astonished at the interest elicited, and unless you are better posted than most of us, you will yourself gain some new ideas. Did you ever think how forcefully children's games testify to the unity of the human race? Children of widely-sundered nations play the same games, and nobody knows where they learned them. The common game of "Jackstones" can be traced back all through the Anglo-Saxon generations, the Romans and the Greeks, and no nation seems to have learned it from any other. "London bridge is falling down, falling down," is played in some form all over Europe and America. It takes various forms, but the principle is always the same—two captains un-

der whose clasped hands the children all pass ; the last one is caught, and makes choice of one side or the other, to which he is assigned ; when all are thus caught and assigned, there is a contest between the forces, continued till one side or the other is vanquished. We can trace this game back into mediæval ages, where we find it as a sacred church game, or drama, designed to illustrate the contest of bad angels with good for the possession of human souls. In Italy it still retains its name, "Open the Gates," the gates being those to Inferno and to Paradise ; the keepers of these gates, the captains under whose uplifted hands the children pass, are designated St. Peter and St. Paul. Our form of the game, "Lift the gates as high as the sky," seems more nearly related to the Italian than to the English form.

But whence the name "London Bridge," and what connection has a bridge with a contest of demons and angels over the souls of men ? No structure is more important than a bridge, as without it intercourse is impossible. In those early ages in which the game originated, this was more strikingly true than now. In those primitive times and to primitive thought the bridge represented the only means by which a soul could pass from a life of sin to one of purity, the good angels were trying to build it and the bad angels to tear it down. In some form of the legend we have the bad angels tearing down at night what the good angels build during the day ; the only way by which the bridge can progress is by making an offering, Iphigenia-like, each night to the bad angels, who would then allow the work done that day to stand. The children caught at each round of the game represented this offering. In most languages the song accompanying the game mentioned the watchman, the cock and the dog, all guardians of the darkness, but none able to protect the bridge from offending spirits. Rabelais, in 1533, refers to this game under the name of "Fallen Bridge." Later versions, keeping pace both with improved

mechanical skill and advanced theological ideas, represents the bridge as built of various materials, each in turn proving unsatisfactory, until at last it is built on stone, the "sure foundation," pointing dimly to Christ the chief corner-stone.

Mrs. Ralph Waldo Emerson made a study of this subject, and gives a version in which it is styled "Charlestown Bridge," taking the name, no doubt, from the famous Charlestown bridge near Boston. This was, in its time, the mightiest structure of its kind on the continent; it was sixty years in building and cost fifteen thousand pounds. It was completed and dedicated with imposing ceremonies on July 17, 1786, just an hundred years ago. At that date the fires of patriotism burned at white heat; the new-born nation would be independent of England in everything, even the games of its children. But the children would not give up their old favorite, "London Bridge;" there could nothing be done then except to christen it with an American name, and let them go on playing it; so "London" was changed to "Charlestown," and in a horn-book, by Mother Goose, published the year the bridge was dedicated, it appears in this fashion:

Charlestown bridge is broken down, dance o'er, my Lady Lee,  
Charlestown bridge is broken down, with a gay lady.

How shall we build it up again, dance o'er, my Lady Lee;  
How shall we build it up again, with a gay lady?

Build it up with silver and gold; dance o'er, my Lady Lee;  
Build it up with silver and gold for a gay lady.

Silver and gold will be stole, dance o'er, my Lady Lee;  
Silver and gold will be stole from a gay lady.

Build it up with iron and steel, dance o'er, my Lady Lee;  
Build it up with iron and steel for a gay lady.

Iron and steel will bend and bow, dance o'er, my Lady Lee;  
Iron and steel will bend and bow, with a gay lady.

Build it up with wood and clay, dance o'er, my Lady Lee;  
Build it up with wood and clay for a gay lady.

Wood and clay will wash away, dance o'er, my Lady Lee;  
Wood and clay will wash away for a gay lady.

Build it up with stone so strong, dance o'er, my Lady Lee;  
Huzza! it will last for ages, with a gay lady.

Investigation into the origin of other games will lead by pleasant paths into quaint old realms of history and mythology, and while affording recreation, will make a pleasant introduction to studies which come later. To those who wish to explore this field we recommend the book, "Games and Songs of American Children," by William Wells Newell.

A magic lantern in the family affords an almost endless fund of amusement and entertainment. It can be obtained for a few dollars, and the average boy or girl of twelve can easily learn to use it. I spent last winter in a family where was an irrepressible boy who, being the only one and having no playmates near, was a veritable "*enfant terrible*" from restlessness; it took the whole household to amuse or repress him into endurable order. His father bethought him of a magic lantern as a Christmas present to Tom. After its arrival, peace reigned in that household. Tom soon developed into a first-class showman, and found plenty of occupation to keep him out of mischief during the day in studying up concerning the scenes that he was to exhibit in the evening. Nor was he the only one interested; we all grew to look forward to show night with pleasant anticipation. A magic lantern forms a valuable auxiliary in the journeys we have recommended. Pictures of the place visited give a vividness to the journey that nothing else can.

Many simple experiments may be tried in the home circle which amuse the children and help them understand everyday phenomena. With a common horse-shoe magnet which you can purchase for a dime, you can illustrate, often in



laughable fashion, the fundamental facts in magnetism. I remember, when a child, being greatly mystified by an experiment my older brother performed which is described in the books as the "culinary paradox." Fill a glass fruit-jar half full of water and make it boil. While boiling, cork and remove instantly from the fire ; if not taken off at once it will burst. The boiling ceases ; now sprinkle cold water over the jar and the boiling re-commences. "Why, you make the water boil by cooling it!" exclaim the astonished children, and they are right. Corking the jar of boiling water excludes the air, and leaves the upper half of the jar filled with steam so hot as to be invisible. Sprinkling cold water on the jar condenses this steam by cooling it, leaving a vacuum. Pressure upon the water being thus removed, boiling re-commences for the same reason that water boils at a lower temperature on a mountain top than it does in a valley.

A simple experiment shows the action of alcohol upon brain tissue. Put the white of an egg in a glass and pour alcohol on it. The effect seems to be the same as when we drop the white of an egg into hot water—first a misty film, deepening in consistency and whiteness till it is so firm that you can pick it up in your fingers and hold it before the children's astonished eyes. They are sure it must be hot ; I have had children shrink from touching the glass lest they burn their fingers. When they do touch it, and find that it is not hot, their wonder fixes in their minds the truth you wish to fasten there—the injury alcohol does the brain. The chief constituents of the brain are similar to those of the white of an egg—albumen and water. Alcohol is such a great water-drinker it takes the water away from the albumen, leaving it hard and white ; if we drink intoxicating drinks, the alcohol does for the brain what it did for the white of the egg in the glass : it hardens it and unfits it to convey the mind's messages to the muscles ; this explains the stagger-



ing gait and the aimless movements of the drunken man.

These experiments can be multiplied indefinitely ; the few mentioned are simply suggestions of what may be done in this direction by way of evening entertainment in the family. Then there are scores of games which can be played—the good old game of Jackstraws, which trains the hand to skill and steadiness ; the game of Authors ; a great variety of word and sentence games, puzzles, characters, consequences, and the like. We confess to a preference for wide-awake games which keep us stirring, rather than for those which necessitate bending over a table ; but here comes up the question of noise *vs.* nerves, and we have pity on the nerves, and so allow the quiet games to divide the time with the noisy ones.

We have spoken thus at length of in-door family amusements because through them the evenings can be utilized for securing the threefold end we have in view—uniting the family, making children love home, and shielding them from temptation. We believe that nine-tenths of the boys and girls who go to ruin go there through misuse of their evenings. We never knew one whose evenings were habitually well spent to turn out badly. Danger lurks in the darkness, and while the education of the street remains what it is there is no safe place, morally, for a child at night, outside of home and its influences. It may seem to you, busy fathers and mothers, too great a sacrifice of time to devote your evenings to amusing your children, but it pays. Not that we would ask you to spend all your evenings in playing with the children ; that would not be best either for you or for them ; what we plead for is that you should feel your responsibility concerning how the evenings are spent, that you should join the children in their amusements often enough to make them feel your interest and sympathy therein, and realize the fact that you are one with them in their joys as well as in their sorrows. This oneness of feeling is the great thing ; few

things endanger the unity of the family more seriously than the habit of children seeking their amusements apart from their parents. We believe in the good old fashion of parents and children going to social parties, as the Abbotts and the Vaughns did in Hallowell, and of receiving their friends together in their own home. An absurd instance showing how this fashion is considered obsolete in some families, came under my own observation a few weeks ago. A friend of mine boards in a family where there are two children, girls of twelve and fourteen years of age, Rose and Gertrude by name. I was calling on my friend in the evening when the father and mother came upstairs asking permission to stay in my friend's room, because, as the mother said, "Rose and her beau are in the parlor, Gertrude and hers in the sitting-room, and there is no other room downstairs warm enough for us to stay in."

Out-of-door sport when season and surroundings permit, are always to be preferred on the score of health. Of course precautions must be taken as against over-heating and sudden cooling off, and against dangers incident to bathing, swimming and other recreations, but with these precautions, out-of-door sports are to be encouraged. Who does not remember with a thrill of pleasure the keen exhilaration of sliding down hill, the excitement of "touch the goal for blackman," and the never-ceasing delights of ball-playing? These and similar plays should be encouraged by parents' occasionally joining in them, as well as by their providing suitable places and materials for the games. True children are wonderful for improving material. I remember three little fellows belonging to a family that moved West at an early day. They came by team, and being able to pack only the most necessary things in their wagon, left the boys' sleds. In front of their new home was a splendid hill for coasting, and the night before Christmas a good snow fell; but the boys had no sleds

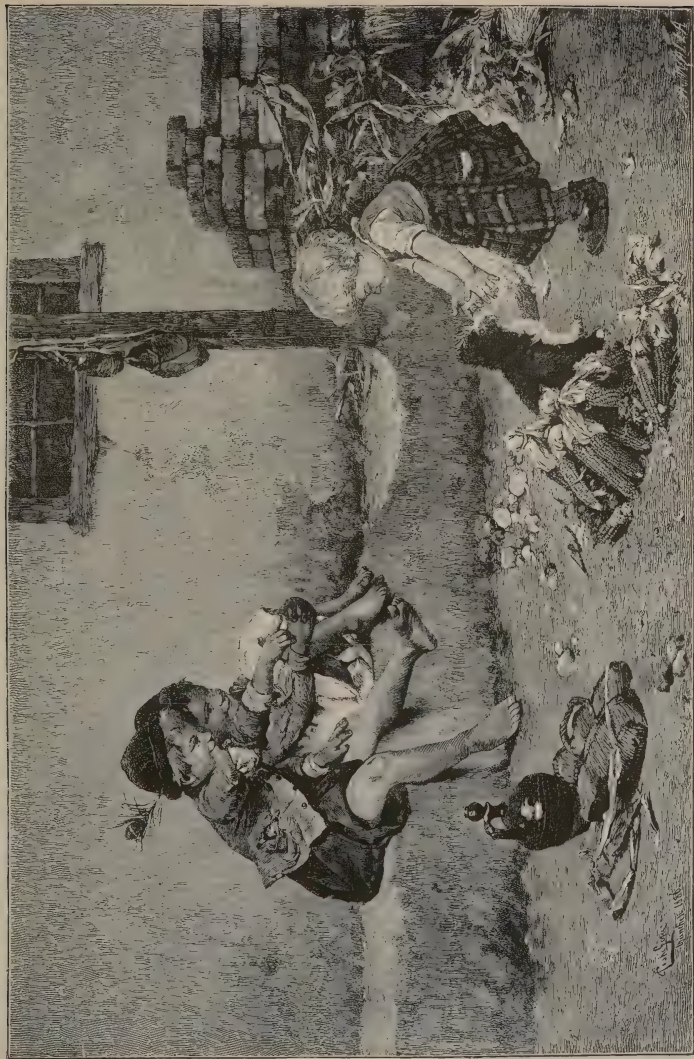
and spent most of the morning in bewailing the fact. After dinner they disappeared and nothing was seen of them for an hour or two, when their father, chancing to go to the window, burst out laughing, and cried out, "Mother, mother, come here; the boys are sliding down hill on your bread-board." And so they were. The next day he made them a sled.

In summer, and to those who live in the country, opportunities for outdoor amusements are almost endless, nor need city people deprive themselves of them entirely. Most of our large cities have free parks where the air is fresh and pure, where God's blessed sunlight shimmers down on us through foliage, not through smoke, and where the grass is green, even though it may be guarded by a tantalizing notice, "Keep off the grass." If these parks are out of walking distance, five cents will take you to them in the street cars. Then there is the real country, which is not very far from every one of us. We may not be able to go to a fashionable summer resort, nor would we find recreation there if we went, but we can go to the woods for a day now and then, and lying on the grass receive strength from Mother Earth, like the hero of old. Many a man whose family is sweltering in a tenement house, perhaps the little children dying for lack of fresh air, could for the money he squanders in a week for tobacco and drink, take them all into the woods for a day, where fresh life would be breathed in every moment, and renewed strength permeate every pore.

Let us but feel that recreation is necessary and we can have it. The great difficulty is that people do not appreciate this necessity, or, appreciating it, seek for recreation where it can not be found, in dissipation. Could the time and money spent in gambling, ostensibly for play, in theatre-going, in hot, close skating-rinks, where body, mind and morals suffer, and in other questionable forms of so-called amusements, be expended in the genuine article, no man, woman or child in

all this land need be deprived of recreation, worthy the name. Here, as elsewhere, it is a question of choice; we have that for which we take the most pains. A teacher in a city public school had planned and saved during the entire year that she might purchase a nice silk dress. Before the school year closed she had the money ready and only waited for vacation to procure the dress. Her father was a mechanic working in the railroad shops. Both he and her mother were country born and reared, and the confinement of city life wore upon them more than the daughter, who knew no other life, could realize. They often expressed a longing to see the country again, but it seemed a thing so utterly beyond their reach that this longing was never even formulated into a well-defined wish. The weather grew hot before the close of school, and all were wilted under its influence. The daughter felt worn out with her school duties and did not notice how her parents were drooping, till one day as she came from school she saw her mother through the open window. There was something in the droop of her whole figure as she sat there, her usually busy hands clasped listlessly in her lap, that spoke of utter weariness. The daughter read its language, and looking at the dear face, tell-tale now because unconscious of scrutiny, she noted with a bitter pang how pale and thin it was, and reproached herself for not having seen it sooner. When her father came in to supper her now-opened eyes saw the same change in him. "If they could only go to the country for a few weeks," she said to herself, "it would do them a world of good. But they can't afford it;" and all the evening her brain was busy over this problem, but reached no solution. At bedtime, while kneeling at her bedside, right in the midst of prayer, there flashed across her mind as clearly as though spoken in words, this thought, "The money for your silk dress would take them into the country." It was not a welcome thought, and she sprang from her knees in rebellion.





*Making Friends.*





Don't think her hard-hearted nor blame her too much. You who have a silk dress whenever you wish can not know what a sacrifice it was for her to give up her first one. But she did give it up; the rebellion was but momentary, she was soon on her knees again asking for forgiveness and for strength to make the sacrifice. For hours she lay planning how best to carry out her scheme. The result was that she secured for her father a month's vacation, hired a steady old horse and light wagon from a country friend, arranged herself to take all family cares, and saw her father and mother start off with such a thrill of satisfaction that the silk dress was forgotten.

To them, that month was a beautiful idyl. Care free as they had not been since they were children, they became children again in their keen enjoyment of every passing hour. No necessity was upon them but their own will. As they drove leisurely through the old roads whose every turn was dear through association, breathed the fresh air and were bathed in the sunlight, the years seemed to drop away from them with their cares and sorrows, and they grew young again. At least so their daughter thought as she met them on their return with the exclamation, "You both look twenty years younger than when you went away." It was a matter of choice with her as it is with most of us more frequently than we realize—between the gratification of taste or pride and needed recreation.

Farmers' wives often wear out before their time and break down nervously, because of the hard monotony of their lives. Farmers' children often grow to dislike the farm and leave it for the same reason. Infuse into this life more brightness by change and recreation, and these evils will be diminished. A little planning will make a week's holiday after harvest possible to almost every farmer and his family. Find some one to care for the stock and the milk, pack up a generous supply of lunch and a meagre one of clothes, take your family

and *start*. Once started, the hardest part is over. Go with your own team to some pleasant place, and there are pleasant places within a day or two's travel of every farm, camp out and spend the week in resting and fun. Never fear that you will not find enough of the latter in "this return to barbarism." Every hour's experience with its haps and mishaps will store up happy memories for the future. Not the least among the benefits of a week spent thus with Nature is the fact that it gives you time and opportunity to become acquainted with your children. You will learn more of their real character, and they of yours, in this week's freedom and abandon than you might gain in a year of routine work.

We have dwelt thus long upon recreations where the whole family join because we feel this to be one great need of home life to-day. There is too great a separation between parents and children; parents doing all the work, perhaps, and children doing all the play; or both may seek recreation and seek it in different ways, instead of unitedly.

Concerning children's plays little need be said. Left to themselves they will usually invent ways of amusing themselves much better than we could amuse them. Rainy days and long winter evenings tax their ingenuity too severely sometimes, so we need to be prepared "to give them a lift" occasionally, and we need to keep a friendly eye upon them; children at play are no nearer perfect than children at work. The strong may oppress the weak, the cunning overreach the simple; naughty words may be hastily spoken, angry blows struck; sheer thoughtlessness may lead to cruelty, and play degenerate into malicious mischief. Nothing so surely checks these tendencies as the thought that father or mother may look in on them at any moment, and where the right family feeling exists, there will be in this nothing of unpleasant surveillance or restraint.

Teach children early to distinguish between fun and mis-

chief which always has in it an element of evil. Join in their fun as heartily as you can, but beware how you applaud their mischief, however cute it may be. Don't let them hear you laughing over the good jokes they have played off on each other if those jokes have in them, as nearly all practical jokes do, a spice of malice, or if anybody is made uncomfortable by them. Have the children remember that the Golden Rule holds good in play as well as in work, and that here as there the test is, doing as we would be done by. This will lead them to respect their playmates' feelings and rights, so that they will not wound the first or infringe upon the last. A few general principles fixed in the child's mind will aid him in keeping play what it should be, pure fun without malice.

There are classes of plays which should not be encouraged—such as are unhealthy, such as foster cruelty, deceit, or any evil passion, and such as engender a taste for gambling. These can not be suppressed so much by direct prohibition, as by showing clearly the principles underlying them. Children are reasonable beings, and are much more docile when their reason is appealed to than when we endeavor to drive them by force. Teach a boy how fearfully and wonderfully he is made, how a slight injury in childhood may deform for life, and he will take care how he risks his neck in turning somersaults on a hard barn floor, or breaking his companion's back in playing leap-frog. Show him that "gentle" is an element in the word "gentleman," and it will take away the charm he may have imagined lay in boisterousness or cruelty. Show him what gambling is, and how playing "keeps" is akin to it, and he will put his marbles to a better use.

Boys and girls soon outgrow their bats and balls, their dolls and picture-books, where then shall we find amusement for them? This question is already partially answered in what

we have said about family recreations ; we bring it up here to emphasize the value of cultivating each child's especial talent as a means of recreation and a guard against temptation. Nearly every one—it may be safe to say every one—has some gift which cultivated would provide him with work embodying the essential conditions of play ; work which he loved well enough to do simply from the love of doing it. Thus it might develop into his successful life-work, or what is more in our thought now, it might provide for leisure hours occupation which brings recreation and safety from temptation. I remember a boy, the son of a widow, living in close quarters where he had not room according to his strength, who had a passion for mechanics which made him a perfect nuisance in the neighborhood. He was always trying experiments with steam over his mother's tea-kettle ; in carpentry by driving nails in most absurd places and destructive fashion, till the little house could not hold him and his inventions with any comfort to anybody else. Turned loose on the street he was into all sorts of mischief ; the constructiveness within him turned wrong side out, became destructiveness to the annoyance of the neighbors, who vowed that Jack was on the high road to ruin. But a motherly old lady among them who had raised three boys of her own and understood boy nature, thought differently. She had a large wood-house with a work-bench and tools at one end of it. Into this room she took Jack and turned him loose, with some few restrictions, which, by the way, he never violated ; and here for months he spent most of his waking hours when out of school. The neighbors had no more complaints to make of Jack, nor did he go to destruction as they had prophesied. He lives to-day an honored man, a successful engineer, and gratefully refers to that dear old lady's insight *and her work-bench* as having saved him from the predicted ruin.

A case of opposite character stands out darkly before me as

I write, the case of one of my own pupils. "He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow;" an aristocratic woman, proud of her birth and her lineage, proud of her husband who had been a noted lawyer, and in whose footsteps she was determined that her son should follow. But to her great disgust he developed what she considered plebeian tastes—as great a passion for mechanics as our friend Jack. She determined to crush them out, and to accomplish this forbade him going near a workshop, and even took from him a boy's chest of tools which was his heart's delight, because, as she said, "It encouraged him in his plebeian tastes." I can now almost hear the scorn in her voice, as I have often heard it, as she exclaimed in disgust, "My boy a mechanic!" As he grew older he besought her to let him study mechanics, to allow him to become an engineer; but no, a lawyer he must be and nothing else. Shut out from the work he loved, and shut up to studies he hated, the result is easily foreseen. When last I heard from him whom I had known as a bright, happy, lovable boy, he was a wrecked and ruined man. And I could not help asking myself, if wise mother-love predominating over pride could not have averted the disaster.

With daughters the temptation is not toward such dissipation as endangers their brothers, but it is towards sinking into listless or frivolous lives which effectually dissipate their life forces and render them less noble than they ought to be. Guard them from this by the cultivation of their special gift; it may be for music, painting, or embroidery; for gardening, bee-raising, or management of horses—something in which they delight, and, delighting in it, are sure to excel. Thus they will find recreation for weary or listless hours.

Mothers, more perhaps than any others, need such recreation, and for this reason it pays them to keep up their accomplishments, provided they love them and did not acquire them simply because they must. We have seen the restful



enjoyment Lady Stanley derived from drawing with her daughters ; and many a tired, nervous mother might find rest and recuperation in a similar way. Instead of an old accomplishment it may be a new interest entering into her life which brings the needed recreation. The conditions necessary are, that it shall be something which she loves to do, outside the routine of her daily work, and to which she may turn awhile from her work for rest and recreation. The wonderful increase during the past decade in woman's interest in missions, in temperance, and all the philanthropies, has had a beneficent reflex influence on home life. It has not only broadened women's views, thus making them more intelligent companions for their husbands and guides for their children, it has benefited them equally in the direction we are now considering. By turning their thoughts into new and noble channels it has furnished the rest and recreation every human being must have to attain highest development.

We all need an avocation as well as a vocation. These words are often carelessly used as though they were synonymous. But they are far from it. Our vocation is our life-work—our calling, as its etymology shows ; our *avocation* is that to which we turn *from* our vocation, turn to it as a solace and rest, hence should be something in which we delight. Having a vocation and an avocation we realize God's ideal for us—symmetrical development of character through work and play, and we may carry with us through maturity, even down to old age, the blessed, child-like spirit which never dies out so long as the heart cherishes its love of play. "He was always a boy and will die one," was the remark truthfully made concerning one of the noblest men our nation has produced ; it was true because he had never outgrown the playful spirit.

Lest you charge me with overestimating the value of play



in character building, I give you in closing this chapter a few quotations from authorities you will not question. Ralph Waldo Emerson, in speaking of a boy's love for guns, fishing-rod, horses and boats, says: "Well, the boy is right, and you are not fit to direct his bringing-up if your theory leaves out his gymnastic training. Provided, always, the boy is teachable, football, cricket, climbing, fencing, archery, swimming, skating, are lessons in the art of power which it is his main business to learn." Charles Kingsley says: "Games conduce not only to physical, but to moral health; in the playfield boys acquire virtues that no books can give them; not merely daring and endurance, but better still, temper, self-restraint, fairness, honor, unenvious approbation of another's success, and all that "give and take" of life which stands a man in such good stead when he goes forth into the world; and without which, indeed, his success is always maimed and partial."



## CHAPTER XV.

### Occupations.



MOTHER says, "You continually preach the gospel of work, do tell us what we can have the children do." We will try to give some helpful suggestions, commencing with general characteristics of work suitable for children. Their work should always be suited to their strength. Left to themselves children are apt to undertake things that are too hard for them, especially in the line of lifting. Often work is required of them which overtasks their strength, and thus leads to permanent injury, dwarfing the body or producing deformity. I know a lovely lady who has been an invalid for years from this cause. She was the oldest of a large family of children, and spent most of her early years in taking care of "baby." She was not very strong, and lifting and lugging heavy babies so much produced curvature of the spine, from which she will be a sufferer until her death. Children's work should tend to symmetrical development of their bodies, and the more it takes them into the fresh air the better. So far as possible, in their early years let it be with their parents; you have more patience with your children, more interest in having them do their work well, than any one else can be expected to have. More important than this is your child's instinctive love of being with you which makes a thing done in your com-

pany a pleasure, instead of a task, as it might seem if performed in the company of servants. It makes the children respect work if you share it with them, and puts them on their mettle to do it in the very best way possible. Then it gives valuable opportunities for becoming acquainted with them, their ways of working and their habits of thought. Their work should involve a degree of responsibility suited to their age, thus developing fidelity and judgment. Give them definite things to do and depend upon their doing them. Let your supervision be as little conspicuous as possible, so that the child feels that he is responsible for the work that is intrusted to him, and that if he neglects it somebody suffers in consequence. With little children we must tell them explicitly how to do things; as they grow older, and as early as possible, they shall be told *what to do*, and be left to exercise their own judgment as to the best method of doing it. If a child is never left to do this he will grow to manhood with very little judgment.

Some of the saddest wrecks I have ever known, aside from lives wrecked by sin, have resulted from neglect of such training in childhood. I have in mind now a man who up to the time of his father's death, when the son was thirty-five, had never been intrusted with any business affairs, never been given anything to do without minute instructions how to do it, nor trusted with a dollar in money without similar instructions how to spend it. And this not because he was lacking in common sense and judgment, but because his father, who was an unusually capable business man, never trusted him to do anything without the closest supervision. At the father's death the son came into unrestricted possession of a large estate, but knew no more how to manage it than a boy of ten. The very first year he was cheated out of a third of it by sharpers who pretended to be his friends, and the prospect is that the rest of it will go in like manner. If you would avoid

these results, train your children in such ways of working as will develop judgment and cultivate self-reliance and common sense. Throw them on their own responsibility as early and as much as possible. Trust to their judgment and show them that you do. Of course you keep a kindly eye upon them and sometimes interpose, like a beneficent Providence, to save them from the result of their blunders; but give as little prominence as possible to this oversight, and sometimes allow them to learn wisdom by the things they suffer from their own mistakes.

Just here is a point regarding children's work too often neglected. In arranging their work we should guard against mistakes and failures, than which nothing is more discouraging. Make success possible in everything you give a child to do, then see that he achieves it. This principle is violated in many ways: first, through lack of clear-headedness in their instructions. Many people who know how to do a thing well themselves have no faculty of telling another clearly and distinctly how to do it. They will tell a child how to do a piece of work, but their directions are so lacking in clearness and distinctness that it is impossible to carry them out. Take for example Annie's first lesson in making biscuits: "Take some flour in your pan, put in a pinch of salt, work your lard into the flour—O, yes, stir your baking-powder into the flour first, and wet it up with just enough milk to make a soft dough, and be sure your oven is just exactly right, for everything depends upon the baking." "But what is just exactly right?" says poor bewildered Annie. "Why, real hot, of course. Baking-powder biscuits must be baked quickly or they will be as flat as pancakes," responds this clear-headed mother. "But how much flour and lard and baking-powder do I need?" says Annie, still floundering in the slough of uncertainty. "O, just enough; you have to learn by trying," and that mother is disgusted when those biscuits don't

The clock is on the stroke of six  
 The father's work is done;  
 Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire,  
 And put the kettle on;  
 The wild night wind is growing cold,  
 'Tis already crossing o'er the wold.



Hark! Hark! I hear his footsteps now—  
 He's through the garden gate;  
 Run, little Bess, open the door,  
 And do not let him wait!  
 Shout, baby, shout and clap thy hands!  
 For father on the threshold stands.





come out right, and gives up trying to teach Annie to cook.

Or success becomes impossible because the task given is beyond the child's strength, or because of poor tools with which he is required to work. Any old thing will do for a child to learn on, you think, so you give him the dull ax with which your strength and experience would find it difficult to chop wood ; or the rusty saw, or the worn broom which *will not* "sweep well into the corners." Children should be supplied with good tools and taught to keep them in order. Children's work should cultivate patience and continuance in well doing. While it is not well to confine them too long to one task, do not allow them to throw it up whenever their whims prompt them to do so. Have them finish what they commence. Do not allow them to form the habit of commencing half a dozen things and not finishing any of them. A few weeks ago I was visiting a lady whose daughter Rosa and I are such friends she always tells me all her secrets and shows me all her work. Before the afternoon was over she had brought for my inspection a crochet-tidy half done, an embroidered one in about the same stage of progress, a Mother-Hubbard hood lacking the frill, a pair of mittens minus the thumbs, and a piece of Kensington painting in which the flowers were "just perfect," but where the leaves had not grown. All had been enthusiastically commenced since my last visit three months before, but not one finished. She lacks patient continuance and is not being trained to it. Much as I love her I fear of her it will be written, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

The children's work should train to thoughtfulness and helpfulness, thus tending to eradicate selfishness. Train the child always to have papa's slippers ready for him by the fire ; to find grandpa's spectacles, or thread grandma's needle, unasked ; to keep the wood-box always full, to bring water for mamma ; in short, to be always on the lookout for ways of

helping, and you will do much toward breaking up the tendency to always think of self first. Children allowed to grow up without learning by experience the blessedness of helpfulness are deprived of one of the truest sources of happiness.

The care of living things, plants and animals, develops faithfulness, patience, and a sense of responsibility. Kindergarteners acknowledge this principle by giving prominence to plant culture. Each child has his bit of garden or his pot of growing plants which it is his to tend and to enjoy. He learns thereby patience, for he can not hasten the germination of the seed or the opening of the bud, they must await God's time; personal responsibility, for if He does not water them and give them sunshine they die; and His care for them begets loving interest. If the thing cared for possess animal life, the lesson is even more impressive. So give the children their patches of garden to tend, their birds, chickens, lambs, dogs, horses—pets of every kind; make them responsible for feeding and caring for them. You thus develop a sense of personal responsibility, systematic thoughtfulness, continuous well-doing, for if their pets are forgotten a single day they suffer, perhaps die. You also teach love for animals, and kindness growing out of that love. Do not spoil this lesson by letting the children feel that their deficiencies will be supplied by yourself or a servant, that if they neglect to weed their gardens or water their plants, you will do it. Better let the weeds take the garden and the beautiful fuchsia die of thirst. With animal pets you can not do this, but you can take them away when they are not properly cared for, and thus teach that ownership brings with it obligations not to be ignored.

Children should be trained in such ways of working as will make them prompt, efficient men and women. Never allow them two hours for doing what ought to be done in one, or to put off till afternoon what ought to be done before breakfast. See that they do their work at the right time

and in its right time. They will thus be able, when grown, to keep ahead of their work, and drive it, because they never allow it to drive them. We like that old-fashioned expression—"forehanded," meaning beforehand with one's needs, hence in easy circumstances. It results from being beforehand with work, and whether you are so or not depends in large measure upon the way you were trained to work in childhood. Do not allow your children to grow into Saturday-afternoon folks, when you might train them to be Monday-morning people; these are they that are forehanded in a double sense—their two hands will accomplish as much as four hands will if they belong to the Saturday-afternoon order. "Always be an hour in advance of your work" is a good motto for man and child.

Train to accuracy and thoroughness by seeing that everything is well done. If Jack is set to weed the onion bed do not be satisfied when he has pulled up all the big weeds to give the little ones a chance to grow. If Susie has swept the room, look and see if she has dusted the base-boards. If work is well done show your appreciation of it by hearty praise. If it is not well done, kindly but decidedly require it to be done over. Do not lose patience, and exclaiming, "Children never half do things!" take the work from them and do it over yourself; thus teaching your children to slight work is a stepping-stone to shirking. Many parents fail to teach their children to work out of pure laziness, though they would resent with indignation the suspicion that there was "a lazy hair in their heads." But it is hard to find any other name for it when they fail to teach the children "because it is so much easier to do the work ourselves." Again, mothers would resent it if told that they thought more of their work than of their children; but many a housekeeper will not allow her daughter to arrange the sitting-room or parlor "because things look so stiff;" or do the cooking "because things

are not seasoned to her taste." Who will teach your child if not yourself, and when is she to learn if not before she has been trained to dislike work? for children are frequently so trained. This training comes through just such refusals of parents to allow them to work and teach them to do it well when they are little; by lack of patience and system in those who teach them; by being expected to know everything at once and being blamed because they do not; by being required to work amid unpleasant surroundings, uncongenial associates, or with poor tools; or by being taxed beyond their strength; by lack of appreciation of their honest endeavors; by having work made too easy for them, so that they are deprived of the pleasure of conquering difficulties; by being kept at patchy work, doing a little of this and a little of that to help others, but never allowed to do anything wholly, thus experiencing the joy of completion; and by not being trained to do things thoroughly, since there is no real pleasure in doing slipshod work.

Some parents find difficulty in teaching their children, especially girls, to work when there are servants. This arises from two causes: the children think it is unnecessary and degrading for them to do servants' work in servants' company; on the other hand, servants object to having children "mussing around." This trouble rests on a deep-seated evil, false relations between mistress and maid, and equally false views concerning the dignity of labor. In a book of this character, we can not hope to eradicate evils so deeply rooted, but we feel sure that from proper training of girls to work there would go out influences which would mitigate them. In the first place, in order to teach her daughters to work, a mother must understand it herself, and must be mistress of her own kitchen. These two things alone would work a beneficent change in many households, and would clear the way of many obstacles. What mother does is honorable, so

the idea of the degradation of work is banished from the daughter's mind ; the mistress has a right to do what she will in her own kitchen and bring her daughters in to help her, and this meets the servants' objection. "Where there is a will there is a way" in this as in everything else. We feel sure that every mother who is thoroughly fitted for her work as a mother and housekeeper will find some way to train her daughter for the like responsibility.

Fathers, except farmers, have greater difficulties in training their sons to work because they have not such absolute control of their surroundings as mothers have of the home. If mechanics, they work with others or upon others' material which they have no right to risk spoiling by trusting to unskilled hands ; if professional men, there is little in their business boys can do, and that little does not give the physical development and manual training which are prime requisites of suitable work for girls and boys. But even here the will can discover the way.

Professor White, while superintendent of schools in Peoria, determined that his boys should learn the use of tools. In the summer vacation he cleared out the hay-loft, fitted it up with work-bench, planes, saws, hammers, chisels, and other tools, turned his boys loose there, and engaged a practical carpenter to come for two hours a day and teach them. The result was one of the happiest and most profitable vacations the boys ever spent. Several families might unite in this work, lessening the expense to each. But expense need be no barrier. It is no more than is spent by many families at the skating-rink during the year. The exercise and real enjoyment are just as great, without danger to morality and bones.

Parents often complain that their children have no time to learn to work when attending school. Having time is largely a question of method and system. If they are



allowed to dawdle over either their work or their studies, or if you expect them to become versed in all the wisdom of Solomon, with music lessons, china-painting, and Kensington added, by the time they are sixteen, they will not have time for work. But if you require of them no more study than is healthful for body and mind, and train them in right methods of work and of study, there is plenty of time for both. I know whereof I affirm, speaking from personal experience, having had during my college course, and during many years of teaching, an unusual amount of home duties which did not interfere either with my efficiency in school or my health.

Many wise parents take their children out of school a year on purpose to have them learn to work. We have known this followed by the happiest results, and the gain was not all in learning to work. It afforded the body a needed rest from study, giving it a chance to catch up with the mind in development, and the mind opportunity to mature. The brain was strengthened in texture, as we saw in chapter second it is, by exercising the muscles aright. Then the young mind has time to assimilate what it has learned, to transmute its knowledge into practical wisdom. A year's change from study to work, especially if it be when great physical changes are going on, often results in increased strength of body and mind.

What can children do? All children should be trained in the use of common tools—hammer, nails and saw; needles, scissors, etc., boys and girls alike. Scarcely a week passes in the household in which it would not be a great convenience for a woman to be able to “hit the nail on the head” literally, as well as metaphorically; to tighten or loosen a screw, or to saw a board. It takes but little time to learn to do these things properly, for there is a right and a wrong way of doing such simple things. How much strength women, myself among the number, have wasted opening fruit-cans, try-



ing to unscrew the lid, first one way and then the other, before we learn that all screws turn one way—from right to left—and if we would unscrew them we must turn them from left to right. Modern housekeeping involves so much machinery—washing-machines, sewing-machines, and patent everything, even to potato-mashers, that a lady needs to be quite a machinist to keep them in order.

Men often find it very convenient to be able to sew on a button, to mend a torn garment, and to handle scissors dextrously. They laugh at women's awkwardness in driving a nail; this is only because they have never seen themselves as others see them threading a needle. Often, too, they would find it something more than a convenience to be able to prepare a plain, palatable meal, or perform well other household tasks. So let the boys learn these things by helping mother. They will learn another valuable lesson at the same time, that of not despising or undervaluing woman's work, a lesson which a score of years hence will make their wives happier and better. Little boys and girls can both be taught to knit and sew, finding pleasant occupation therein for rainy days and evenings which otherwise would hang heavily upon their hands. Supply them with bright, pretty material to work upon, and encourage them in weaving into their work as many bright fancies as their imagination can devise.

As the children grow older, their work naturally differentiates, girls acquiring more skill with housewifely implements, while boys perfect themselves in the use of those belonging to the farm and the shop. Much pains should be taken to teach little girls to sew neatly with the needle. Unless special attention is given to this work there is great danger in these days of sewing-machines that children will never learn to sew well by hand. They need to learn this, for many things, like darning and other kinds of mending, can not be done by the sewing-machine; special pains should be taken

to teach these operations. If the little ones have attended Kindergarten, the transition from its weaving to darning can be easily made. If they have not been to Kindergarten they can be taught its mat-weaving at home. Its bright-colored papers with the pretty forms produced in this occupation, will make the in-and-out, in-and-out, both pleasant and familiar to them. The transition from stick and paper to needle and thread is easily made. Children love rhymes, and often work may be made pleasant to them by being accompanied by rhymes said or sung. Here is one to go with "darning stockings."

#### DARNING STOCKINGS.

Around the hole, to stay it well,  
Must thread and needle weave the spell,  
With careful stitch that shall not show  
The mender's art that's hid below.  
Now catch the strands on either side,  
Whilst equal distance you divide,  
And, over-under, deftly trace  
The dainty squares across the space.  
The heel is worn, the toe is through,  
Whilst on the bottom come to view  
The single threads, that here and there  
Reveal the need of quick repair.  
O, patient must the mender be,  
And armed with quick dexterity,  
That all these rents be smoothly patched,  
That darn and fabric be so matched,  
The weary feet may wear with ease  
All stockings darned as well as these.

—*Elia Dare.*

Making dolls' clothes affords pleasant lessons in sewing. Little girls are much more interested in them than they are in sewing long, dull seams, and this interest helps them amazingly in learning. But to learn they must be taught carefully and patiently, not allowed to "toggle up" the clothes in

any sort of fashion which comes easiest to them. We must not despise the day of small things and small clothes, but must teach the children to take just as much pains in making dolly's clothing and bedding as we do in making theirs. Making dolls' clothes has another advantage: it trains to cutting and fitting. We have known little girls to show great proficiency in this line, and watching them as they grew up, have found them unusually handy in cutting out garments for themselves. This was, no doubt, due in some measure to natural talent in this direction, but this talent was developed by cutting out doll-clothes. As they grow older girls should be taught to cut out all sorts of garments accurately and economically. Few things are more useful to a mother than the ability to do this, and it can not be acquired in a day.

There is a demand from some quarter that sewing shall be taught in public schools, and this is being successfully done in Boston and some other cities. This may be necessary in large cities where the mothers of many of the children are so untrained or so overworked that they can not teach their children to work properly, but where possible let the little girls learn from their own mothers all housewifely arts.

Emily Huntington by her Kitchen Garden system is making housework pleasant to children, and, what is of even more importance, is teaching little girls to do it thoroughly and well, for "we were taught by rule." We recommend her books to all mothers, as well as the "Domestic Science Primer" by Mrs. Harriet J. Willard. There is a right way as well as a wrong way of doing everything, and housekeeping is no exception. Little girls who pick up their knowledge of housework at random are quite apt to fall into wrong ways of doing things, and thus grow into habits which do not fit them to become good housekeepers. If taught correctly in the beginning they just as easily form right habits and will be better for these habits all their lives. So teach the little girls carefully

and systematically, even if it does take longer, and make the work pleasant for them by mingling with it pleasant chat and song. Here is the opening song of the Kitchen Garden, which is just as good to sing at home :

## Kitchen Garden Song.

ANNA A. GORDON.

Adapted from REINECKE.  
By A. A. G.

1. We come to Kitch-en Gar-den school, To learn new les - sons ev - 'ry day, And  
 2. We make the beds a pret - ty sight, We all can do this, if we try, We  
 3. But in our Kitch-en Gar-den school, Our teachers wear a rib-bon white, To

all the les - sons have a rule, That we must know and them o - bey; We  
 wash the clothes out ver - y white, Be - fore we hang them up to dry, We  
 show to us an - oth - er rule, Which they de - clare is al - ways right, They

learn to set the ta - ble well, And wash the dishes clean and bright, Just  
 wash our hands and learn to mould, We beat the eggs and muf - fins make; And  
 nev - er taste of beer or wine, They say these drinks are ver - y bad, Then

*dolce*

how to sweep and dust we tell, 'Tis best to do it right.  
 if we do as we are told, They'll rise be-fore we bake.  
 bring the pledge and we will sign, And make their kind hearts glad.

The musical score consists of a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The vocal line includes lyrics and is marked with a repeat sign at the end. The piano accompaniment features chords and single notes, with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) and a repeat sign at the end.

Washing dishes is a great bugbear to many little girls, and they make sad work of it sometimes, washing greasy plates before cups and saucers, or even the glasses. If they learn to sing this Kitchen Garden song while washing dishes they will enjoy the work and do it better.

#### WASHING DISHES.

Washing dishes, washing dishes;  
 Suds are hot, suds are hot;  
 Work away briskly, work away briskly,  
 Do not stop, do not stop.

First the glasses, first the glasses,  
 Wash them well, wash them well;  
 If you do them nicely, if you do them nicely,  
 All can tell, all can tell.

Then the silver, then the silver  
 Must be bright, must be bright;  
 Work away swiftly, work away swiftly,  
 With your might, with your might.

Then the pitchers, then the pitchers  
 Come the next, come the next.  
 Wash the cleanest things first, wash the cleanest first,  
 That's your text, that's your text.

Cups and saucers, cups and saucers  
Follow now, follow now;  
Then you need to rinse them, then you need to rinse them,  
You know how, you know how.

Last the dish-pan, last the dish-pan,  
Scald and dry, scald and dry;  
Towels on the clothes-line, towels on the clothes-line  
Put up high, put up high.

Here is a song for making tin things bright :

Soap and sand, soap and sand,  
Take them steady in your hand;  
    Rub them well, rub them well,  
    That will surely tell.  
And when into the pans you look,  
As into an open book,  
    You will see, looking in,  
    Faces in the tin.

Wash them well, wash them well,  
Make them new and fit to sell;  
    Pile them high, pile them high  
    On the hearth to dry.  
Then into the closet neat  
Put them all so clean and sweet,  
    In a row, in a row,  
    What a pretty show !

That will do, that will do,  
Pans are bright and faces too;  
    Wash your hands, wash your hands  
    Through with soap and sands.  
Now into the school-room run,  
For your work is nicely done,  
    And your day, and your day  
    Has been almost play.

Even scrubbing floor is made attractive and linked with happy thoughts of the dear Heavenly Father who is interested in all we do.



*Tune.*—SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

Scrubbing away at the break of day,  
To make our house look neatly;  
For a good hard scrub is the very best way  
To make all smell so sweetly.

CHORUS.—Then scrub away in your very best way  
With a face so bright and cheerful,  
For a cheery face meets much more grace  
Than one that is always tearful.

With the right hand fast,  
The brush you clasp,  
And hold it straight as a plummet,  
Then brush the wood  
In the grain, you should,  
And quickly you have done it.

If our work we do,  
And are happy too,  
Our Heavenly Father knows it;  
And He helps us sing  
Life's best, sweet song,  
And gives us grace to close it.

All girls should be trained to take care of their own rooms and keep them in dainty neatness and order. Nor is this lesson a bad one for boys. To do this they must be taught the necessity of ventilation. The free wind of Heaven should have a chance, at least once a day, to blow through each sleeping room, and the blessed sunshine to pour into it. They must learn how to keep mattresses fresh and pure, smooth and free from humps, and the pillows light and billowy. They must learn how to sweep and dust well, a lesson many servants have never learned, as most housekeepers know to their sorrow. To teach these things to children requires skill and patience, but it pays. These Kitchen Garden songs may help in learning these lessons.

Here is the Bed-Making Song which will make this part of the work pleasant, as well as insure its being done well.

## BED-MAKING SONG.

When you wake in the morning  
 At the day dawning,  
     Throw off the bedding and let it air,  
 Then shake up the pillows,  
 In waves and in billows,  
     And leave them near windows, if the day is quite fair.  
 For beds made in a hurry,  
 A fret and a worry,  
     Are always unhealthy and musty, 'tis sure;  
 But left for an airing,  
     Painstaking and caring,  
 And one must sleep sweetly to know it is pure.  
 The rules for bed-making  
 If ever forsaking,  
     You list to the careless and hurry them through,  
 They'll soon grow so matted  
 So hard and so flatted,  
     You'll wish you had listened, and kept them quite new.

## RULES FOR BED-MAKING IN RHYME.

She now turns the bed from the foot to the head,  
 Then tucks in the sheet so smooth and so neat.  
 To be tight at the side the things must be wide.  
 At the foot fold the clothes, for fear of cold toes.  
 When using the bed she lays off the spread,  
 Turns it down at the top, that in you may hop,  
 So now say your prayers, lay aside all your cares,  
 And rest your small head, for your teacher has said  
 You're a dear little girl and can make a nice bed.

This is the Sweeping Song sung to a lively tune with which  
 the broom keeps time.

## SWEEPING SONG.

Away now swiftly flying,  
 It is our sweeping day,  
 For brooms and dusters hieing,  
     To work without delay;  
 First open shutters wide  
 Move little things outside.

CHORUS.—Then sweep, sweep, sweep, my little maid,  
To make your room so neat.

Look well into the corners  
For cobwebs on the walls,  
Don't leave the dusty mourners  
All hanging there like palls;  
But sweep them all away,  
Let not the smallest stay.

Now with short strokes and briskly,  
You brush the carpet o'er;  
Your broom must not be risky,  
But cling close to the floor;  
Yet gently you must sweep,  
Not dig the carpet deep.

Now leave the dust to settle,  
Then wash the sills and doors  
With water from the kettle;  
How it steams as it pours!  
Then dust each little chair,  
And everything that's there.

This household education should go on until our girls are fitted to do everything connected with the home, including care of the house from cellar to garret, washing and ironing, cooking in all its manifold forms, and the thousand nameless things which superadded to good housekeeping elevate it into home-making. This is peculiarly woman's province; no man by himself ever made a home, but the true woman, though alone and in poverty, will somehow manage to evolve a home.

Train girls and boys to do the family marketing by teaching them how to judge of meat, vegetables, flour, tea, coffee and other things needed in the family larder. The Kitchen Garden prepares children for marketing by teaching them the various "cuts" of beef, mutton, veal, and other meats through pricking lessons. Girls as well as boys should be taught carving, and to preside at the table. Often it becomes

necessary for them to do this, and if unaccustomed to it they are very much embarrassed. Let them learn under the eye of father and mother, subject to their kindly criticism.

A few weeks ago I chanced to take dinner with a friend who has two children, Eddie, eleven years old, and Emma, two years older. As we passed into the dining-room the mother said, "Whose turn is it to preside to-day, Emma's?" "Yes," answered both the children, and Emma took her father's place at the table. All heads were bowed and she asked the blessing in devout, though child-like fashion. She then carved the meat and waited on the table much better than we have seen it done by some men and women. Her mother remarked, "We have the children take turns doing this that they may know how to do it when they have homes of their own. To-morrow Emma will take my place and Eddie will carve."

Home-making itself furnishes much occupation for the children; if more is needed it can be found in gardening, poultry-raising, care of animals, fruit-raising, silk-culture, with plain carpentering and wood-sawing. Boys can learn to make many useful and beautiful articles for the house with their tools and scroll-saws: wash-benches, step-ladders, tables and stools for the kitchen; brackets, easels, frames and other pretty things for the parlor. Send boys on errands to the blacksmith shop, the carpenter and machine shops, the mill, the store, the printing office or the bank and they will become intelligently interested in men's work. Give them a share in this work when young, and they will enter upon it more intelligently when they are grown. In the chapter on Work and Play we spoke of learning trades; we would again emphasize the necessity of both boys and girls being fitted to do some one thing so well they can, if necessary, earn a living by it.

Our American ideas are far less sensible and democratic in

this respect than those of the aristocrats, as we often term them, of Europe. Every one of Kaiser William's sons was taught a trade. Queen Victoria was carefully trained in all housewifely arts, and has so trained her daughters and granddaughters. Her mother, the Duchess of Kent, brought up Victoria to be obedient and to waste no time. She was trained to regularity in eating, sleeping, and in times of play. Her waking hours were fully occupied in study, work, exercise and play. Her obedience is shown by the fact that when she was sixteen years old, and almost in sight of the throne, she left the ball-room after the first dance, at her mother's command, and immediately went to bed. Her mother dressed her simply and becomingly, as girls ought to be dressed; when she had children of her own she followed out her mother's system of training. Grace Greenwood tells the story of a fashionable lady—an American, we believe—who one morning walked through Windsor Park hoping to catch a glimpse of the royal family. Presently she met a lady and gentleman accompanied by several children, but noting that they were very plainly dressed she passed them with only a glance. Further on she met the Scotch gardener, of whom she inquired if "she should be likely to meet the Queen or any of her family in the park." "Weel, ye maun turn back and rin a good bit, for you've met her Mawjesty, the Prince and the royal bairns," was his answer.

The result of Queen Victoria's sensible training of her daughters is beautifully shown in the Princess Alice, whose premature death not only England, but all Cristendom mourned. Of her when a young girl, Queen Victoria writes: "Alice is very good, sensible, amiable, and a real comfort to me. I shall not let her marry as long as I can reasonably delay her doing so." But she could not delay forever the unwelcome event, and Alice, like her mother, made a love match, marrying Prince Louis of Hesse, and removed at once

to her husband's German home. Here she found full scope for all her executive ability, and the exercise of the industrious habits learned in her royal home. No work was too menial for her to do if by it she could benefit another. Accompanied by her maid she personally sought out cases of suffering and relieved them with her own hand. Writing to her mother of one such visit, she says: "I sent Christana down with the children, then, with the husband's aid, cooked something for his sick wife, arranged her bed, took the baby and bathed its eyes—they were so bad, poor little thing—and did odds and ends for her. I went twice." And this is told incidentally, as though cooking for poor, sick women, washing their babies, and doing "odds and ends" for them, was the natural work for royal hands. During the Austro-Prussian war of 1866, she worked far beyond her strength in the hospitals, thanking God "for good nerves," and "putting all her trust in one Friend who in time of need never forsakes us."

The Franco-German war of 1870 brought her sad, busy times; she constantly visited the hospitals, attended personally to sending nurses and supplies to the front, and had several wounded in her own house to whom she gave devoted attention. When chided with working too hard for others she answered, "Life is meant for work, not for pleasure." She seemed to find her highest pleasure in service for others; her life was a beautiful realization of the old Saxon motto, "*Ich dien*" (I serve). As a writer in the "Woman's Magazine" says of her: "In the best and highest sense was Alice of Hesse a lady,—'a loaf-giver.' Of her might it truly be said, 'She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.' When she had nothing else to give she gave love; as in one of her hospital visits she notes a severe operation on a soldier, and adds, 'I held his hand.'"

If every home in Christendom showed the same training



to industry and loving service for others seen in Windsor Castle, the millennium would soon come.

Last night I read in the daily paper of a Scotch lord who has invested over a million of dollars in American lands, and has sent his son to Illinois to learn American farming by hiring out to a farmer for fifteen dollars a month. He will thus learn farming as practically as Peter the Great learned ship-building, and will be fitted to take charge of his father's American estate.

Carlyle says: "The true epic of our times is, not arms and the man, but tools and the man." This is an age of industrial rivalry, and only the well-trained worker can secure the prize. One of the hopeful signs of the times is the advantage now offered for industrial training. England showed her appreciation of this work by founding the South Kensington Museum at a cost of six millions of dollars and sustaining it at a cost of a million and a half annually; an hundred thousand students, more women than men, are annually entered here and receive instructions in fine and industrial arts. We have nothing at all commensurate with this in America, but Cooper Institute, New York, is doing a similar work on a small scale. How its work is appreciated is shown by the fact that last year seven hundred applicants were turned away from its doors for lack of room. Boston has demonstrated the possibility and the practicability of industrial training in connection with public schools by classes in sewing and cooking for the girls, and "whittling schools" for the boys. Chicago has a very successful manual training school for boys, in which are found the sons of some of her wealthiest citizens. Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Illinois Industrial University, Perdue University, and many other institutions offer advantages for preparing for industrial pursuits. Many of these are open alike to men and women. Indeed, in nothing is advance more marked

than in opening vocations for women. This change is to the betterment of society ; the time, talent, and strength once employed in tatting, bead-work, spatter-work and gossip is now largely employed in useful labor. The field broadens every day. During this year ladies have been admitted to classes in piano-tuning, and soon all the world will wonder that they should never before have entered upon work so well suited to them. In pharmacy they are showing equal fitness. America has now ten Schools of Design for women, in which hundreds are fitting themselves for lucrative employments.

Professor Walter Smith says : "There is an unworked mine of untold wealth among us in the art education of our women." What this means is indicated by the fact that a few years ago a single manufacturing firm in Lowell, Massachusetts, was accustomed to pay forty thousand dollars annually to France and England for designs for prints. Industrial drawing was introduced into the public schools and carried on farther in the Lowell Art Institute, and as a result that firm now gets all its designs at home at one-eighth the previous cost. And who shall say our calicoes are not as pretty as they were twenty years ago ?

This one branch of labor, designing patterns for all sorts of textile fabrics, for carpets, oil-cloths, shades, screens and the like, now employs thousands of skillful hands, and brings remuneration that makes comfortable and happy thousands of homes. Demand in this direction is in excess of supply, but the demand is always for skilled fingers, and none others need apply.

Women are becoming such a felt power in journalism that few leading papers find their editorial staff complete until a lady is enrolled on it, while the number and ability of journals conducted by ladies increases every year. In 1870 there was one woman architect in the United States, now a large number are proving their right to be in this profession by

planning houses better adapted to the needs of family life than any planned by man.

That wonderful structure, the Brooklyn Bridge, a work without a rival, owes its completion to a woman's brain and hand. Mr. Roebling, its builder, was stricken down with disease from inhaling the foul air of the caissons long before it was finished. He was sick unto death, and so morbidly sensitive that the sound of a strange voice was unbearable. Not one of his engineers could consult him, and yet he alone held the key to the most difficult problems in mathematics, which must be solved before the work could go on. His wife alone could approach him, and under his direction she studied and mastered the highest branches of mathematics, grasped her husband's ideas, and interpreted them to the astonished engineers. She became chief director of the work, and under her supervision the magnificent structure was completed.

In no part of our country is the advance of sentiment in this respect more marked than at the South. Before the Civil War it was considered degrading for a woman to earn money in any way. Now it is rather a matter of pride if she is able to do it. She gains caste instead of losing it by refusing to succumb to the hardships of fate. Some of the largest newspapers are owned and in part edited by women. Several of the large Southern cities have post-mistresses instead of post-masters; Kentucky boasts quite a number of successful stock-raisers. All over the South are ladies, born and bred in dainty seclusion and luxury, now through the stern fortunes of war thrown upon their own resources for support, working cheerfully and heroically for the support of their children. God bless them!

Our theme leads us to note not so much the exceptionally great work accomplished by the few, as the every-day work that may be done by the many. In many homes occupations can be carried on which will at once give pleasant employment

to the boys and girls and at the same time add to the family income. In our South Central States silk culture has proved such an employment. Raising the silk-worms and feeding them till they spin the cocoons occupies about six weeks. The work of caring for them is such as can be done by boys and girls; the worms are voracious eaters, and it keeps little hands busy picking leaves for them. The leaves must be always fresh, and care must be taken that no other leaves are mixed with the mulberry or osage-orange on which they feed, as the peach leaf and many others are poison to them; so is tobacco in any shape. During their six weeks' feeding time the worms require their attendants to rise early and retire late, as they demand breakfast between five and six in the morning, and the last of their half a dozen meals a day at ten o'clock at night. "Eternal vigilance" of six weeks' duration is the price of success in silk culture. The temperature must be kept at seventy-five degrees, plenty of fresh air supplied without any draughts, the worms carefully guarded against their inveterate enemies, birds, insects, rats and mice, besides a dozen different diseases. But all these things only make this work a better training school for our young folks, and the pecuniary results, though not so great as represented, are not to be despised. A Philadelphia boy who tried the experiment gives this result: "Cost of eggs, three dollars; time expended, forty-two days; amount realized, fifty-one dollars." A little over a dollar a day. One great difficulty in rural districts has been in finding a market for the cocoons. The establishment of silk factories in different parts of the country will, in time, overcome this. In many places the price paid for cocoons is so low that no money can be made by silk culture, but the cocoons can be reeled at home and be made into sewing and knitting silk. We know a lady who thus supplies her own family and many of her neighbors. Thirty-five hundred years ago the wife of a Chinese Emperor first util-

ized the work of the silk-worm by weaving the delicate meshes of its shroud into a fabric more beautiful than had ever before been seen. Her secret was jealously guarded for twenty-two centuries. Now every American girl may, if she will, "wear a silk robe of her own raising."

In the early part of this century, straw-braiding used to be a favorite household employment. Betsy Metcalf, a little girl of twelve, gazing with longing eyes at a Dunstable straw bonnet in a milliner's window in Providence, Rhode Island, determined to learn how to make one like it. Securing a strip of the braid, she carefully unbraided it and solved the problem of its plaiting. Going to her father's rye field she gathered the longest and whitest straws, bleached them in the sun, split and stripped them, and braided from them the first straw bonnet ever made in America. She did not protect her invention by a patent, and soon straw-braiding was a household employment. Farmers' wives and daughters braided the straws and sewed the braids into bonnets which were fitted on blocks made by the farmers or their sons. These bonnets not only covered the feminine heads of the household, but were exchanged at the village store for dry-goods and groceries. All the processes of bonnet-making were done in the home, and little hands did their share; boys and girls had their "stint" of braiding, and for all they did over that they were paid. Horace Mann, the great educator, bought his first school books with money thus earned.

The braiding completed, the sewing commenced, and here little fingers and bright eyes were in demand. The children threaded needles for the busy sewers, and for every hundred needles threaded received a penny. Bleaching was also a primitive process. This is the way I remember seeing it done in my Western home when I was a child: a pan of coals was placed in the bottom of a barrel, and the bonnets to be bleached were hung on pegs around its sides. When all was



ready a handful of brimstone was thrown on the coals, the barrel covered instantly with an old blanket, and the sulphureous fumes did their work. Each day the bonnets were turned and new brimstone supplied, till they reached the requisite whiteness, when they were hung in the sun to dry. They were then stiffened with common starch, placed on the block, covered with a damp cloth, and pressed into shape with a hot flat-iron.

Now, all this is changed ; immense manufactories with all the modern improvements, have displaced these primitive methods ; yet hundreds of women who learned braiding in the old farm home, are, in busy seasons, summoned from their homes by telephone or telegraph to assist in filling orders at these great factories.

A few weeks ago in a little out-of-the-way Illinois village, I met a bright little woman born and brought up in Philadelphia. The daintiness of her dress, her speech, everything about her, was so at variance with her surroundings and she had such piquant ways with her that she interested me greatly. We became friends at once, and she naively told me her story—how three years before she had married and gone to Savannah, Georgia, where her husband was in business. Here, in the course of seven months, her husband was burned out twice, losing all he had and receiving injuries that incapacitated him for almost all kinds of labor. They came to Illinois, set up housekeeping in a house of two rooms, surrounded by a large yard, and here this dainty, city-bred lady is earning a living by raising chickens for the Chicago market. She showed me with great enthusiasm the patent incubator in which, by the heat of a small gasoline stove, over a hundred little downy chickens were hatched two weeks before, and now another hundred eggs were awaiting their metamorphosis. A common goods box with a false bottom two inches above the true one and lined with cotton-



batting and old flannel tacked on in loose folds, in which the chickens clustered as under their mother's wing, sheltered them during the night. In the daytime they scampered about the yard, here, there, everywhere, contented as could be, except when their foster-mother appeared. Then such a peeping as they did set up, just as children who play happily while mother is out of sight, often cry and whine the moment she comes in. From all over the yard they ran to her, tumbling over each other in their helter-skelter race to reach her. An immense Newfoundland dog watched over the yard in her absence, allowing no strange dog or cat to come inside the gate. Next to their "mother" the chickens seem to dote on him, and clustered around him so thickly I wondered how he could help stepping on them. But he did help it, and his uncouth gambols amid the little midgets was a funny sight to see. Farmers' boys and girls with plenty of hens at command, can raise chickens without an incubator; but others may find that it pays to invest twenty-five dollars in one, to raise early chickens for market. This work, like silk culture, requires patience and careful attention, but is none the worse for that as an employment for boys and girls.

In a beautiful farm home in Ottawa I found a young girl who is making a success of bee-raising; all the hives and their occupants are hers, she has entire control of them, and does all the work connected with their care and the marketing of the honey. She keeps a strict debit and credit account with them, and can tell to a cent her losses and her gains. Her father started her in the business, but she has since repaid him the money thus invested and has purchased a honey extractor which has already paid for itself. By it she empties the combs of honey without breaking the cells, and replaces them in the hive to be refilled. This doubles the product of honey, as it takes the bees longer to make the comb than to fill it, and in these hurrying days it pays to

economize time, even a bee's time. Bee-keeping, like poultry-raising, is a good home occupation; it can be followed at home, requires little outlay for a beginning, and can be carried on in town as well as in the country. Indeed, Chicago has demonstrated that an aviary can be kept on the roofs of city houses, but I do not believe the honey made there can be as sweet and pure as that made in the fresh, green fields. It is not necessary to raise anything for their feed, as bees are excellent foragers. Girls and boys can make the honey boxes and lives, as the material for them can now be bought all ready to nail together. The little time required for the care of bees does not interfere with other occupations. A mother can care for bees without interfering with the care of her household; a teacher, without neglecting her school.

In most cities woman's exchanges afford market for all sorts of home products, and each year the number increases of women and girls who avail themselves of it. The lady in charge of the Chicago Woman's Exchange told me in answer to my question, "What sells best?" "Home-made bread, cakes, jellies and pickles. At first," she continued, "women brought almost nothing but fancy work, and that is always a drug in the market; then a few brought cakes and other home-made things. They sold so readily we advised others to try the same line; now, our sales in this department are greater than in any other. There is always a demand for good, home-made cake and bread." A young lady in Cincinnati paid her college expenses by the sale of cookies made by herself and sold through the Exchange. Another, near Albany, found the best thing she could do to make money was making pickles. She began in a small way, but the fame of her home-made pickles spread so rapidly that she now employs a number of men and women, carefully superintending everything herself. A young lady friend of mine paid the expenses of herself and an invalid mother at Lake Bluff one summer by making

bread. So good was it that the demand far exceeded her ability to supply.

A few weeks ago it was my privilege to visit the New Orleans Christian Woman's Exchange, and hear from its founders the story of its heroic origin and its magical growth. It had its origin in woman's noble endeavor to aid her less fortunate sister in her hard battle with adversity. The Civil War swept away the fortunes of thousands brought up in luxury; far worse, it deprived them of their "strong staff and their beautiful rod." Women delicately reared and untrained to any manual labor, suddenly found themselves confronted with the problem, how to earn daily bread for themselves and their children. Their sisters to whom fortune had been less unkind, brought their heads and hearts to the work of helping them solve this problem. They laid the matter before the Lord, and from Him, as we can not doubt, came the inspiration of this Woman's Exchange.

As Mrs. Wamsley, its president, tells us, on the fourteenth of April, 1881, the Association opened four rooms for the reception and sale of woman's work. Their resources were small and they determined not to go in debt. The managers donated from their own homes, articles of furniture necessary for immediate use, and thus opened the Exchange where every woman might bring the work of her hands and receive aid in transmitting it into money to feed and clothe herself or children. They gathered in those bare rooms, consecrated by prayer to God and willingness to serve Him through helping their neighbor, their hearts burning with enthusiasm and deepest sympathy for their sisters who sorely needed the helping hand. As they planned for their work, a widow with a basket of cakes came in, saying, "Ladies, I have six children; I can not do anything to earn their living except make cake; can you help me, that I may put bread into my children's mouths?" They bought the cakes, and this was

the beginning of the New Orleans Christian Woman's Exchange, whose receipts last year were over forty-four thousand dollars, and which yearly gives employment to hundreds of women and girls.

We can not leave the beautiful Crescent City without telling you the story of Margaret, to whom New Orleans has erected a statue in one of her parks:

Beauty she had not, neither place nor state;  
Not hers the gracious gifts that women prize,  
In learning of the schools she was not wise;  
She was not anything the world calls great.

Yet, in the quaint old Southern city where  
She lived and wrought, in polished marble set,  
Comrade of Jackson, Clay and Lafayette,  
Her statue rises clean and white and fair.

Who was she, thus to win such comradeship?  
Who was she, thus to be immortalized  
With the beloved, honored, idolized,  
Great names forevermore on History's lip?

A woman who made bread, who at her stall  
Or by her bake-shop door sat day by day,  
Selling her wares in simple, honest way,  
A very humble woman—that was all.

But everywhere the orphan children say,  
"She was our mother," and the city's poor  
Cry out, "'Twas she who blessed our hapless door;"  
While, from the past, the soldiers, blue and gray,

Do speak her praise, and every noble cause  
Declares, "She was our helper;" every need  
Whispers, "She knew not any class or creed,  
But listened always to love's higher laws."

And so she died, and so the people set  
Amid their heroes—with a proud consent—

This simple woman-crownéd monument,  
And carved thereon the one word "Margaret."

Oh, gracious city! he who runneth reads  
Your pride in patriot fire, in martial fame;  
But in the place you give this humble name  
You prove your faith in love's diviner deeds.

She was a poor orphan child, brought up by the Sisters of Charity. Faithful in all things from her childhood up, whatever work came to her hand she did it thoroughly and well. As she grew to womanhood she bought some cows, and for years her familiar form was seen each day in the quaint little milk cart peculiar to that city, going from door to door selling the milk, and never lacking for customers, as all knew that the milk in her cans was always pure and good. Later, a bakery was added to her possessions. She made good bread and sold it. Money flowed in upon her, but it made no change in her simple mode of life. She used it all to feed the hungry and to care for the orphan children. Always doing the duty that lay next to her, never dreaming that fame waited on the doing, this humble, simple-minded woman not only gained the encomium of her Lord, but received the honor of being the first woman in the world to whom a monument in a public park was erected. It is to the honor of mankind, the glory of womanhood, that this first monument was erected not to some idle queen, some brilliant woman of exceptional gifts, but to one of the common folk, doing the common work of life, but doing it in a spirit which glorified all service and won respectful homage for the homely arts of life. When she died the dignitaries of the city and of the State followed her coffin as mourners. She is enthroned in the hearts of the people, who erected this monument to her, and with a fine sense of propriety made it to perpetuate the simple service of her daily life. It is of beautiful white marble. In it she sits in the marble semblance of a splint-bottom chair such as she always

rested in after her day's work. She wears no Greek or Roman drapery, but the humble garb so familiar to all. Her arm is around a little child, whose upturned face, as it looks into her own beaming with love, expresses the loving veneration that all children felt for her. Around the statue's base bloom the flowers she loved, and just back of it towers the monument dearer to her than any marble memorial could ever be—the orphan asylum which she founded and loved while living and provided for in dying, so that it shall ever stand a memorial of her and of her love for children.

Her love for children and theirs for her was wonderful. Not a little child in all that great city that did not share it. I was speaking to over an hundred children in a Mission Kitchen Garden there and referred, without mentioning her, to a woman of New Orleans who loved them very much. Their faces lighted up, their eyes sparkled, and when I asked "Who was it?" every voice answered in union, "Margaret the Good," for by this name all the children revere her.

I was passing the monument one day with a little girl, the granddaughter of Judge Merrick, and she told me this, which touched me deeply: "Before the monument was there," she said, "the place where it was to be put was always covered with flowers; we children laid them there as we passed on our way to school, because we loved her so much." May it not be that Margaret the Good, looking down from Heaven, enjoys the fragrance of those flowers and the sweeter fragrance going up from the hearts of the little children with whom and for whom her simple, homely life was lived?

Now this life stands transfigured before us; thus the humble occupations of home—the bread and the milk of every-day duties—assert their power and their pre-eminence. You can do for your children no greater service than teaching them to respect these every-day occupations, and to do them thoroughly and well.



## The Model Girl.

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A practical, plain young girl;  
 Not-afraid-of-the-rain young girl;  
     A poetical posy,  
     A ruddy and rosy,  
 A helper-of-self young girl.  
  
 At-home-in-her-place young girl;  
 A never-will-lace young girl;  
     A toiler serene,  
     A life pure and clean,  
 A princess-of-peace young girl.  
  
 A wear-her-own-hair young girl;  
 A free-from-a-stare young girl;  
     Improves every hour,  
     No sickly sunflower,  
 A wealth-of-rare-sense young girl.  
  
 Plenty-room-in-her-shoes young girl;  
 No indulger-in-blues young girl;  
     Not a bang on her brow,  
     To fraud, not a bow,  
 She's a-just-what-she-seems young girl.  
  
 Not a reader-of-trash young girl;  
 Not a cheap-jewel-flash young girl;  
     Neither flippant nor lax  
     Nor a chewer of "wax,"  
 A marvel-of-sense young girl.  
  
 A lover-of-prose young girl,  
 Not a-turn-up-your-nose young girl;  
     Not a slattern nor shrew,  
     But a "know what I do,"  
 And a matter-of-fact young girl.  
  
 A rightly-ambitious young girl;  
 Red-lips, most-delicious young girl;  
     A sparkling clear eye,  
     That says, "I will try,"  
 A sure-to-succeed young girl.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### A Story of Two Homes.



NCE there came to my school a beautiful young girl from Tennessee. You might not have called her beautiful, but she always seemed so to me because her heart shone in her face, a pure, true, loving heart that always seemed "at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize." It was easy to be seen that she was a real "home girl." She had never been away from home before, and she grew so homesick in the great boarding-school that I took her to my own home, and there tried in some measure to supply the loss of her own friends. She grew very fond of me, and confided to me much of her past life. She loved to talk of her father and mother, her brothers and sisters, and I soon grew to feel acquainted with them, every one. Some things in this home life so well illustrate many points in the preceding chapter—what things I leave for you to say—that I am going to give you the

story, framing into one continuous narrative the many incidents she told me one by one. If this book ever meets her eye, I am sure she will excuse the liberty I thus take for the sake of the good the story of her home may work for others :

Our home is in the country, on a farm. There's more to it than just the sitting-room, but somehow all the others seem to cluster round this one and center in it. It is in the southwest corner of the house, the pleasantest corner, we think. It has two windows "looking toward sunset," and one large one, a sort of bay-window of my own planning, toward the south. I should like to say the floor is covered with a bright-colored carpet, with roses running all over it, as that would sound better, and look better, too ; but the truth is, the carpet is a rag one mother and I made last summer. We put in all the gay-colored bits we could find, and altogether it looks quite bright and cheery, ever so much better than a cottony sale carpet, and we could not afford an expensive one. The walls are a light straw-color ; I learned how to color them from the man who was calcimining the big house on the hill ; round the top runs a paper border of green leaves. On the walls are the few fine engravings we have and two beautiful chromos. But the room is so large they do not fill up enough. So we girls gathered autumn leaves and ferns from the woods, pressed them, and arranged them as daintily as we knew how on cardboard, and then framed them with pine cones and hung them between the pictures. The boys gathered mosses for us in the woods, some fine and delicate as Mechlin lace ; others long, trailing, and the beautiful ground-pine which makes such pretty wreaths. With these we festooned the picture-frames and the windows ; the effect was real pretty. "Quite artistic," our city visitor, Maude, said.

In the south window are our plants. We hadn't any money to buy a stand for them, so the boys made a bench just long enough to fit into the window, and another, smaller, on

top of it; on these our plants stand. We haven't any very rare, expensive ones, but the good old-fashioned kind that will grow and make no fuss about it—a few hardy geraniums which we cut back in the summer, so they are in full bloom now; a white rose and red one just budding; a calla, now opening; a deutzia, covered with sprays of milk-white blossoms; a rose-geranium that scents the whole room, especially after it has been sprinkled; a pot of mignonette and some sweet-scented violets; then the ivies, we think most of them of anything. The German ivy has run to the top of the window, clear across it, and hangs in festoons over every sash; of course we give it string to run over. The English ivy don't grow as fast, but the leaves are such a rich, dark green they repay us for waiting. In the hanging basket—we made it out of wire and lined it with moss—is the dear little Kennelworth ivy. It has completely covered the basket, so you can not see anything of top, bottom or side but the dainty leaves of green.

In front of this window, between it and the stove, is the lounge. The boys made the frame, under mother's direction, and we girls stuffed and covered it. When it is very cold, the lounge is drawn up to the fire, but usually it is turned round toward the window; we all, especially father, love to look at the plants.

There is a fire-place at the other end of the room, and whenever we can heat the room with that we have the fire in it; an open, crackling, blazing fire brightens up the room so much; but such cold weather as this we must have a fire in the stove, which stands in the middle of the room. On either side of the fire-place stand father's and mother's big chairs. Mother's is a Boston rocker, covered with turkey-red calico; father's is made out of an old barrel. Rob sawed it out in shape of a chair, and put in the bottom; then we girls cushioned it like mother's and gave it to him on his sixtieth birth-

day. He would have laughed at the idea of sitting in a rocking-chair, but he never laughs at this, and takes a deal of comfort sitting in it. We made little stands to set beside each chair, for mother's work-basket and father's book or paper; the old family Bible, too, is there most often. This is how we made them: we picked out a straight, round stick, about four inches through, from the wood-pile, and the boys sawed off two pieces, three feet long, from it, and nailed round boards to both ends of each of them—solid oak plank for the bottom, to steady them, light pine boards at the top. We covered the tops, and plaited and tacked round the edges calico to match the chairs, one end of it being fastened to the top board, the other end at the bottom; then we tied cords tight round the middle of the standard, and we had as nice hour-glass stands as could be.

Most of the chairs in the room are old-fashioned, rush-bottomed chairs; several have had their legs sawed off to make them more comfortable for the children, and mine has rockers on it, Rob did that.

In the southwest corner is an old secretary, with drawers beneath, book-shelves above, and father's writing-desk sandwiched in between. This desk is never locked, and we children go to it whenever we want to write, only we must leave it in as good order as we find it. The drawers below hold pamphlets, magazines, and newspapers, so they shall not be scattered about the room, and on the shelves above are our books. We haven't a large library, but the books are all good, such as we enjoy reading. It is growing, too. Father adds a book now and then, and Rob and I have resolved to buy at least one new book a year with our own earnings. So far he has done ever so much better than that.

In the other corner, beyond the bay-window, is the little girls' table, with their school-books, maps and things on top, and their play-house under it. I am afraid you would not like

that in your sitting-room, but we think it a first-rate plan. They must have some place to play. Mother says she has not forgotten she was a little girl once, and our house is not large enough to give them a play-room to themselves. They must be in the sitting-room, that's clear, and to save the whole room from being littered with their playthings, we give them this corner. And we like to have them here, it seems so sociable and cozy to have the family all together; then it is doing them a world of good. Why, they are growing to be notable little housekeepers already, although they are only nine and eleven years old. If they were poked off out of sight they would probably leave their things all scattered about, and so learn to be slovenly housekeepers. But here, where everybody sees it, their play-house is kept in apple-pie order; as good order, almost, as mother's kitchen, and that is saying a great deal. There is a curtain strung across the table which can be drawn, and so hide the baby-house, but is hardly ever drawn. When it is closed the children know it is a hint from mother that their dominions are not in presentable order, and they make all haste to set things to rights. I believe we all enjoy that play-house; even the boys, who wouldn't be boys if they did not plague the girls about it, would miss it as much as anybody if it should be taken away.

The little boys, as we call them, to distinguish them from Rob, are thirteen and fifteen years old, and their dominion is on the east side of the room, beyond the kitchen door, which is the dividing line between them and the girls. Their table, or whatever you may call it, is of their own conjuring up. Will, the oldest, is a natural mechanic, and astonishes us now and then with some wonderful piece of mechanism. This table is their masterpiece. The legs are of the gnarled and knotted laurel which grows all around here, and the top of black walnut and basswood, neatly fitted together in squares and diamonds—"mosaic," Rob calls it. They must have some



drawers to keep their traps in, so they have fixed up a couple, but owing to the crookedness of the table legs and the inexperience of the boys in cabinet work, these drawers are not a success, artistically considered, though they answer the purpose for which they were intended. But in spite of its rustic legs and mosaic top I am free to confess that table is an eyesore to me, not for itself but for its contents, if that can be called contents which is on it, under it, and overflowing from every nook and cranny about it. Every imaginable thing which a country boy finds to delight his heart, and lots of things no one but a boy could imagine, and which nobody but a boy can see any good in, are there huddled together. I give the boys credit for trying to keep their things in order, but you know boys are not natural-born housekeepers, and they really don't know what order means. I set it to rights in the morning, and it stays so until school is out and the chores done at night, Saturdays excepted, then—well, it always is a mystery to me how two bodies can manage to use so many different things, and of course get them all out of place, in such a short space of time; but they do manage it, and don't make hard work of it, either. I suppose some fine housekeepers would be shocked at the idea of having anything so disorderly in their sitting-room, but we think our boys are worth more than the room they take up, and we would rather have them here with us, even if they do make a muss, than to have them "shut out in the cold," roaming about, nobody knows where, and getting into no end of mischief. When they get too noisy we send them out-of-doors, telling them to run and yell to their hearts' content, and when they have thus worked off their surplus energy to come in. The prescription never fails. For my part I am a firm believer in boys, and I think they are worth raising, though it is the fashion nowadays for sisters to consider their younger brothers a nuisance.

The west side of the room belongs especially to Rob and

me. Rob is my twin brother, and the very blessedest brother any girl ever had. And he knows so much ! ever so much more than I do, though we have always studied out of the same books. There isn't a plant, or a bird, or an insect within twenty miles that he doesn't know all about, just as well as if he had made it. And such a boy to work ; father says that if Rob isn't but twenty he is his right-hand man on the farm, and that he would trust Rob's judgment as quick as his own. The great desire of Rob's heart was to go through college, but he could not bring it about. Father could not afford to pay his bills, but that would not have hindered. Rob said he knew he could work his way through, but he could not be spared from home ; the other boys are not big enough yet to take his place, and father is getting old. So he gave it all up, dear old fellow that he is, though I know it was just like taking the heart out of him. He did not give up his books, though ; every spare minute he is studying, and I verily believe he knows more than half those college boys.

But here I am running on about Rob, when I set out to tell you about our sitting-room. But, indeed, Rob is more to me than any room in the world. We have a chest of drawers instead of a table. On top of it are Rob's books, my work-basket, and at night a lamp. The upper drawer is the catch-all drawer ; mother says every family must have one, or the whole house will be a catch-all. In the second one Rob keeps his treasures, and the bottom drawer holds the clothes which need mending when they come from the wash, for I am seamstress for the family. My rocking-chair stands at the south end where I have the light at my left hand, and Rob's chair, a rustic one the boys made for him Christmas, stands at the other end. Back of me is my sewing-machine, and beyond Rob, the organ. I have told you so much of our room as it is, I must tell you something of what it grew from. A partition ran through the middle of the house ; on the east side was the

kitchen and father's and mother's bedroom, and on the other side the parlor. As it was always shut up, there was half the house doing nobody any good, and we all huddled up in the kitchen. The kitchen was nice and clean, mother's kitchen always would be that, but the trouble was it was too small for all that must be in it. The little girls seemed to be forever under foot, and if they weren't their doll-babies were. Mother and I never could get a meal without stumbling over those children or their playthings. Such a plague it was that I often lost all patience, and said many things that I should dislike to repeat. My temper was being ruined, and I was coming to look on my little sisters as great bothers, and to forget that children have any rights grown folks are bound to respect, and the dear little things were being spoiled and hardened. They heard so often, "Do get out of the way!" "Don't do that, you will make such a muss!" they were beginning to think nobody cared much about them; they were actually growing to be afraid of both mother and me. So you see a gulf was opening between us and them, and growing wider and wider every day.

And the little boys, it did seem as though they would set us crazy. Such capers as they cut in that kitchen! Such an amount of mischief as they could do! Such audacity as they showed in laying violent hands on anything, from a rolling-pin to a wash-tub, which suited their purpose! Perhaps you think father and mother ought to have made them behave. Well, they did, but the trouble was they would not stay behaving. Wouldn't? I think now it was rather *couldn't*; they were so full of fun and frolic it had to boil over in some way, and, as we did not provide any safety-valve, it burst out in all manner of inconvenient and unexpected ways and places. "Just you give us room," Ben used to say, "according to our strength, and we will show you what we can do." This was in winter when the bad weather kept them in-doors. We all

hoped that when spring came it would be better, but it was ten times worse. To be sure they were out from under foot, away from the house, and at first we felt that a great relief, but soon we would have given anything to have had them safe back in the house again, racket and all, for they were getting in with a set of boys who were just as bad as they could be, robbed hen-roosts, stole apples, and did all such things, and thought it was smart. I don't think our boys ever got as bad that, but they were in a fair way of becoming so. Nor do I think they took naturally to such company, or would have got into it if they had had a chance to play and enjoy themselves at home ; but in that huddled-up little kitchen they and their traps were always in the way, and always being told to get out of it ; and they did get out of it with a vengeance. I don't think father or mother knew in what danger the boys were, but Rob knew. Often and often of an evening, when he saw the boys were not with us, he would slip out quietly, and never come back until he brought the boys with him.

Things went on so for quite awhile until at last they came to a crisis. It was baking-day and we had harvest hands ; so, of course, we had plenty of work, and equally, of course, the little girls were ten times more in the way than usual. They seemed everywhere present, and with stumbling over them, and having them constantly in the way, I was nearly frantic. I was carrying a big pile of plates into the pantry when Mary came bounding in from outdoors, ran against me and nearly threw me down. "You hateful child !" I cried, "get out of the way, and don't let me see your face again till dinner-time." The poor little thing who already felt worse about it than I could, slunk away into the pantry, cuddled up under the broad shelf, and there I heard her softly crying to herself. My heart smote me for speaking so sharply to her, and I felt like taking her right up into my arms and comforting her, but

the "Old Adam" within me said, "Don't you do it, she ought to feel badly ; it's the greatest wonder she did not break your neck, to say nothing of the dishes. Let her cry it out ; it will teach her to be more careful next time." And I did let her cry it out. God forgive me for it, I can never forgive myself. Mamie cried her cry out alone, and then, half blinded by tears, started up, as mother, who had been frying cakes, was coming into pantry with a kettle of hot lard. She went to set it on the broad shelf just as the little head under the shelf came bobbing up. It struck the kettle and tipped it over. You can imagine the rest—I can not tell it. The shrieks of that poor burned child are ringing in my ears yet. We undressed the writhing, tortured little body as tenderly as we could and did everything to ease the pain ; but it seemed as though she must die before the doctor came. Those three miles to town never seemed so long before, though we knew Rob would not let the grass grow under Selim's feet, and no horse in the neighborhood could go faster than he. During that hour before the doctor came, no one but God knows the agony of remorse I suffered.

At last the doctor came. He examined her burns and dressed them, handling her so much more gently than even mother could that I have loved him for it ever since. "There is no vital injury," he said. "My little girl was burnt almost as bad, and now she is as well as ever ; the only danger is in the shock to her nervous system, and that her strength may not hold out to bear the pain she must suffer." How we shuddered to think of that pain we could not bear for our darling, when we would so gladly have borne it !

"Where is Rob ?" asked father of the doctor. "Old Mr. Smith hailed him as we came by and Rob stopped to see what he wanted. I suppose the old man saw Rob come for me in such haste, and wanted to know who was sick. He's not apt, though, to bother himself about his neighbor's troub-



les so long as they don't touch him, the old skinflint," added the doctor, with unusual warmth.

Just then Rob came in and stood looking at little Mary, who was falling into a doze from the effects of an opiate. He looked troubled and anxious, but I did not wonder at this, he loved the little girls so much ; he never spoke a cross word to them, no matter how much they bothered him. "Why, Sis, how pale you are," he said suddenly, looking at me. "Yes," said the doctor, "this has been too much for you ; take her out into the air, Rob, and see if you can not put a little color into those white cheeks. I don't want her on my hands too." So Rob and I went out to our seat under the apple tree. He did not speak for awhile, but sat looking at me in such a grieved, pitying way, I could hardly keep the tears back. By and by he said, stroking my head which he had drawn down on his shoulder, "Poor little sister, it is too bad to bother you when you have so much trouble already, but I don't know what else to do." "More trouble, O Rob!" and I started up trembling all over. It seemed as though I could not bear another bit. "What is the matter?" "The boys have got into trouble with old Mr. Smith." "Oh dear!" and I sunk back, every bit of strength gone out of me. Rob took a minute or two to comfort me, and then went on: "You know how all the boys in the neighborhood hate him, he is so surly and cross, and that mischievous set our boys have got in with lately seem to think it fine fun to torment him all they can. A week or two ago they played off some trick on him, I don't know what, for our boys were not in it, so I did not pay much attention. He caught them at it and gave Sam Kinney, the ring-leader, a good thrashing." "I am glad the rascal got his deserts for once," I broke out. "So am I, but of course it made him very angry, and he stirred up all the other boys in their set, ours among the number, to help him pay back the 'old sinner' as he



said. Night before last the young scamps took down the fence between Smith's pasture and his oat-field and let his cattle all in on his oats."

"Did our boys help do so mean a trick as that?" I asked.

"Yes they did, and by some means Mr. Smith found out that they had a hand in it. To-day father sent the boys over to Mr. Smith's on an errand; the old gentleman took them into the granary on some pretence and turned the key on them. As I came back with the doctor, he hailed me and told me what I have now told you, swearing that they should never come out of his granary until father should pay him the damages, which he lays at ten dollars."

"Why should they pay it all, I should like to know?"

"Just what I asked Mr. Smith. He said, 'Because I've got them, and I haven't got the rest, and even if I had 'em, they are poor no-account trash; but I know your father is an honest man, and won't see his neighbors wronged by his boys without making it right.'"

"Did you see the boys?" I asked.

"Yes; I went out and talked with them. A sorrier looking couple you never saw, but they did not deny it. I was glad of that; it showed they had not sunk to the level of common liars yet. But what are we to do? This will hurt father and mother worse than poor Mamie's burn, even." And Rob covered his face with his hands and fairly sobbed. In a minute or two he threw up his head, saying, "I expect you think I'm a fool, Rachel, but oh! it may be the ruination of those boys. Then how mother and father will feel! Now, too, when they are so anxious about Mary. If only I had the money I'd be glad to pay it so they should not be troubled now, but I have only five dollars in the world." And he took out his pocket-book and looked at the one solitary bill it held. At sight of that a thought struck me, but it was not a pleasant thought; it cut like a knife, and I cried out sharply

from the pain : "My precious book, Mrs. Raymond will give me five dollars for it." You see I had bought it of an agent the winter before ; it was "Bryant's Library of Poetry and Song." I wanted it so much I subscribed for it, and earned the money to pay for it by sewing. And Rob and I had enjoyed it so much together. Mrs. Raymond was away when the agent came, but she was so delighted with my book she had said to me laughingly, only a few days before, "Rachel, when you get tired of your book, I will give you what you paid for it." Now that was just the sum lacking to set the boys free. I ran into the house, caught up my book, hugged and kissed it as if it were alive, and came back with it to Rob, before he fairly knew what I meant to do. He saw in a minute, though ; he knew what Mrs. Raymond had said—Rob always knew everything I did—and he said, "Oh ! Sis, this is too bad, you love it so." "But I love the boys more, it must go ; but I can't bear to take it to Mrs. Raymond." "I'll take it," said Rob, though I knew he disliked to. But when I said so, he just drew me close to him, saying, "My good, brave girl," and kissed me. A minute more he was galloping down the road as fast as Selim could carry him. In less than an hour he was back, and the boys with him. Whatever he said to them I don't know, but Will told me only a few days ago, "If ever I make a man, it will be all owing to what Rob said to me in old Smith's granary." We decided it was best not to say anything about the affair to father and mother till Mary was out of danger, then the boys were to tell them all about it, and they did, but this was not till after we got our sitting-room.

Those were hard weeks that followed. Poor little Mary suffered terribly from her burns. Then the weather was so hot ; and in mother's bedroom where she was, right off the kitchen, and with no chance for the south wind to reach her except it blew over the hot cook-stove, the air was stifling.

We bathed her and fanned her, and did everything we could to keep her cool, but still it seemed as if she would burn up. The neighbors were very kind, especially Mrs. Raymond, who came in often and read to Mary, which quieted her as nothing else did. One day she suggested that we turn our parlor into a sitting-room. I am apt to have ideas strike me all of a sudden, and their suddenness takes mother's breath away; it did this time, for I jumped up saying, "That's just the thing to do." And she gasped, "Why, child, what should we do without a parlor?" "What do we do with it, except to shut it up all the year around?" I retorted. "If we had had a sitting-room before, Mamie would not have been burnt, and the boys"—I checked myself just in time, and good Mrs. Raymond came to my relief by remarking, "Little Mary would be more comfortable there than you can make her here." "But the carpet," said mother. "It is so old and thin it would not stand a week of such hard usage." "Such warm weather as this," replied Mrs. Raymond, "it will be more comfortable with bare floors, why not take up the carpet?" "Oh! mother, mayn't we," I cried, "and move Mamie in there?" "Do, do mamma," pleaded a weak voice from the bed, "I'm so hot here." That settled the question. Mother bent over and kissed the flushed little cheek, saying, "We will, darling," and I rushed off to take up the carpet. Mrs. Raymond helped me, and before sundown we had a bed up there and Mamie in it. She slept that night as she had not slept before since her burns, and from that time she began to mend.

Naturally, that room came to be the gathering place of the family, for we all wanted to be where she was. Then it was so pleasant and cool. Father found he could rest there during his nooning ever so much better than in the hot kitchen, and when the boys got the lounge made it was a real luxury to see how he enjoyed it, stretched out

at his ease on it. But I am getting ahead of my story.

Will and Ben never seemed to have the least desire to go with Sam Kinney after we moved into that room. Between you and me, I don't believe they would have had much chance to renew the acquaintance if they had wished to do so, which they never seemed to do, for Rob had told Sam Kinney that if he ever caught him or any of his set within sight of our place he would give them a worse thrashing than Mr. Smith gave him; but our boys did not know this, so it could not have made any difference with them. They were very devoted to Mary and spent all the time they could with her, and I believe really did more to keep her spirits up than any one else. Ben would tell her stories by the hour. I believe he made them up as he went along, or he would sometimes have run out, which he never did. But wherever they came from, they were capital. Will developed great talent in the whittling line. Mary would forget all about her pain, in her delight at the things he would make out of a shingle with his jack-knife. This was the first intimation we had of his mechanical genius. Indeed, we never before were half acquainted with either our boys or girls. But now we learned that the propensity he had before shown for tearing things to pieces, was only the wrong side of a talent he possessed for putting things together. We were wiser now about boys than we had been two months before, so we followed the hint Nature gave us and kept the boys out of mischief by keeping them busy with something they liked to do. Father got the boys some tools, and gave them plenty of material to work on. By this time he knew all about the affair with Mr. Smith, and he, as well as the rest of us, had learned a lesson from that old granary. The money the tools cost did not look so big to him now, when he saw it weighed against his sons' ruin, as it did before. At first the boys made only playthings for Mary and Kitty, but they soon tried their

hand on various things to make our sitting-room, as we now called it, more cozy and home-like, till finally they made the lounge and that wonderful table of theirs, of which I told you.

By September Mary could sit up in her little chair, and now we began our rag carpet. By this time none of us thought we could live without our sitting-room, but the bare floor would not be very comfortable in winter, and as we could not buy a carpet, mother proposed our making one. So at it we went with right good will, and indeed it was fun, though we did work hard over it. Mary enjoyed it, too ; she would pick out the bright-colored rags for us to sew, and seemed as pleased with the work as though it were some new game. And so the carpet was made, and so our sitting-room "grew," each doing his or her part to make it the "home-place" I told you about. As all helped to make it, each must have a place in it, and so it came about that the doll-house and boys' "traps" are found there. Such a blessing as it has been to us ! The little girls are never in anybody's way now, for they have a place of their own. The boys never care to go out nights any more. "It's lots more fun at home," they say ; and then we are all getting acquainted with each other, which, although it is an odd thing to say, I am sure we never were before, and we are so happy.



### Grandfather's Pet.

This is the room where she slept,

Only a year ago,—

Quiet and carefully swept,

Blinds and curtains like snow.

There, by the bed in the dusky gloom,

She would kneel with her tiny clasped hands and pray!

Here is the little white rose of a room,

With the fragrance fled away.

Nelly, Grandfather's pet,  
With her wise little face,—  
I seem to hear her yet  
Singing about the place;  
But the clouds roll on and the streets are drear,  
And the world seems hard with a bitter doom,  
And Nelly is singing elsewhere—and here  
Is the little white rose of a room.

Why, if she stood just there,  
As she used to do,  
With her long, light yellow hair,  
And her eyes of blue,—  
If she stood, I say, at the edge of the bed,  
And ran to my side with a loving touch,  
Though I know she is quiet, and buried, and dead,  
I should not wonder much.

For she was so young, you know,—  
Only seven years old;  
And her face was so wise and so sweet to see,  
And it still looked living when she lay dead,  
And she used to plead for mother and me,  
By the side of that very bed!

I wonder now, if she  
Knows I am standing here,  
Feeling, wherever she be,  
We hold the place so dear?  
It can not be that she sleeps too sound,  
Still in her little nightgown drest,  
Not to hear my footsteps sound  
In the room where she used to rest.

I have felt hard fortune's stings,  
And battled in doubt and strife,  
And never thought much of things  
Beyond this human life;  
But I can not think that my darling died  
Like great strong men, with their prayers untrue,—  
Nay! rather she sits at God's own side  
And sings as she used to do!







A Wildwood Lesson.

## A Wildwood Lesson.

MRS. M. H. FIELD.

MRS. MATHER KIMBALL.

*Sprightly.*

1. "Dear lit - tle bird of the wild - wood, Where do you  
 2. "Dear lit - tle flower by the way - side, How doth your  
 3. "Dear lit - tle bird - ling and flow - er, Thanks for your

drink your fill; That your song goes soar - ing  
 beau - ty grow, That no queen, in all her  
 words to me, The cool and spark - ling

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sky - ward, With such a glad - some trill?"  
 splen - dor, Such love - li - ness can show?"  
 wa - ter, Hence-forth my drink shall be,

*1st. time.*

"O lit - tle child, I drink of naught, Save the pure sweet  
 "O lit - tle child, I send my roots, Where the ti - ny  
 Then I shall sing with joy - ous-ness, And be pure and

*2nd. time.*

moun - tain rill," Save the pure sweet mountain rill."  
 stream - lets flow," Where the ti - ny stream-lets flow."  
 fair to see," And be pure and fair to see."

## Apple Blossom's Lesson.

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The story of a home told me by one of my pupils, brings up other remembrances of the school-room. I will give one of them, trusting that Apple Blossom's story may help some other afflicted child to bear her suffering more patiently.

She was not christened Apple Blossom ; indeed, she never suspected that this was her name : but it was, nevertheless, the name, which, way down deep in my heart, I had given her, because it suited her so well I could not help it. I have a fashion of thus giving to my friends names which no one, not even themselves ever know, but by which they live in my heart forever.

That first time I saw her, how well I remember it ! It was the opening day of the spring term in school, and when my old scholars came trooping back, chattering like magpies and half smothering me in caresses, she came with them. A little shy from being among strangers ; but this shyness could not subdue the fun which sparkled in her great brown eyes, or rippled over in laughter at some witty sally of the other girls.

She had that clear pink and white complexion, so seldom seen in American girls, which suggested my pet name for her, and made the apple blossoms that were twined in her hair seem the most fitting ornament in the world--no ornament, in fact, but as natural an outgrowth of her own sweet self as the tint on her lips and cheeks. Her form, too, had the supple grace of the apple-bough, swayed by the wind or bending beneath its fruit ; so Apple Blossom she became to me then, and Apple Blossom she still remains.

Before night, the girls had told all they knew of the stranger--that her name was Maggie Stuart, and that she and her mother had moved into the cottage on the hill which had stood empty so long.

Maggie's voice and accent had strengthened the impression made by her complexion, that she was a Scotch lassie, and when a few nights after I walked home with her, to see her mother, the conviction was confirmed. Mrs. Stuart was a *lady* to the very tips of her taper fingers; such a character as sometimes comes to us from the better classes of the old country, but which in the hurrying, worrying way that we Americans live, seldom has a chance to develop. That they were poor now I knew; that they had been wealthy once I could see; how the change came about I never inquired and never knew. They had been in the country but a short time, and their black dresses told of a grave in dear old Scotland in which slept husband and father.

I was not long in learning that the one aim of Maggie's life was to become a teacher, that she might support mamma. I never saw a girl give greater promise of success. She was fifteen when she came to me, ahead of most girls of her age in languages, music, and especially in drawing, but behind them in mathematics and the more solid branches. How she did work to make up her deficiencies, and how well she succeeded! Nothing seemed too hard for her to conquer; then she had much of her mother's quiet dignity, joined with her own loving, winsome ways. Any child who could help obeying and loving such a teacher as I felt she would make, must be made of cast iron or India rubber.

The weeks and the months flew by, and I am half ashamed to confess how large a place my Apple Blossom filled in my heart. If she was away for a day, as she sometimes was, because her mother was sick, the light seemed gone out of the school-room and the lessons dragged heavily. But one day she did not come, and one of the girls said, "Maggie slipped on a piece of orange peel, coming to school, and fell and hurt herself." I went to her as soon as school was out, and found her lying on the lounge, but looking as bright and merry as



ever. "She had fallen and strained her back," she said, "she would be back in school again on Monday, it was nothing serious; a little bit of orange peel was altogether too insignificant a thing to get up a first-class sensation over; if it had been an earthquake now, or a railroad collision, who knows but she might have waked up the next morning and found herself famous, for then she might have got into the papers." So she rattled on, making even her mother laugh at her sallies, though I could not help noticing the nervous clasping and unclasping of the mother's hands, from which some delicate work had fallen.

Monday came to the school-room as usual, but it did not bring Maggie; the days told themselves off into another week, and another, and still her place was vacant. The little mother's face grew pitiful to see, with its look of sorrowful anxiety; the good doctor's horse stood oftener at the cottage gate, and his face was very thoughtful as he came out. For each day was deepening into certainty the fear he had felt at first, that it was not a simple strain my darling had suffered, but an injury to the spine, which might prove incurable.

Those terrible weeks! I can not bear, even now, to think of them. It was so dreadful, the thought of my Apple Blossom, so full of bounding life, never to walk again. I had so loved the sound of her quick, free step, its very echo was a joy to me; how could I bear never to hear it again! And her mother! But her grief was too sacred for my intruding.

My poor crushed Apple Blossom! She bore up bravely for the first week and the second; then I could see that a dim foreboding was creeping into her heart, though we had not hinted at the fear oppressing our own. Confinement itself was very wearying on one whose life had been one of such vigorous health and ceaseless activity; then the pain, slight at first, had gradually increased, till at times it was almost unbearable, and even worse to bear than the pain was the nerv-

ous derangement, showing itself in morbid sensitiveness and wakefulness. The pretty pink of her cheeks grew fainter and fainter day by day ; my Apple Blossom was fading into a snow-drop.

One day the old doctor stopped at the school-house, and said in his abrupt way : " Miss Mary, you must go over and tell Maggie and her mother ; they'll bear it better from you than from anybody else." Then he went away as suddenly as he had come, without even saying what I must tell. But there was no need, I knew only too well, and I returned to the school-room staggering under the thought of the task before me. Must I tell my Maggie that never again could she come bounding down the hill, as I had so often seen her, or go dancing round the school-room from very fullness of physical joy ; that all her plans in life must be given up, and, instead of " supporting mamma," she must submit to be herself supported. Oh ! it was too hard for anything. At that moment I would willingly have given my life to restore Maggie to what she was only one short month before.

I went through with the rest of the lessons in a dazed sort of way, for I was conscious of nothing except that a terrible task awaited me when those lessons were ended, and of the strong crying of my heart, " Dear Jesus, help me." Slowly, as the hours passed away, there stole into my heart a strange peace, and then I knew that

" He unto my burden bent  
The might it waited for,"

lifting it off my own heart on to His, which had sustained the weight of world's woe, and yet had not broken. And all the way to the cottage the beautiful Christmas poem kept singing itself in my heart :

" Daughter, be comforted        .        .  
O dumb, blind, deaf receive !

Shall He who shaped the ear not hear your cry?  
Doth He not tenderly see who made the eye?  
Ask me, that I may give."

I told her mother first, but how I did tell it I can not tell, it was so much harder than I had thought. Indeed, I had not thought much about telling her, my mind had been so full of Maggie. It was over at last, and I left the poor stricken heart bowed low in prayer to the dear Father, and knew she was receiving better comfort than I could give.

Then I went to my darling; the poor, wan face brightened, as it always did when she saw me; but something in my own startled her, for she said: "You have bad news for me; tell me, what is it?" I took her in my arms. I often held her so for hours, during her wearisome, sleepless nights, and told her. Never shall I cease to hear the echo of her moan of anguish. She spoke no word, she shed no tear, but her whole body quivered as though each fiber were an individual being, and each dying in spasms from its own separate heart-break. And I could only clasp her close in my arms, press my lips to the clammy forehead, and stroke the dear head on which my tears were falling like rain. At length, it may have been minutes afterwards, or it may have been hours, a long sob came, and then the blessed tears. How I thanked God for those tears! And then it all came out, in a torrent of burning words, the story of their poverty, their little store of money almost exhausted—the necessity that she should at once become the bread-winner for mamma—here the poor girl broke down utterly. Rallying soon, she went on: hadn't I noticed mamma always at work on those beautiful embroideries—that was how she earned money to live on; "And she's just stitch, stitching her life away, and now I can never, never be of any good to her, I just wish I was dead!" Don't blame my Apple Blossom, nor talk of resignation; the time for resignation was not yet come.

"God has forgotten me." The torture of this thought was more than she could bear, and when she said, "Lay me down, please," I knew it was because she felt she must wrestle with this great trial alone.

I did not dare return to her till an hour had passed, then I was astonished to find her asleep. Very quietly I sat and watched her. There were tears on her cheeks, but they did not seem bitter tears; they had plowed no furrows there; the sharp prints of pain were fading out from her forehead, and, even as I watched, the hard lines which had drawn her mouth into such an agonizing expression, relaxed, and a half smile transformed it into the rose-bud mouth I had loved to kiss so well.

She slept on for an hour, then suddenly opening her eyes, she asked: "Did you speak to me?" "No, dear." "Then God did," and the reverent, joyous look on her face awed me. I did not ask her what it meant, I knew that in her own time she would tell me, and she did. She lay quite still for a time, smiling softly to herself, then looking full in my face, she said, "I thought God had forgotten me, but He has not." "I know, dear, but how do you know?" "He told me Himself. When you left me I was fighting Him with all my might and I kept on fighting till I had not a particle of strength left. Then I must have fallen asleep; I didn't know I was asleep till I woke up; then I heard, just as plainly as though you had spoken the words, 'He giveth His beloved sleep.' You did not speak them, so God must; He gave me sleep, so He does love me, and I can bear anything now."

So Apple Blossom learned her lesson, and God Himself was her teacher. I had racked my brain planning how to teach it to her, but the work I should have done so bunglingly was taken out of my hands and perfectly performed by God.

In the months and years which followed, He trained my Blossom, by the ministry of pain, to be a minister to others.

No touch so tender, no heart so loving as Maggie's; from far and near weary, wounded or sin-sick hearts sought her, and found a very Bethel in her invalid chamber.

Nor did the dear Father fail to make good to her the promise of the "hundred-fold in this life." The artist soul which had ever slumbered within her, but which in the exuberance of physical vigor had failed to make itself known, woke to life in the sweet morning twilight of the sick chamber. She never walked again, but the skillful fingers transferred to canvas the beautiful creations of her artist soul. And so she earned the money which realized the great aspiration of her girlhood, "to keep mamma as papa always kept her."

And I, who had been her teacher, now sit meekly at my Apple Blossom's feet, learning from her the lessons of patience and faith which God Himself hath taught her.

[NOTE.—Apple Blossom's Lesson was originally written for the "Christian Union," and appears here by consent of its publishers.]



## CHAPTER XVII.

### Conversation and Reading.



CONVERSATION is a fine art. In many places it is growing to be a lost art. This ought never to be true in the family, or a potent factor in education is lost. Nothing fixes the status of family life more surely than its prevailing type of conversation, or the lack of familiar conversation between parents and children. If the father is but a silent or gruff presence in the home circle, whose coming hushes the chatter of children, there can be no unity, no sympathetic love in that home. If dress, or gossip, good natured or bad, form the staple of the mother's talk, there will be little development of noble character; if children have secrets from parents, and little to talk about with them or in their presence, look out for breakers ahead. These things indicate that the atmosphere of home is not right—that it is not a healthy atmosphere mentally and spiritually.

The atmosphere which permeates a home has much to do not only with its style of conversation, but with the growth of all that is good and noble therein. It should inspire to all pleasant, pure and noble deeds, as the sweet spring air inspires the tree to leaf out, and the flowers to bloom. To be so it must be pure, loving, sympathetic, cheerful, sunshiny.



Its breezes should blow over the garden of the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, bringing the fragrant breath of that charity which suffereth long and is kind; that envieth not, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things for sweet love's sake. It should be an atmosphere of freedom, in which children can develop originality in accordance with the laws of their own being. It should be permeated with warmth and light proceeding from the Sun of Righteousness, and reflected from parents upon children.

In such a home atmosphere the right type of conversation will grow and flourish. It will be loving and sympathetic, as it ought to be. Many hearts starve for lack of loving, appreciative words; if spoken they would voice the true sentiment of the heart, but are repressed for fear of being charged with sentimentalism. Never fear that. True sentiment is the highest thing, as well as the strongest motive power, in the universe. If the words do voice the feeling of the heart, let them be spoken; they will go from heart to heart, and we will never regret them. Few of us passed middle life do not regret leaving *unspoken* some such words till the ears that should have heard them were dulled in death.

Conversation should be bright and genial, bubbling over with fun and frolic when the "spirit so moves." We pity the man or woman who can not talk nonsense; and doubly do we pity their children. Hours of joyous, rollicking fun with father or mother often impress themselves more deeply upon children's minds than those spent in more staid fashion, and the witty sayings which flashed through them from the lips of father or mother are often long remembered. Be sure your children can enjoy all your good things as no stranger can, so don't keep your best thoughts for company; give them to the

home circle. Study to make yourself a good conversationalist for the sake of your children. It will *pay*. They may not take to books, and so will learn little from them; but you are a book they never tire of studying, and whatever drops from your lips has more weight with them than all the tomes of Egypt.

In Sir Walter Scott we saw what the home talk did for an imaginative but awkward boy. Goethe is another instance of what a mother's conversation can do. She was but seventeen years old when he was born, while his father was nearly double that age. She prophesied of him, "You will always remain young, and your heart will never become old, since you had the youth of your mother into the bargain," and she always kept her youth for the sake of her children—a parent's duty, as well as privilege. When seventy-six years old she said: "When my boy first opened his eyes, then awoke my maternal heart, and it has lived since then in continual enthusiasm to this very hour." She adds: "My Wolfgang and I have always held together, for the reason we were both young and not as far from each other as Wolfgang and his father." This holding-together with such a woman as his mother is the heart of all that is purest and best in Goethe. The only wonder is that with such a mother he could ever have cherished such distorted views of domestic virtue as he entertained. She is the pleasantest picture in German literature, the delight of children, as well as the favorite of poets and princes. Her simple, hearty and joyous nature endeared her to all. She retained to the last her enthusiasm and simplicity; was at once grave and hearty, dignified and simple; possessed much shrewdness, knowledge of character and mother-wit, perfectly tempered by kindliness. These all united to make her the best conversationalist of her land and time. The learned and the great were delighted with her conversation, and the sayings of Frau Rathnin, or Frau Aja, as she was

affectionately styled, were quoted throughout Germany. But nowhere did she shine with such light as in her own home circle, surrounded by her children and their young friends. She possessed wonderful power of stimulating young and active minds, and out of the treasures of her own experience, she instructed them in the science of life. Many bright bits from these home conversations have come down to us in the writings of her gifted son and of her biographers. They show her to be a woman of strong religious convictions and great hopefulness. Her favorite motto was, "Experience worketh hope"—depth of feeling mingled with wit, humor and freshness of heart. "I always make a pleasant face," says she, "which pleases people and costs nothing." "Early rout out everything that might mar the beautiful image of God within thee." "I love human kind, and old and young feel it." "The God who can of stones raise up children to Abraham, can turn everything we, with our dim eyes, deem a misfortune, to our good." As another says, "She led a strong, hearty life in the Old Testament fear of God, and full of trust in the unchangeable God of the people and of the family." The memory of such a life lived by a mother—of such conversations in their childhood's home—must prove powerful forces in molding the character of children.

The table talk should be such as interests the whole family and all can join in. Often meals are the only times the whole family are together on week days, and they should be made bright, cheery occasions, tending to make the family feel its oneness. The talk should not be confined to the food, whether in praise or complaint, for that gives the gratification of appetite too great prominence; it should not be of unpleasant subjects, as that impairs digestion; it should be of something in which all are interested and which all enjoy. Reserve deeper topics for other hours; let meal times be bright, happy, and free from care. If you have spent a rest-

less night, don't detail all its sufferings at the breakfast table ; if business does go wrong, don't season the family dinner with its perplexities.

At the proper time, talk over business with your children, make them feel that they are partners in the family firm. Let them know the amount of the family income, and let them be early trained to adjust their desires to it. This talking over affairs with your children, not only helps to train them to a wise economy, it is a good preparation for life work, and often assists in deciding what life work shall be. Better than all this, it strengthens the bonds between parent and children, makes sympathy between them more quick and intelligent, and many a time tides a man over difficulties. Many men have failed in business because they have never thus made wife and children their confidantes. To save them pain, they have hid their embarrassments from the home circle. Knowing no reason for retrenchment, family expenses have gone on as usual, perhaps with greater lavishness to hide the fear of failure, till the crash came, and all suffer together in the wreck. On the other hand, we know of many cases where men have been saved from failure because wife and children knew the exact state of affairs, and lovingly helped the father to bear the burden. Even when the crash could not be averted, the sympathy and helpfulness of wife and children have made its effects easy to bear. For these and other obvious reasons, we reiterate, talk over business affairs in the family circle. Talk over the news of the day, whatever of interest is transpiring in your own neighborhood, in the State, the nation, the world. History is being made very rapidly these days ; it is better that your child should receive it as a living impression, than that he should learn it first, a score of years hence, from a text-book. Lately we were visiting in a home where there were six children under twelve years old. The evening papers came before the father came from busi-

ness. I was pleased to see how eagerly they were scanned by the ten-year-old son, and how intelligently he told their most important items. There was no lack of topics for conversation in that family ; father, mother and every child brought something to the family feast, from the day's experience in business, in the household, the school-room or the playground.

Use nothing but pure, good language in familiar conversation. The talk of the household becomes, in nine cases out of ten, the talk of the man or woman. I have known professional men, well educated in the schools, who never outgrew the incorrect expressions used in childhood. Of course they *knew* better, but in the heat of debate, or the excitement of eager talk the incorrect expression would slip from their tongues, to their mortification and grief. It is cruel to allow children to form such habits of speech which will cling to them, a badge of dishonor, all their lives.

One needs training to converse well. Nor does this training fetter spontaneity. The best trained hand is the freest in its movements. The training required is quite as much of the heart as the head. A selfish person can never be a good conversationalist. We must seek, not our own, but each others' good, must interest ourselves in other people and look at things from their standpoint. We must weigh others' thoughts fairly and be ready to learn from them. We must be sympathetic listeners as well as fluent speakers ; indeed, the former is the more important of the two. The sympathetic element in a listener is of prime importance ; some people listen stolidly, or with an air that says, "Politeness compels me to listen, but you can not say anything worth while to hear." Such a listener soon seals the lips of his conferree, especially if it be a child or a timid person. Others draw us out to speak our thoughts in the best way, often with a clearness they had not possessed in our own mind an hour before. Thinking it over afterward we can not remem-



ber much that was said to us; we are only conscious of a power that set our noblest purposes, our highest thoughts in order, and drew them to our lips. This power is often possessed in highest measure by very silent people; it is one to be coveted and cultivated.

The fluent talker often loses much by not waiting for the silent people. Their thoughts lie deep and do not bubble up to the surface easily, but they are treasures when you do secure them. Timid children are often the most thoughtful ones; it is well worth the parents' while to draw them out and not let them be overwhelmed in the stream of volubility of their talkative brothers and sisters. Childish expressions familiarize us with childish habits of thought. A child showed how naturally she referred everything to God by calling an apple tree in full bloom "God's bouquet." In the fall, as she saw the perfected apples, she called them the "bubbles the apple tree blowed." Another defined eternity as "life-time of the Almighty," and faith as "doing God's will and asking no questions." To another, lightning was "God playing peek-a-boo with baby;" thunder, "the big pump that makes the rain come;" the stars, "angel fingers pointing at us," or "holes God looks at me through;" the bright-tinted sunset clouds, "the beautiful bedquilt of the sun;" the rainbow, "God's smile," and the rustling of leaves, the "trees making music for the leaves to dance by." Children's definitions of virtues often show deep insight. The little Scotch girl's definition of patience has become proverbial, "Wait a wee and dinna weary;" to another, "holiness is to be clean inside;" conscience is "Jesus whispering in my heart;" prayer, "the wish of the heart;" omnipresence, "God everywhere without going there."

Good taste and good feeling must rule conversation everywhere, especially at home, to make it a success. There seems to be a curious kink in human nature that leads us to



say hateful and unkind things to those we love the best, which we would be ashamed to say to strangers. Watch for this kink and straighten it out in your own home circle. There, as everywhere, more than anywhere else, try always to say "the nicest things in the nicest way." Avoid topics which may be painful to any one present. If Johnny has been in disgrace at school, leave him to tell of it in the bedtime conference with mother. Don't announce it with a flourish of trumpets to the assembled family. Don't hector nor tease. Do not take more than your proper share of time in conversation; give others their share and listen respectfully while they speak. Never interrupt, and do not fly off on a tangent by abrupt change of subject. Be always courteous and respectful, especially to those who are older than yourself, or from whom you differ. Never ridicule an assertion made by another, though you may not believe it, and never try to show off your knowledge.

Edward Everett Hale, in the book from which we have before quoted, "How To Do It," has an admirable chapter on how to talk. We wish you might all read it; lest some fail to do so we will give some of his points. They refer to conversation in general among young people, whether at home or abroad.

His first rule is, "Tell the truth. Bob meets Laura for the first time as she comes on a visit to Poughkeepsie. She is a nice girl, and he is really glad to be introduced to her, but thinks he must not talk commonplace to her, so says, 'Did you go to the opera last week?' wishing to impress her with his artistic tastes. 'No,' said Laura, 'I did not.' 'O, it was charming!' says Bob, and there the conversation fell flat, as it ought, for it was founded on a lie. Bob did not care two straws for the opera, never attended but once, and then was terribly bored, but he was not going to own it. Will was next introduced; he spoke right out the first thing

he was thinking: 'I saw you riding this afternoon.' 'Yes,' said Laura, 'we went out by the red mills and drove up the hill by Mr. Pond's.' 'Did you see the bee-hives?' said Will, eagerly. This opened up a spirited conversation, for it so happened that Laura was an enthusiast on bees, and before the evening was over the young folks felt as though they had known each other for years, and it all came from telling the truth, not pretending to be interested in what they were not."

His second rule is, "Do not talk of your own affairs" in general society. Of course in the home circle it is proper that you should do so, provided that you do not obtrude your own affairs where others' affairs have a right to be; if any one asks you explicitly to tell them anything you have done or how you did it, tell them modestly and plainly, but don't chatter and prattle of what *you* did, or *you* saw, or *you* said in company where few feel any special interest in your doings and sayings. Do you not notice that those who really do the bravest deeds talk the least about their doings? The old scarred veteran has little to say about his own prowess; it is the carpet-knight who boasts most pompously. Confess ignorance. That is the way to become wise. Conversation is the providential arrangement for the relief of ignorance. We often lose the chance of learning much by pretending to know it already. Sometimes we do this because we are ashamed to confess ignorance, sometimes from sheer thoughtlessness. We know a little of the subject, and we gabble about it, never stopping to ascertain if the one with whom we are conversing does not know vastly more. I had visited Arizona, and returned brimming over with enthusiasm about the Zuni. At a cousin's home in Washington I was introduced to a gentleman whose name I did not catch, as a group of us were deep in conversation about these wonderful people. The stranger was rather reticent; indeed, he had no chance to be otherwise,

for we were chattering so fast there was little opportunity for him to speak. After he had gone I learned to my great chagrin that he was Mr. Cushing, who could have told more about the Zuni in five minutes than we all knew, if only we had given him a chance; and we had foolishly cheated ourselves out of learning from him. Often we defraud ourselves of knowledge we might gain by simpering "Yes" to hide our ignorance, when any one says, "You know about" so and so. Never do it. Say straight out, "No, I do not know about it, but I should like to hear."

His third rule is: "Talk to the person who is talking with you," do not pretend to converse with one person while you are watching another, or listening to what some one behind you is saying. It is the height of ill manners, though it is being continually done by fools and snobs. Mr. Hale says if you are really more interested in something else than in what your companion is saying, the honest way is to tell him so and ask him to excuse you. No matter if the person with whom you are conversing seems to you to be poky, or stupid, or tiresome, your business is to listen attentively and reply courteously. Long before Lincoln was known to fame he had won the hearts of all men, women and little children with whom he came in contact, by this very thing. It is said of him, "Whoever sailed down on him at any evening party and engaged him, though it were the most wearisome of odd old ladies, was sure of him, while they were together. He would look her right in the eye, would enter into all her joys, and terrors and hopes, would help her by his sympathy to find out what the trouble was, and when it was his turn to answer, he would answer like her own son. He talked so to school boys and to shy people who had just poked their heads out of their shells, and to all the awkward people and to all the gay and easy people." Does not this, in part at least, account for the love felt for him by all who came within his

influence, as well as for his wonderful insight into human nature?

Mr. Hale's fifth rule is: "Never underrate your interlocutor." He illustrates this by a story at his own expense; he says: "In the conceit of early life, talking to a man of twice my age and of immense experience, I said a little too flippantly, 'Was it not the King of Wurtemberg whose people declined a constitution when he had offered it to them?' 'Yes,' said my friend, 'the king told me the story himself.' Observe what a rebuke this would have been to me, had I presumed to tell him the fact which he knew ten times as accurately as I did. I was just saved from sinking into the earth by having couched my statement in the form of a question." We may not chance upon a man who has conversed with kings, but we will meet with many men and women who know much more concerning many things than we do. The safest way is to take it for granted that our companion knows more than we do upon many topics, and be willing to learn of him. It is wonderful how this knowledge often fits into our ignorance. Almost always when we are thinking intently on any subject, or studying it up, it seems as if every one we met gave us some light upon it, and that often without our asking for it or referring to the matter at all. It is an illustration of the proverb before quoted that conversation is the providential arrangement for the relief of ignorance.

His last rule is, "Be short;" say what you have to say without circumlocution, and when you have said it, stop. Do not preface it by a long introduction, nor even by a short one like, "that reminds me;" of course you remember what you are saying, if you did not you could not say it, so you need not announce the fact. Nor do you need to give authorities in conversation, if you only make it clear that you make no pretence to originality. Never, except in extreme neces-

sity, explain who people are. Nine cases out of ten it makes no difference who they are, and in the tenth case you will very likely get into inextricable confusion in attempting to tell, as in the case cited by Mr. Hale. Frank wants to say, "George went to the stereopticon yesterday." Instead of that he says, "A fellow at our school named George, a brother of Tom Tileston, who goes to the Dwight, and is in Miss Lomerly's room—not the Miss Lomerly that has the class in Sunday-school—she's at the Brimmer school, but her sister;" and so on till Frank, as he expressed it, "is all muddled up." He could manage George alone, but when it comes to George's brother and Miss Lomerly and Miss Lomerly's sister, they are too many for him. Stick to the one thing you wish to say, give your hearers credit for being people of sense, who can understand something without having it explained to them. If they really need or wish for explanations they will ask for them.

Don't exaggerate; don't transform a "smart sprinkle" into a deluge, nor be almost "tired to death" after ten minutes' exertion, nor describe a pretty dress as "too awfully beautiful for anything," nor speak of a box of candy as "just lovely," nor go into ecstasies describing a poodle dog. Above all do not try to intensify speech by such exclamations as "mercy on us!" "goodness gracious!" and the like. Trace these down to their real significance, and they come very near breaking the third commandment. On whom are you calling for mercy? All these tricks of speech detract from, instead of adding too, the strength of your words.

We have dwelt thus long upon conversation because we consider it a great power, not only in the formation of character, but in determining usefulness in life. We hear much of the power of eloquence, but for real effectiveness the power to conversing well ranks above it. The popular orator sways the crowd for an hour, but have you not observed that the

real force which changes opinions is exerted not in the one-sided conflict wherein one great gun does all the firing, but in the hand-to-hand encounter of personal conversation? This is true in the realm of intellect, it is even more observable in the realm of morals. For every man or woman won from evil ways by lectures on morality, or sermons, ten are convicted and converted through the personal labor of some one who really cares for their souls. Any power of such value is well worth cultivating.

Words are lighter than the cloud-foam  
Of the restless ocean spray;  
Vainer than the trembling shadow  
That the next hour steals away.  
By the fall of summer rain-drops  
Is the air as deeply stirred;  
And the rose-leaf that we tread on  
Will outlive a word.

Yet, on the dull silence breaking  
With a lightning flash, a word,  
Bearing endless desolation  
On its blighting wings, I heard:  
Earth can forge no keener weapon,  
Dealing surer death and pain,  
And the cruel echo answered  
Through long years again.

I have known a word more gentle  
Than the breath of summer air;  
In a listening heart it nestled,  
And it lived forever there.  
Not the beating of its prison  
Stirred it ever, night or day,  
Only with the heart's last throbbing  
Could it fade away.

Words are mighty, words are living;  
Serpents with their venomous stings,  
Or bright angels crowding round us,  
With Heaven's light upon their wings;



Every word has its own spirit,  
True or false, that never dies;  
Every word man's lips have uttered  
Echoes in God's skies.

—A. A. Procter.

Closely allied in power and influence to conversation is reading. In most homes the question is not now, Shall the children read? but, What shall they read? We are flooded with literature, good, bad, and indifferent. Choosing wisely what to read and forming the habit of reading it, are important factors in the training of children. Doubtless in many families the incessant reading of trashy literature weakens the vigor and tenacity of the faculties; in others, habits of reading are never formed because of a scarcity of suitable books. Scarcely any danger is more menacing to-day than the evils resulting from impure and trashy literature. It debauches the mind as alcoholic drinks do the body, and for some Satanic reason which we can not comprehend, individuals, and even societies, are systematically sowing the country with the vile stuff. A writer in the "Christian Union" says that more than six thousand persons are daily employed in the business of disseminating obscene books, papers and pictures. Anthony Comstock, that dauntless knight of the White Cross, in one year seized fifteen thousand letters of orders to dealers and publishers of these wares in New York, written by students of both sexes. City children going to school often have the vile stuff thrust into their hands with an injunction to secrecy, and it is sown broadcast over the country through the post-offices. Many schools, especially those for girls, have ceased to publish catalogues, because lists of names thus secured are used for this ignoble purpose.

From some of the large cities of the East agents are sent out twice a year to visit all the towns in the State and to give newsdealers copies of weekly papers making a special point of tales of crime and criminals, especially of boy and girl

criminals. These are used to wrap up purchases—the school-books and stationery the children buy; thus they go into the school and the family. They are illustrated, thus attracting the children's attention, who read the chapters they contain and become eager for more. Perhaps they coax their parents to subscribe for the paper, and so, not one viper, but fifty-two, are introduced into the home; or, if the parents are wise enough not to subscribe for them, the one copy read has left its taint. These papers, and pamphlets of even worse character, are often laid on door-steps and thrown into yards. I have known instances in which the vilest kind of literature was thus sown broadcast through an entire village in a single night, for this work, like all other deeds emanating from the same source, seeks the cover of darkness. I once found a school-house where an improper pamphlet had thus been placed in every desk. No one knew how it came there; the most reasonable supposition was that the emissary of Satan had slipped in between the sweeping and the dusting, as the janitor swept the house and then left it for a time, with all the windows open, for the dust to settle.

If you doubt my assertion, send to Anthony Comstock, New York City, or to any of the societies for the suppression of vice in our large cities, for Homer B. Sprague's tract on the subject, or for Comstock's "Traps for the Young." This is not a pleasant subject to dwell upon, but it is necessary that we know our danger or we will not guard against it. I believe there is no other danger which so threatens the youth of America to-day as the danger arising from bad reading. I would that I might with trumpet-tongue arouse every parent and teacher to this danger and marshal them in solid phalanx to confront it.

Bad literature comes under three heads: obscene, stories of crime and criminals, and trashy. Nearly all the States have laws to reach the first; it rests with you to see that

these laws are enforced. If you do not know how to go about this, apply to some honest Christian lawyer, or if you can not do this, seek help from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of your locality or your State. The suppression of impure literature is one of their departments of preventive work, and the State superintendents of this work keep themselves thoroughly posted concerning the laws of their respective States upon this matter, and will gladly give you the information you need, free.

Obscene literature, which can be reached by the law, is really not so dangerous as the other two classes, for they abound everywhere, and under sanction of law, both civil and social. Take up any daily paper and see if you do not there find details of revolting crime, yet these papers come into our homes. Of course some papers are much better in this respect than others, but many so-called respectable papers seem to delight in "running a muck-rake through the haunts of sin," and dishing up as the daily mental food of their readers the pollution they find there. They will give whole columns, or even pages, to the sickening details of crime or of a prize fight, but begrudge five lines to notice a meeting in the interests of philanthropy. If you reproach the editors for their course they reply, "We are not responsible, we simply supply the popular demand," and prove this assertion by turning to their ledgers and showing how the demand for their paper was increased by thousands by an unusually "interesting" case of crime detailed in its columns. Nor is this confined to large city dailies. I chanced to be in a small country town during the first murder trial ever held in its courts. The case was one involving even more than the usual elements of uncleanness and blood, all fully brought out in the evidence. The editor of the only daily paper in the village devoted almost the entire space in his paper for two weeks to these revolting details, and men, women and little children eagerly

read them. I remember a gentleman whom I considered a sensible, honorable man, expressed the greatest astonishment on learning that I had neither attended the trial nor read the accounts of it. If all would refuse to read such records of crime the nuisance would be abated.

Now the work for parents who would preserve their children from the contamination of such familiarity with crime, is to set their faces like a flint against this morbid taste, refuse to let such papers come into the house, and thus decrease the demand that regulates the supply. Do you say, "We can not do without our daily paper"? Better do without its news for a little time than debauch your own minds and the minds of your children. It would be but for a time; if every Christian father would refuse to subscribe for papers so smirched, and let the publishers know why he thus refused, they would very soon publish cleaner sheets. Nor, in the meantime, do we need to be deprived of news. There are some papers that do give the news without this horrid seasoning of crime. Patronize them.

Then there are the five-cent "Boys' and Girls' Own Papers," the nickel libraries and various weeklies with innocent, home-like titles, but concealing underneath these the very poison of asps. They are filled with stories of criminal life, often with a vein of licentiousness running through them, of very questionable adventures of boys and girls. These are often introduced into the home by the parents themselves who have not the slightest idea of their character. We were once in a country neighborhood where nearly every family had subscribed for a paper which at its best was trashy, and some of its stories actually vile, because a number of pretty chromo cards was given for each subscription. So all through the year these papers came month by month into these homes and wrought their work upon the minds of the children growing up therein. The same sum invested in the "Youth's

Companion, would have brought a healthful influence into each of those homes.

The work of the books and papers we have mentioned is always baneful. Its effect may not be manifest at once, but it tells on character. A pupil of my own, a lad of sixteen, committed suicide in a very melodramatic way. He imagined himself in love with a young Miss of fourteen, and that he had a rival to her affections, a schoolmate of his own age. He invited the two to take a walk with him, and when well out of town, suddenly faced his companions and demanded of the girl in a theatrical manner, which she loved best of the two before her. Taken by surprise and overcome with the ludicrousness of the situation, she burst out laughing. "Do you thus mock me!" he cried, drew a pistol from his pocket and shot himself through the breast. The ball did not strike the heart, but produced a fatal wound from which he died after hours of agony, vainly imploring his friends to save him from the consequences of his own act. In his pocket was found a sensational novel portraying a scene exactly similar to the one he had enacted, except that the would-be hero's wound did not prove mortal, but produced its intended effect in softening the heart of his lady love.

A friend of mine once noticed some boys very busily at work or play in a vacant lot near her home. It was during the summer vacation, and every morning they came as regularly as they were accustomed to go to school, and worked away all day long. This unusual freak of boy nature in vacation, excited her curiosity, and she watched them to see what they were about. Their work proved to be the building of a railroad which, in due time, was equipped with good box-cars, stolen, as she afterwards learned, from a dry-goods store. When their road was fully equipped, the object of all this work proved to be the enacting of a train robbery, after the manner of the James brothers, whose life they had



been reading. This is the natural result of reading stories of crime, yet parents, even Christian parents, admit and even bring such reading into their homes.

The last class, trashy reading, is scarcely less deleterious in its effects as it is more wide-spread, finding an entrance into many homes from which the other two classes are excluded. It seems harmless, nothing impure in it; indeed, much of it is of the goody-goody order, but a course of such reading debilitates, if it does not debauch, both the intellect and the moral sense. It gives false views of life, inculcates false aims, and therefore unfits for doing life's work well. It engenders a dreamy sentimentalism which makes real work distasteful, thus leading to discontent with one's surroundings.

As a teacher, I have watched this matter very carefully, and have always found that when boys and girls become addicted to reading trashy literature it is next to impossible to get any real good work out of them. Their mental tissues grow flabby as those of the body do when fed upon slops; when required to do anything demanding close application they were always found wanting. They were lacking in the "clear grit" that conquers difficulties. I have followed these pupils out into the world and almost invariably have found them failures there, lacking in the patient perseverance that conquers difficulties, vacillating in purpose and weak in execution. One such now rises vividly before me, a bright, handsome boy, an only son. As a child in the lower grades of school, he was unusually quick in his studies; but in the grammar school we noted a change which grew more noticeable as he passed into the high school. He seemed, in the expressive Western phrase, "to have lost his grip." Anything at all difficult seemed to appall him, instead of arousing his boyish determination to conquer it. One by one his studies were given up as "too hard" until he fell out of



his class. Searching for the cause his teachers thought they discovered it—and we think they were right—in his book-case. It was filled with trashy books, from Oliver Optic's down, and every spare moment was spent in reading them. His mind was enervated and his taste so vitiated that solid mental food was distasteful. For the past five years he has been drifting aimlessly about, now trying this thing, now that, to make a living, but invariably coming back upon his father for support every few months. Lately the father has died, leaving very little for the support of his family ; what Ralph will now do to support himself and wife, for he has a wife, we can not imagine. Doubtless other causes operated to produce these results, but the most apparent, and we believe the most potent, was trashy reading.

“What is trashy reading?” one asks, “does it include all fiction?” by no means. It is said of Christ that without a parable spake he not unto them, and parables are a species of fiction. Fiction has a legitimate place in literature, an important work to perform, but it must be such fiction as is true to life, and inspires to purer, nobler manhood and womanhood. Trashy reading is such fiction as presents distorted views of life, addresses the weaker rather than the stronger side of our nature, and whose effect is to enervate and thus to unfit for the real conflict of life. If you are in doubt concerning which side a book belongs to, read it yourself before allowing your child to do so, and note its effect upon your own mind ; if in closing it you are conscious of having gained good from its perusal, a better understanding of nature and of men, a firmer determination to do right, or if it has rested you and given you a few hours of healthy fun or pleasure, the book is a good one ; you can safely trust it in the hands of your child. If contrary effects follow, be sure your child will be better off without reading it.

You can not be too careful concerning the character of the

books your children read. It is our desire to emphasize this fact that makes us dwell so long upon the topic of impure literature. In it lurks a danger which many parents do not suspect, and of which few realize the actual extent. Some parents, especially those who were debarred from books in their own young days, are satisfied if their children only *read*, without knowing what they are reading. They give money freely for the purchase of books, but leave the selection entirely to the young people's fancy. I knew such a case; a devoted father and mother who supplied their only son with money to purchase books and were proud of his well-filled book-shelves; they seldom looked deeper than the bindings of the books. One day I came upon him stretched at full length upon the grass, reading so intently that he did not notice my approach till I stood close beside him, and saw with astonishment that the book in his hand was one utterly unfit for a pure-minded man or woman, much less a boy, to read. Later it transpired that many such were in his collection, and that often when his father and mother were rejoicing that their boy was safe in his beautiful room, reading improving books, he was drinking from these impure fountains, or, prompted by vile imaginations excited by his reading, he had crawled out of his window, when his parents were asleep, to spend the night in debauch. These are not pleasant topics to dwell upon, but they point to a danger real and vital. If by thus dwelling on them we induce one parent to guard more carefully against this danger, we shall feel repaid for the unpleasant labor.

A taste for *good* reading must be cultivated; this will destroy a relish for the bad. Make sure that from the very first the papers and books given your child to read are pure in sentiment and diction, healthful in moral tone, bright and interesting, true to his own child-life or its noblest ideal.

No matter how good a book may be, if it is dull and stupid, or written in stilted style, foreign to child language

and thought, no child will read it willingly. But when as now, the brightest minds, the most ready pens in the country, are engaged in preparing literature for our boys and girls, there is no need of giving them either unpalatable or unhealthy mental food. We do not believe that the child lives who would not be charmed with "Our Little Ones" or "Wide Awake;" the boy or girl whose taste has not been vitiated that would not enjoy the "Youth's Companion," "St. Nicholas" or "Harper's Young People." And as for books, pure, bright, entertaining, instructive, their names are legion.

Character is determined by reading fully as much as by associates. Books read in childhood often influence destiny. When Benjamin Franklin was a little boy, the remnant of an old book, tattered and torn, fell into his hands. It was Cotton Mather's "Essays to do Good." In his letters Franklin says: "Several leaves were missing, but the remainder gave me such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good than any other kind of reputation, and if I have been a useful citizen the public owes all the advantage of it to that little book." Jeremy Bentham records that the whole current of his thought and the studies of his life were directed by a single phrase in a book which attracted his attention when a child, "The greatest good to the greatest number."

A wonderful chain of influences which now encircles the globe had as its first link a little tract which, read by Baxter when a young man, eventually led to his writing his "Call to the Unconverted." Through the influence of this book, Doddridge was converted. Doddridge's "Rise and Progress" led Wilberforce into the higher Christian life, and he in turn led Leigh Hunt into the light. Leigh Hunt's "Shepherd of Salisbury Plains" has been translated into more languages and has probably been read by more people than any other

book except the Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress." Who can estimate the power exerted by "Pilgrim's Progress" in modeling character and deciding destiny? If one book has such power what must be the effect of all the reading in the household?

Well-read children are best equipped for life. They stand on firmer foundations and have a broader outlook than those whose knowledge is circumscribed. They more naturally grow into men and women of general intelligence, able to cope with difficulties, because fertile in expedients to overcome them. Whatever befalls them it is strange if in their reading they have not met its parallel and gained some hint to govern their own conduct in the circumstances. For this reason well-written biographies of noble men and women, especially their boy and girl life, are helpful to our little men and women. No boy can read "The Boy Franklin," "David Livingstone," or the "Life of Peter Cooper;" no girl can become thoroughly acquainted with Lydia Maria Child, Mary Lyon, Frederika Bremer, Dorothea Dix, Emily Huntington Miller, "Pansy," Mrs. Somerville or Frances Power Cobbe without forming higher purposes in life, and having the good within her deepened and strengthened. The early reading of books that aid in forming high ideals has prevented shipwreck in thousands of lives. When treating of imagination we saw what an important part ideals play in forming character. The books we read, the companions we choose, determine, in large measure, what these ideals are.

Fixed habits of reading good books form a safeguard against temptation. They provide occupation for the spare moments—and the spare moments are the time when temptation enters. They erect a barrier against bad companionship, both of men and books, and make such companionship, when forced upon us, so distasteful that it loses its power to harm. If one loves to read and has formed the habit of reading good

books, he will pass unscathed through temptations which ruin his neighbors not thus protected. All the homilies on morality ever written have not the power to keep boys out of the saloon, the dance-house, the gambling-hell, which such ideals fixed in his mind have. How can a young man find any pleasure in such haunts after his soul has become thoroughly imbued with this sentiment of Milton's: "That a man to be strong must be absolutely pure; that great courage, magnanimity and achievement are based upon self-respect; that a man shall be as perfect as his ideal of a woman; that self-mastery, with disdain of the finical, luxurious and immoral must be the first conquest; that a great man must be himself unblemished."

What girl can fritter away the blessed dawn of girlhood in vanity and aimlessness, if on her heart are engraved these words of Ruskin: "Remember that the happiness of your life, and its power, and its post and rank on earth and in Heaven, depend on the way you pass your days now. They are not to be sad days; far from that—the first duty of young people is to be delighted and delightful—but they are to be in the deepest sense, solemn days. There is no solemnity so deep to a rightly thinking creature as that of the dawn. But not only in that beautiful sense, but in all their character and methods, they are to be solemn days. Every day of your early life is ordaining irrevocably for good or evil, the custom and practice of your soul; ordaining either sacred customs of dear and lovely recurrence, or trenching deeper and deeper the furrows for seeds of sorrow. Now, therefore, see that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature."

There is no excuse for not having good books in every home. Their cost is no bar against it, for they are now so cheap that money for their purchase can easily be saved from useless or hurtful expenditures. This saving in itself is an



admirable thing ; it induces thrift and trains to denying self in its lower gratifications for the sake of higher good. It would be a blessed thing if children were trained to put a large share of the money now expended in candy into good books and papers. Their fathers and mothers might profitably make a corresponding change in their own expenditures. It is not necessary that the family library should be large, but it should be well chosen and well used. Frederic Robertson's library for many years contained but sixteen books, but these were so read and studied that they became a part of his mental and spiritual nature. Their character can be determined from the pure, strong spirit they nurtured within him.

The home library should not be a sudden creation, but a thing of growth. Add books gradually, one by one ; they will thus be better appreciated and more thoroughly read. Let each child be trained to form a library of his own, one which he cares for, reads and preserves. Such a library is well commenced with Christmas books ; whatever else you give your child at this festival, give him one book which he can keep. At the time he may not prize it as much as the toys and more showy presents that accompany it, but as these lose their attraction, he will turn to his book and find in it pleasure for the entire year.

Just here we would emphasize the necessity of teaching children to take good care of books. The wanton destruction of books, as well as of playthings, going on in some households, is distressing. Children should be trained to take good care of presents, to preserve them in good order. When they outgrow or tire of them they can give them to children younger or poorer than themselves, thus learning a lesson of care for others as well as of care for books.

A friend of mine received each birthday from her father a book carefully chosen to suit her advancing years. When



he died he left her no more highly-prized legacy than the twenty-four volumes thus given her, which, through all her life, will be cherished as especially expressing her father's thoughtful love.

A farmer of my acquaintance has a quaint book-buyer, nothing else than a pig. His porkship does not select the books, but he furnishes the money to purchase them. In the spring a little pig is selected and devoted to this purpose. The whole household know his mission and feel unusually interested in his growth and well-being. Just before the holidays he is sold, and the money he brings is expended in books and papers to supply the household for the ensuing year. "Where there's a will there's a way." No family need be without the very best kind of literature, if they feel the need of it and plan to secure it as wisely and persistently as they plan for a new carpet for the parlor.

Having secured the literature, how shall we find time to use it? Save time as you saved money, by feeling the necessity of saving it, and determining to take it from other things of less importance. Once fix it in your heart that time to read is as necessary as time to work, and the battle is won. Learn to economize time, it is the most precious of our possessions—so precious that God gives the whole universe but an instant of it at once. Don't dawdle; "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, *do* it with thy might," and be done with it and ready for the next thing. Utilize spare moments; have a book or paper handy that you can pick up at odd times, those pauses which come into the midst of every one's daily work. Unless you have tried it you can not imagine how much may be accomplished by saving these diamond dusts of time. Dr. Newton Bateman tells his pupils of a gentleman who, in the few moments of waiting for his meals, conquered a new language in the course of a year. We saw, while looking into

David Livingstone's Scotch home, how he mastered the Latin grammar in the "meanwhiles" of a boy's life, fuller of hard work than is the life of any of my boy readers. Elihu Burritt is a wonderful example in our own country, proving the same truth.

Mrs. Emma Willard, the pioneer in giving a higher education to women, is an example of what a girl can do in that direction. She was one of seventeen children born into a New England country home, where scanty means made work for all a necessity. She did her full share of that work, yet while so doing found time for that reading which laid the foundation of her future pre-eminence. There are few more beautiful pictures than their home life presented. Each child had its allotted task, and all were trained to do these tasks promptly and well. Whether it were the prosaic chores, which are often the plague of a country child's life, or ministering to the wants of a neighbor, poorer or less thrifty than they, or strewing the refuse wool, carefully saved from the carding, on bushes, that the birds might have soft linings to their nests, each task was so infused with love that it stood out from the dull canvas of life as something glorified by the spirit within. The home tasks and the school tasks ended, parents and children gather around the huge fire-place, heaped with glowing logs. Now comes a half-hour's frolic, in which parents join as heartily as children; then the wee ones drop off to sleep, and their elders settle down to their evening's work. A little time is spent in talking over the affairs of the day; difficulties are presented and solved; advice asked and given; often confession made and pardon freely granted. Now comes the feature we especially commend as showing one excellent way of finding time for reading, and inculcating a love of good reading. While the fingers of all the rest are busy with some quiet work, one of the children reads aloud from the book on which they are en-

gaged—it may be geography, history, biography or natural science—reading carefully and slowly, often stopping to ask explanations of the parents, or being stopped by questions. This lesson done, there follows a half-hour's or an hour's reading of some English classic by father or mother. Long practice has made both fine readers, and their reading gives an added charm even to the words of Chaucer and Milton, making these authors dear to the hearts of those children forever. That these evenings made an impression upon Emma is proved by the fact that when fourteen years old we find her on the coldest nights of winter, wrapped in her cloak, making an observatory of the horse-block, that she may verify, by study of the stars, statements made in the book on astronomy which they had been reading.

This reading together by parents and children is one of the best methods of cultivating a love for good reading, and children are not the only gainers thereby. Good reading is as much a necessity for parents as for children. Especially is this true of mothers. They do not mingle so freely with the outside world as their husbands, or even as their children. Without the inspiration which new and vigorous thoughts—such thoughts as good books bring them—there is danger of their growing cramped and narrow, not happy and spiritually helpful themselves, nor able to make others so.

What shall the household read? Many things, to meet the various needs of various minds and various ages. Newspapers; we need them to keep us abreast of the times, acquainted with the world's work and progress. But newspapers are not to be swallowed whole; children, and often their parents, need to be trained to cull from them what is most important, leaving out the rest. We have seen this plan work well where the daily paper came in the morning; during the day the mother or some elder member of the family looked it over, marking with a pencil the important para-

graphs or items. After supper these were read to the assembled household; at the close of the reading, skillful questions elicited how many and what items were remembered by the children. Thus they grew to take an intelligent interest in the affairs of the great world.

While the daily paper has an important use, it is poorly suited to form the only, or even the main, article of our mental diet. It is necessarily hastily written, and contains much crude and undigested material. Then, as a general thing, it is the exponent of some political party, and sees everything through intensely partisan spectacles. If we confine our reading, as many do, to the daily papers, the knowledge gained is apt to be patchy and one-sided. We form a habit of hop-skip-and-jump reading not at all favorable to thorough study of any subject. Next come the religious and other weeklies, found in most homes, which give us the news condensed and better classified than the daily papers can give it, and besides, much valuable reading suited to the different members of the household. Many of these, like the venerable "New York Observer," the various Christian Advocates, the "Advance," the "Independent," the "Christian Union," the "Christian at Work," are ably conducted, and during the year present in their various departments so much of value that they are great educators. Each family also needs one paper devoted to the philanthropies of the day, especially temperance and missions. And for the dispassionate discussion of themes too weighty or too abstruse for the daily or the weekly papers, it needs one of the leading magazines.

Where there are children there should be children's papers; let these come through the post-office directed to *them*; they will thus be read with increased interest. Never before, since the world began, were there children's magazines to be had. Now there are several that come measurably up to this

description of what a child's magazine ought to be, written when the pioneer, "Our Young Folks," was just starting. "The child's magazine needs to be stronger, truer, bolder, more uncompromising than any other. Its cheer must be the cheer of the bird's song, not of condescending editorial babble. If it means freshness and heartiness, life and joy, and its words are simply, directly and musically put together, it will trill its own way. In all except skillful handling of methods, we must become as little children if we would enter the kingdom. If now and then the situation have fun in it, if something trouble unexpectedly, if the child mind be surprised into electric recognition of comical incongruity, so that there is a reciprocal ha! ha! between the printed page and the little reader, well and good. But for humanity's sake, let there be no editorial grimacing, no sermonizing, no wearisome spinning-out of facts, no rattling of dry bones of history. Most children who read magazines attend school; their little heads are strained and taxed with the day's lessons. When they take up their paper they don't want to be bothered, nor amused, nor taught, nor petted; they just want to have their own way over their own magazine. They want to enter the one place where they can come and go as they please; where they can live a brand-new, free life of their own for a little while, accepting acquaintances if they choose, and turning their backs without ceremony on what does not concern them. Of course they expect to pick up odd bits and treasures, and now and then to drop in familiarly at an air castle, or step over into fairy lands. \* \* \* Doubtless a great deal of instruction and good moral teaching may be inculcated in the pages of a child's magazine, but it must be by hints dropped incidentally; by a few brisk, hearty statements to the children of the difference between right and wrong; a sharp, clean thrust at falsehood; a sunny recognition of truth; a gracious application of politeness; an unwill-



ing glimpse of the actions and odious doings of the uncharitable and the base. Harsh, cruel facts, if they must come—and sometimes it is important that they should—must march forward boldly, say what they have to say, and go.” The coming of such a magazine into a household of children is a well-spring of pleasure which needs not to be labeled ; its own sparkle and flow proclaim it.

There is one member of the family whose needs in this line are apt to be overlooked—the mother. This need of hers is not the need of a cook-book, or a fashion magazine, but something that shall do for her what her husband’s professional paper does for him—put her in communication and sympathy with her kind, shall help her in her work of home-making, and cheer her by bringing news of what the best women of the world have done or are doing to make the home and the world better.

Now as to books: “Of making many books there is no end,” and we can not attempt here a catalogue of those suitable for the household library. We shall only indicate classes, and name a few good books in each class. First stands the Bible, pre-eminently the household book. We have before spoken so fully of its use in the home, we will not dwell on it longer here. Around the Bible cluster many books which tell its story or explain it to the youthful reader; the best books of the kind we know are the “Youth’s Bible Commentary” and “New Stories from an Old Book.” Next to the Bible we place “Pilgrim’s Progress;” nor would we allow the children to grow up, as we did, in ignorance of Bunyan’s other writings, especially his “Holy War.” Every family should have an unabridged dictionary, a cyclopedia and an atlas. If you can not compass the unabridged, the academic or comprehensive dictionary will do; if the many-volumed Appleton’s, Johnson’s or Britannica are beyond your purse, the “Young Folk’s



Cyclopedia" will give much needed information. For common family use we do not insist on a large, universal atlas, a first-rate school atlas will answer your purpose, and that some of the children already have. Train them to use these three books—to look up in the dictionary every word of whose pronunciation or meaning they are not sure ; in the cyclopedia, any unknown event or person mentioned in conversation or reading, and in the atlas places thus mentioned concerning whose locality they are in doubt. They will thus fix an invaluable habit—the habit of referring to authorities for needed information. "One small head" can never carry all that modern life demands, we well know, but the needed knowledge is awaiting our time of need *somewhere*, if only we know where to look for it. The best legal adviser is not he who can quote law most glibly, but he who can tell you on the instant just where to turn for the law that applies to your particular case. There should be in every home some books on the care and training of children, as helps to the parent. In this class we can recommend "The Child, Its Nature and Relations," by Baroness Marenholtz-Bulow ; Mrs. Mann's "Moral Culture of Infancy ;" Jacob Abbott's "Gentle Measures in Training the Young ;" Bushnell's "Christian Nurture ;" Mrs. Livermore's "What Shall We Do With Our Daughters ?" Julia Ward Howe's "Sex and Education," and Mrs. Jackson's "Bits of Talk About Home Matters," (H. H.)

There should be at least one accurate but bright and entertaining book on each of the natural sciences closely connected with every-day life. Such books are growing so numerous, and each year is producing so many good ones, that my enumeration may seem useless or antiquated by the time it reaches my readers. However, I will venture to mention a few that I have found reliable, and the children have voted interesting: "Four Feet, Wings and Fins," "Eyes

Right," "Funny Folks in Furs and Feathers," "The Fairy Land of Science," "Overhead," "The Man Wonderful in the House Beautiful," "The Stomach and Its Servants;" Gray's "How Plants Grow" and "How Plants Behave;" Hugh Miller's "My Schools and School-masters;" "Field, Wood and Meadow Rambles," Wood's "Natural History," and "Bible Animals."

In the lines of the industries we have "A Boy's Workshop," "The Cooking Club of Tu Whit Hollow," Parton's "Captains of Industry," "How to Learn and Earn," "Anna Maria's Housekeeping," and, we are glad to say, many others, as it indicates growth of public sentiment in a good direction.

In the line of histories, one good one, not too long, is needed, of the following nations at least, United States, England, France and Germany. "Higginson's Young Folk's History of America," and "Dickens' Child's History of England" are model books. In biography, choose for your children's reading the lives of such men and women as you wish them to imitate, instead of holding before them the lives of so-called great men who may also be great scoundrels. We should hesitate long about placing in the hands of our young folks, the "Life of Alexander the Great" or any other noted warrior. Shutting out all objectionable characters, the field of biography is still a very fruitful one; so fruitful, that if we were required to confine our reading in the family to any one field, that one would be biography. Care should be exercised not only in choice of subjects, but in the way they are treated. Choose, if possible, an author who knows how to tell the truth about his hero, not representing him as a demi-god, as Abbott does Napoleon, but who "extenuates naught, and sets down naught in malice." If you wish to purchase but one book in this department you will probably find Parton's "People's Book of Biography" to contain more of what you wish than

most others. Irving's "Life of Washington" stands unrivaled. In his other works, Irving opens most delightful paths for young feet to tread. No American boy ever yet lived who would not delight in the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," nor a girl who would not wander spellbound with Irving through the "Alhambra." Everything he writes has a charm of its own, for both old and young. Nor can we rest satisfied without having our young people make the acquaintance of Hawthorne, Prescott, Motley, Dean Stanley, Charles and Mary Lamb, and a score of others whom we love.

Rhyme and rhythm have great attractions for children, and even very little ones appreciate poetic thoughts. Give them even in their early years real poetry, not doggerel. I remember a dear little girl who, when five or six years old, would listen delightedly to the reading of Tennyson. It is well for the children that true poets are so often child-lovers, and consequently that our language is so full of genuine child poetry. Child ballads of the Cary sisters, "Child Life in Poetry" by Whittier, his "Snow Bound" and "Barefoot Boy," many of Longfellow's, Lucy Larcom's, Aldrich's, Shelley's, Burns', Adelaide Proctor's, Tennyson's, Cowper's, Bryant's and Southey's poems, Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and "Marmion," Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," Holmes' laughter-provoking rhymes, when he "dared to be as funny as he could," will at once delight the young people and cultivate a taste for good literature. Learning poetry is an excellent thing for children to do. A little book, "Memory Gems," prepared by Superintendent Peaseley, of the Cincinnati schools, is an excellent help for such work.

Of travels, which teach in pleasant fashion geography and history at once, there is a great variety. "Shawl Straps," "Zigzag Journeys," "Boy Travelers," "Wonders of the Yellow Stone," "The Hunting Cats of Connorloa," "A Family Flight Around Home," are all good.

Then the story books, food for the imagination which our little people crave. Pre-eminent among them stands Hans Christian Andersen's books, and Whittier's "Child Life in Prose;" Dickens' "Little Folks," Hawthorne's "Wonder Book," "Robinson Crusoe," "The Tanglewood Tales," hold their place in the children's affections in spite of all rivals. So numerous are the good story books for children, there is never any need of their reading trashy or bad books. We shall not attempt to give a list of books, but will indicate some authors whose writings are always pure, bright and interesting. Jacob Abbott, Louise M. Alcott, the author of the Prudy Books, Dinah Muloch Craik, "Pansy" (Mrs. Alden), Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Helen Hunt Jackson, Mrs. Stowe, William and Mary Howitt, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Charles, Hawthorne, Mary Lowe Dickinson, Mary D. Chellis; Julia McNair Wright, Mrs. Zimmerman, Ella Farman, Sarah K. Bolton, Susan Coolidge, Miss Warner, E. E. Hale, Trowbridge, Carleton—but the list seems endless, and we must stop, though at the risk of omitting names that might well be included. Among miscellaneous books we can heartily recommend "Dean Stanley with the Children;" Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies," as well as everything he writes; Amanda B. Harris' "Pleasant Authors for Young Folks;" "Stories of the March;" "A Young Woman's Notion;" "Behaving," by Shirley Dare; Miss Yonge's book of "Golden Deeds," also her "Young Folk's Histories;" "Morning Bells and Little Pillows," by Frances Havergal; Hughes' "Manliness of Christ," and the "Chautauqua Young Folks." The latter is the course of the Chautauqua Young Folk's Reading Union, for the different years since it started, bound. In closing we can do no better service than recommending this course of reading to all our young folks, everywhere. You can learn all about it by writing to D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Massachusetts.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### Behaving.



MANNERS makyth man," is an ancient proverb. "Manners are lesser morals," is a more modern one, and both are true. Here is a truth deeper than either proverb expresses: True courtesy is but putting in practice the Golden Rule. The highest type not only of manliness, but of good manners, is Christ. "He pleased not Himself." Next to Him stands Paul, living up to his own directions, "In honor preferring one another, let each esteem others better than himself," "seeking not his own, but each the others' good."

Those who consider courtesy but a shallow veneering, trace its origin to "court," and account courtesy to be the manners of a kingly court, but the real significance of the word goes deeper; its root is "cour," heart, and true courtesy is manners proceeding from the kindly heart, not put on for outward seeming. Good manners are a constant letter of recommendation. Parents who allow children to go out into the world with rude, boorish manners, inflict upon them an irreparable wrong. Children should be trained to behave at home every day, just as you wish them to in the most particular company they will ever meet. Put-on manners never stick; they must be ingrained. Boorishness carries with it always a suspicion



of coarse-grainedness. Fine natures always have a sense of courtesy which makes itself felt, even in the midst of mean surroundings. It distinguished Peter Cooper in his younger days, when busy with his glue-pot, as conspicuously as when he was a millionaire. Respect for superiors, courtesy to parents, teachers, and others older than themselves, is the first lesson in behaving children need to learn. Irreverence, pertness, are the besetting sins of young America, and nothing makes a child or young person more disagreeable. The dislike to having children visitors or children boarders, is due, in large measure, to this cause. A nice child is the best companion in the world; but concerning a pert, forward, meddlesome one, most people feel as did the old lady who said, "I would rather have a thieving, pinching monkey for a comfort."

Nor does the evil decrease with increase of years. Only the other day a dear old lady friend, in discussing who should be invited to a reception at her house, said, "Please do not invite any college students, they are so self-conceited and pert, I can not bear to have them about." Probably she had been unfortunate in her acquaintance with this class, but she expressed the feeling every well brought up person has toward forward, impertinent people. It would do our American boys and girls good to take lessons in respect for their elders from the Chinese and Japanese; indeed, there are few nations from whom Americans could not learn a lesson in this direction. Shirley Dare says: "Respect for one's father and mother, as well as to older people generally, is the first point in high breeding the world over. \* \* \* \* If you, Clara, were a young princess or a countess, as you have so often wished to be, the first thing you would have to learn is respect for others. You would not be allowed to keep the easy-chair when your mother, the queen, or your aunt, the duchess, came into the room. No matter how tired you



were, nor how interesting a book you were reading, you would have to rise, put aside what you were doing, and wait quietly till your august relative told you to be seated. And if she wanted anything a yard away and you let her rise from her chair and wait on herself, you would probably be sent away in disgrace and kept till you learned better manners. If you, Harry, were His Royal Highness of Saxony, and were to marry a queen when old enough, you would have to improve on your present manners to a degree that would make you sick of life for awhile. You would have to learn to pay attention to other people before yourself, to be pleasant when you did not feel like it, to wait on ladies and be polite to old men. If you showed temper to his majesty, your father, you would, in all probability, be ordered under arrest, like a common soldier, to teach you to respect authority."

Read Queen Victoria's "Memoirs of the Prince Consort" and see how carefully Prince Albert was trained in his childhood to strict obedience, as well as respect for his teachers and elders. But do you say, "We free-born Americans do not wish to ape the servility of the old world"? There is no servility in true courtesy; the lack of training in it often leads to servility which is nowhere more observable than in the intercourse of ill-bred Americans with titled foreigners. The small, sweet courtesies of life are worthy of attention because they are the oil that makes the wheels of life run smoothly. Contrast a day spent in the company of persons who, from heedlessness or perverseness, are always doing the wrong thing at the right time, with a day spent with those who always do the "nicest thing in the nicest way," and decide for yourself which is pleasanter. How much more smoothly the day passes in the family where, as they meet in the morning, tongue, lip and eye unite in cheerful good-morning, where each strives to be the helpful friend of every other; when, as a favor is received, the heartfelt "thank you" springs naturally to the

lips; in short, where courtesy rules every word and action.

There is deep meaning in many forms of courtesy: "Good-morning" is a little prayer for good for all to whom it is spoken. It is an abbreviation of the greeting we find in old English books, "God give you a good morning;" and "Good-by" has a kindred significance. The lifted hat, the uncovered head, is not simply a mark of deference, it is an expression of trust; the head uncovered is the head unhelmeted—exposed to the blow we trust to your honor not to inflict. The hand ungloved is the hand ungauntleted, and shaking hands is a token of truce.

Most rules of etiquette have their basis in reason. If you do not see it at once, search for it and give it to your children. You will find justice and kindness are the real foundations of good manners. Take those rules of etiquette whose infringement makes our young people so disagreeable. You must not slam doors or rush through the house like a whirlwind. Why? It annoys other people and endangers everything breakable in your route. Don't interrupt others when talking. Why? You annoy them, break up their conversation, and perhaps make them forget what they wish to say. Do not pass before another. Why? You are liable to cut off his view of something he wishes to see, perhaps the person with whom he is talking. Eat with your fork, because with a knife you are liable to cut your mouth. Do not speak with food in your mouth, because you are liable to choke; eat slowly and without noise, lest you spoil your neighbor's appetite by suggesting the pig-sty and its occupants. Keep yourself to yourself lest your elbows, your fingers, your feet, or your knees, poke into other people. These seem little things, but just such little things make the difference between well-bred people and commonplace. These little things can be taught by mothers; indeed, if they are not learned at home they are never learned perfectly. It is just as easy to

teach a child to say, "I thank you for some bread," as "Give me some bread;" as easy, much easier, to train children to courteous greeting of the household upon ordinary occasions than without this training to be polite to guests on extraordinary ones. A boy of ten taught to enter the parlor and bow to his mother's friend, will do it with ease and self-possession when he is twenty. For ease of manner is only politeness practiced till it becomes second nature.

Shirley Dare in "Behaving," a book every boy and girl should read, says: "School-girls are fond of showing uninteresting people a very cold shoulder of civility. I have seen a well-dressed girl of thirteen treat her mother's visitor to a pert 'How do'ye do, Mrs. Clay?' with a turned-up nose and a general air of disdain, while she flounced about the room looking for something, that said in a way plainer than words, 'I don't see what people in rusty gowns have to live in this world for!' She had a very sensible mother who merely said, 'We will dispense with your company awhile, Gertrude,' and paid the poor visitor so much attention as to make her forget the rude girl's affront. Miss Gertrude came down when she was gone, eager for a chat, but her mother was iced dignity, and answered only in the stiffest, shortest way; she gave the girl a very small saucer of berries for tea; forgot entirely to take her to ride, and settled herself with a magazine to read, instead of being sociable for the evening; in short, snubbed her daughter as thoroughly as Miss Gertrude was fond of snubbing people who did not happen to please her. 'Mamma,' she said at last, with tears in her eyes, for you young ones who are so hard and cruel to others, are very tender of your own feelings, 'what does make you treat me so?' Mamma took her time to finish the paragraph that interested her, and said in a freezing way, 'It's because I don't like your style.' Gertrude colored furiously, for, like most girls, she prided herself on being what English

people call 'very good form;' that is, her manners and dress are after a nice model. Her mamma went on deliberately, 'My favorites are all people who would not, if they knew it, hurt the feelings of a washer-woman by any slight or hint that they wished her away; and I do dislike the company of half-bred people whose manners are always wearing to rags and letting ill-nature and rudeness peep through.' 'Why, mamma! to treat your own daughter so because I can't endure that Mrs. Clay who always wears such dowdy bonnets and makes her own dresses so they never look nice, and who is always so particular to tell what bad nights she has, and says, "Gertrude's growing quite a girl," as if I was wearing short clothes and baby sashes!' This came out with a burst of indignation.

"'It is very disagreeable to find one's own daughter such a badly bred child,' said that terrible mother calmly. 'If Mrs. Clay does wear cotton velvet trimmings on her dress, and talk in a homely way, she knows how to be kind to others and how to treat them, which is more than all your advantages have been able to teach you. I wish you to understand that every shabby, ill-looking creature in the world has just as good a right and cause for attention as you, with your style, as you are pleased to call it. And if you don't know that everybody is your equal in right to civility, you have not learned enough to allow you to appear abroad; I shall leave you at home and not admit you to company till you can carry yourself better.' It was a severe lesson, but it vastly improved Gertrude, who, from an intolerable, pert creature, became a pleasant companion when she learned not to look people over from head to foot, to see if they were worth her civility."

Lest some of you should fail to read the book, we give you another extract which is too good to miss. It is Miss Charity's description of a lady: "The truest ladies I ever

knew had two things so blended that one never knew which to be surest of, their sincerity, or their kindness. I never saw a lady, whether she was a girl or a grown woman, who had not the faculty a wise writer calls 'a genius for loving.' It was born in them and grew with them. It is not that kind of I-don't-know-what-to-do-with-myself feeling, that makes girls throw their arms around their nearest friend and smother her with kisses, that is feigning petty jealousies of others, and saying, 'I wish you could love me,' when one isn't in the mood for such stuff. The most loving-hearted girls don't show their feelings, by any means. They do not love to kiss or parade affection, but they are kind, oh! so kind, to their last breath and drop of strength to those who need and deserve their care. Kind with the kindness that makes one wise for others' happiness, so that mother looks into the mending-basket to find that torn shirt-sleeve made whole, and the apron finished for baby; and father has the room quiet for a long evening when he wants to read the debates, or make calculations; and Jennie finds her rain-spoiled dress sponged and ironed fresh in the closet; and Mrs. Brown, over the way, sees the children taken out of the house when she has a racking headache; and the teacher knows who will run up the breadths and sew on the buttons of the dress she is trying to make out of school hours. There is nothing too homely or distasteful for this sort of a girl to do, and she might take for her signature what I saw once in a kind letter of Elizabeth Stoddard's, the novelist, 'Yours to serve.' The kisses and the love-making may be shy enough with her, but the kindness is for everybody and runs very deep. Nothing draws on her sympathy so much as to need it most, to be without interest and attraction in any way."

The best recipe for going through life in an exquisite way, with beautiful manners, is to feel that everybody, no matter how rich or how poor, needs all the kindness they can get



from others in the world. The greatest praise written of Madame Recamier, the most beautiful woman and complete lady of her own or any other time was this: "Disgrace and misfortune had for Madame Recamier the same sort of attraction that favor and success usually have for vulgar souls."

This is beautiful in theory, but how are we to put it into practice? you ask. Well, commence at home to-morrow morning. Open the day with a benediction of good-morning to each of the household; probably in your morning prayer by your bedside, you have asked God to give them a good day, now help Him in answering your prayer. Greet them with a good-morning as heartily and naturally as you would your stranger guest, and then set your wits to work to find how you may smooth the rough places and make it a good day for all. Johnny has a hot, quick temper; and it is fun to arouse it, to see it flash up. Don't do it, his day will be none the better for such a beginning. Bessie always wakes up cross, it seems to be constitutional with her, and she can not help it. Don't hector her, and so render the sweet morning hour discordant with her cries; amuse and soothe her, or, better, let her alone till after breakfast, and she will come out of her cross fit as bright as a dollar. Go through the day in this manner with eyes open, not to see what advantage you can gain, but what kindness you can do, and, my word for it, by night you will have made one day's journey toward the land of gentle manners.

"But we wish to know how to help being awkward; what to do with our hands and our feet; how to behave when we have company or when we go visiting," you say. Probably your awkwardness has its root in bashfulness and your morbid consciousness that everybody in the room is looking at you. In another chapter we gave you Edward Everett Hale's recipe for curing this bashfulness, which is, "Not to think



of yourself more highly than you ought to think," by imagining that everybody in the room is looking at you. Self-forgetfulness is the secret of easy manners. Doubtless we have all envied the graceful, easy carriage of some friend who seemed to know just what to do and how to do it; whose hands were never in his own way or any body's else; who never stumbled when he walked or stammered when he talked. But how to be like him is the troublesome question. We try and try to do just as he does, but the more we try the more awkward we grow. The trouble is, we try too hard; our trying is, to put on his manners, rather than to form manners of our own. The trying defeats its object, for it keeps us thinking of ourselves and of the appearance we are making, and this self-consciousness makes us appear awkward and bold. You know how difficult a thing it is to cross a room gracefully; it is because you think everybody in the room is looking at you. If something interests you very much, so much that you forget all about yourself, you cross the room without any embarrassment, and do it gracefully because naturally. Watch a group of little children at play. They get themselves into all sorts of shapes, you say. Perhaps they do, but their motions are never awkward. Childhood's motions are naturally graceful; awkwardness can arise only from their being perverted.

But how can we help this perversion? Simply by checking every impulse to make an uncouth motion, or put yourself into an awkward position. Don't lounge or loll on two chairs, with your feet, perhaps, higher than your head, nor tilt one back against the wall, making a biped instead of a quadruped of it; don't go around with your hands stuffed in your pockets, at least not until you have taken a good look in the glass and noticed your resemblance to a trussed turkey; don't swagger nor strut, nor do any other of those things that stamp you as an ill-bred boy. And you, Mary, be sure

you stand squarely on your two feet, with your toes turned out, and walk firmly and freely, not "mincing as you go," like those dreadful women Isaiah tells about. Be very careful you do not form the habit of settling down on one side, for if you do you will grow crooked and nobody can ever straighten you. Don't affect fine lady airs, and be afraid to run and jump and play out-of-doors; and don't, we beg of you, don't chew gum. You know the old proverb about knowing enough to chew gum; don't put yourself in that category. We will not say anything now about the unhealthiness of the practice, though we believe it is unhealthy, but the awkwardness of it, the ridiculous appearance you make with your jaws in perpetual motion like those of a sleepy cow—if only you could see yourself as others see you, you would eschew chewing gum forever.

How shall we behave on the street? Well, just behave the very best you know how; most of us know much better than we do. Do this for your mother's sake, if not for your own. If you are rude and ill-behaved, people take note of it and say, "Those children's mother never taught them manners." Probably the truth is, that she has done all that she possibly could to teach you, giving you "line upon line, and precept upon precept," but as soon as you are on the street with your mates you forget all about it. You all wish to talk together, and walk four or five abreast, filling up the sidewalk, never stopping to think you are thus forcing the ones you meet into the gutter. Two abreast is enough on most sidewalks. See to it that you do not take up space that does not belong to you, or rush, *en masse*, to the post-office because one of you has a letter to post and you all wish to go with her; you fill up the room and impede those who need to go there. Probably four out of five of you have not the slightest business there, as your fathers attend to the mails, but you go all the same, and sometimes make yourselves such a

nuisance the post-master has to secure a village ordinance forbidding your congregating there. You do not mean any harm by it. Oh, no ! It is sheer thoughtlessness, but it leads you to disregard the convenience and rights of others. Or you have a fashion of congregating at the depot, which has come about in the same way. Don't do it ; it is even worse than congregating in the post-office, and often leads to harm. Or you giggle and laugh and talk loudly of your own or others' private affairs, in public places. You boys rush through the streets like a fire-engine, endangering every one in your path ; or you shout at your comrade across the street loud enough to wake all the babies in the neighborhood ; or you play ball in public places, greatly to the terror of timid passers-by ; or "steal rides" when, perhaps, the poor horses have all they can pull without you ; or, worse yet, you snow-ball passers-by or their horses, causing many a runaway and break-neck. Don't do any of these things unless you wish to disgrace your parents and proclaim yourself ill-bred.

When you attend a concert or church *behave yourself*. Don't wriggle and twist and fidget till the nervous woman back of you is all of a tremble, fearing you will fall to bits in her presence, and do not whisper or giggle or shuffle your feet, or hunch your neighbor. Only last Sunday night a very impressive sermon was almost ruined for me by a young man and maiden sitting behind me who kept up a running comment on the preacher, the choir and the congregation. All these things which you do thoughtlessly are infringements of the law of kindness, which is the keystone in the arch of true politeness.

Whether on the street, at home, at school, anywhere, please do not talk slang. If you only knew where most of the uncouth expressions which have unaccountably become the fashion, originate, you would be very careful how you let them pass your lips. What an incongruity to think of a

sweet, dainty young girl associating with stable boys and roughs, or frequenting saloons or other ill-smelling resorts ; yet most slang originates in just such places, among just such people ; by using it you arouse the suspicion that these are your chosen associates ; that instead of being the well-taught, well-cared for children you are, you have been neglected and left to run wild. Often on the street we hear one well-dressed pretty-looking girl accost another with, "Hallo ! Grace," to receive the response, "Hallo ! Gertie," and at once we doubt the testimony which their fine clothes and pretty faces gave, that they were little ladies, and almost believe that the spirit of some rough, coarse man has taken possession of those dainty bodies. Sometimes we have heard that same Gracie accosted as "Tom," and Gertie answering to the call, "Pete." My dear girls if you only could know how these things jar on the ears of those who love you, and how they impress strangers with a conviction that you are ill-bred, I am sure you would need no imploring of mine to make you "mend your manners" and your speech. No matter how fine your clothes may be, how ladylike your motions, how sweet your face, if the moment you open your lips, your "speech betrayeth you," either by the loudness of its tone, or by its slang, you will be accounted no lady by well-bred people. I would not have you "prim, precise and prosy;" chatter nonsense to your heart's content, but do it in good English, free from taint of the dram-shop or prize ring, and in sweet, clear tones. Worse even than slang is a cross, ill-natured tone of speech, for this shows fault of the heart while that may proceed from mere thoughtlessness. Bite your tongue every time you catch it saying hateful, ill-natured things. When you feel inclined to say or tell anything bad about any one, subject it to the test of these three questions : Is it true ? Is it kind ? Is it necessary to be told ? And do not let it escape you unless you can answer "Yes" to all three.

How shall we treat company? That depends in some measure upon whether it is your own company or your parents'. But whether the guests are your friends or your mother's friends, it is for you to give them cordial welcome and do what you can to make their stay pleasant. If a lady calls to see your mother, do not rush at once into the parlor to see who it is, to stare at her and perhaps annoy her by handling her clothes and asking impertinent questions. Whether you shall go in at all or not depends upon how your mother has trained you. Stop and think whether she likes or does not like to have you come in to see her friends without being called. If she does, it is right for you to go at the proper time and in proper order. Do not rush in at once; two people are freer to talk by themselves than in presence of a third, so let your mother and her visitor have time to "break the ice" before you go in. Then see if you are in proper plight; do not mortify your mother by going in with hands and faces smeared with the mud with which you have just been making mud-pies, or your clothes and hair rumpled with tumbling on the hay. Having made up your mind to go in, open the door wide enough to walk in respectably, not a mere crack through which you can just squeeze; walk through it, turn and shut it gently with your hand, not backing up against it or slamming it together. Go directly to your mother and stand by her quietly until she introduces you, if the visitor is a stranger, or if an old friend, till she addresses you. Answer her courteously, and if she offers her hand, not without, shake hands with her, and then sit down and sit still. If she wishes to talk with you she is to make the first advance, and you are to meet her half way. If she and your mother prefer to continue their own conversation, all you have to do is to listen; it is the height of ill-manners to interrupt them by questions or by any other effort to bring yourself to their notice. Sometimes children who are too



well trained to interrupt by talking, do so by drumming with their fingers upon the table, fidgeting around, or doing other things to attract attention. This is worse than speaking right out, it disturbs just as much, and is not so honest. Usually it rests with the elders to make the advance, but you children must meet them half way and bear your share of the conversation. Think of something beside "Yes ma'am" and "No ma'am" to answer ; something that will lead on to talk.

If your mother's friend calls when she is out, it will devolve on you to entertain her. To do so you will have to be more forward to talk than if your mother were present. If there is any possibility that the guest has come for a visit, ask her to take off her bonnet and wraps ; if she decides to do so and remain till your mother returns, assist her to take them off, and do all you can to make her feel at home. You probably know her and can talk to her of her own children or of other things in which she is interested. Perhaps you can interest her in books or curiosities, or by taking her into the garden to see the flowers. If only you really wish to be kind and polite, you will find some way to do it. If she has come from the cars or a long carriage ride, take her to her room, that she may wash her face and brush her hair ; if she seems tired with her journey, darken the room and let her lie down to rest. It may be the kindest thing to do for her.

If your parents are to have guests staying in the house, don't vote it a bore, as I have known young people to do, especially if the guests were thought to be old or "poky" as you say. Remember that every one has a claim upon your courtesy, and that even among barbarians a guest is sacred. Do not run off or hide away to avoid seeing them. Last week I was the invited guest of a lady having two boys whom I had never seen. Boys are my special delight, and I counted on having a good time with them, but though I staid to dinner and to supper not a glimpse of them did I have ; "Too bash-



ful to come in," their mother said. They preferred to stay out in the back alley playing marbles to seeing me. Complimentary to me, wasn't it?

Greet your parents' guests cordially, and do what you can to make their stay pleasant and have them feel at home among you. The best way to accomplish this is to go right on living your every-day life just as if no strangers were present. Nothing makes us feel so ill at ease as knowing that our hosts are "putting themselves out" to entertain us. We are oppressed by the feeling that we are making trouble and disarranging household affairs. But if everything apparently goes on in its natural way, we feel at home and enjoy ourselves. Children can do much to conduce to this feeling; if thoughtful and helpful they can save mother many steps, and thus leave her free and give her more time to devote to her guests; they can lessen their own demands upon her time and attention, and be ready to render prompt and willing service to their guests in any way in their power. They can amuse and entertain them when their parents are busy, always taking pains not to bore them with attentions. Of course all my young readers are too well trained to think of entering another's room without knocking and receiving permission, or to intrude themselves upon him when they are not wanted, but sometimes we forget and make nuisances of ourselves without knowing it. Be on your good behavior, obedient to your parents, kind and pleasant to the other children. Nothing is more painful to a guest than family jars.

If the guests are your own, of your own age, then your responsibilities are greater for their entertainment. The first thing is, that you are to do what pleases them, and not what pleases yourself. Do this so kindly and pleasantly that they shall not know you are making a sacrifice for them. Then find something pleasant for them to do. Young folks can not

bear to be idle ; nothing makes them more discontented and homesick. If they wish to help you in your daily tasks, let them, but never make them feel that they must do this ; they should act freely. People who come to see you compliment you by liking to be with you, and when they lay aside other occupations and pleasures to come when you wish them, you should feel like giving them all the pleasure possible in return. Find out what your guests most enjoy doing and then help them to do it.

You propose giving a party for your young friends. How shall you do it ? Think over who will enjoy themselves together and invite them. You can do this by word of mouth, or by invitations neatly written on a whole sheet of paper, with envelope to match. These *may* be sent by mail, but the nicer way is to deliver them personally. Invitations often bear the letters R. S. V. P., which means, "Answer if you please." Whether invitations bear these letters or not, they should always be answered with regrets if we can not go. Look up all your amusements beforehand, and see that they are in good order—the swing, croquet-set, the requisites for archery or lawn-tennis, if the party is an afternoon one, and all sorts of in-door games if it is in the evening. Then dress yourself, not in your very best, for a hostess should not be better dressed than the plainest of her guests, but in your second best, which should be pretty, bright and becoming. As guests come in, your mother and yourself should be near the door to receive them, saying some pleasant things to each and seeing that each has pleasant company to talk to, or some interesting thing to look at. After all have arrived, your mother can leave you if she chooses, or remain, as suits her, but you are to try your very best to make every one of your guests have the nicest time possible. There will always be some shy people who settle down in corners alone. Don't rush up to them and say, "What are you sitting here for, all

alone by yourself?" and thus make them more conscious of their shyness. Contrive to bring to them some bright body who can talk and will lead them to talk, till they forget their shyness. When the games commence, see to it that the "other girls" and their brothers have places in the first set—those who would naturally be left out if you did not manage it. Let the favorites of "our set" wait, they can find plenty of amusements.

If there is music, take your share in it, even though you can not play or sing as well as some others. You do this not to show off, but to make it easy and pleasant for others. If you refuse, others will do the same, and thus the pleasure of the company will be marred. Whether you are host or guest never wait to be teased into doing anything. Some young misses—their older brothers and sisters as well—think it is fine manners to refuse to play, sing, or do anything else for the entertainment of the company, expecting to be coaxed into doing it. This is very bad manners, besides being dishonest. Nine times out of ten you mean to do and wish to do the thing required, but think it will enhance your own importance to make people coax you to do it. You should have such a lesson as Benjamin Franklin had. One morning before breakfast he was sent on an errand to a Quaker neighbor's a mile or two away, arriving there just as the family were sitting down to breakfast. "Will thee not take breakfast with us?" said the old gentleman. The long walk had made Benjamin ravenously hungry, and the meal was very inviting, but he thought it was not quite the thing to accept the first time he was asked, so he said, "No, thank you, I don't wish any," fully expecting to be asked again. But he was not; the family sat down to the table, and the sight of their eating made the hungry boy still hungrier, till he could stand it no longer, and said, "I believe I will have some breakfast with you." "No, thee will not," said the staunch

old Quaker; "if thee wanted it thee should have said so when I asked thee." Franklin adds: "From that day to this I have never waited to be coaxed to do anything I was asked to do and wished to do; I always eat breakfast when it is offered me."

When the request to play or sing comes from your parents, it is worse than discourteous to refuse. They have expended much money on your music lessons; the only proper return you can make is to respond cheerfully to their requests for music.

If your party is in the evening, it is your business as hostess to see that no girl goes home unattended. As the guests come in, notice who came alone, and tell your brother and other boy friends who, during the evening, are to arrange to go home with the designated girls. Have this matter settled early. It is very uncomfortable for a girl to feel anxiety all the evening as to how she is to go home; far worse is it to run the gauntlet at the door with the chance that no one will offer to accompany her. Hostesses sometimes forget about these things, or feel a delicacy about "interfering." Do not you, for either cause, fail of doing your duty in this particular. A moment's thought will show you it is the kindly thing to do, and a little tact will enable you to do it in such a manner that it shall seem to do itself. If your guests pass into the dining-room for refreshments, you must also see that all are properly attended and properly served there.

Another thing: thoughtless girls often accept kindly courtesies from gentlemen in a matter-of-course way, or even as though they were conferring a favor by accepting them. This is neither polite nor right. The obligation is on your side, though your courteous attendant asks it as a favor, when he goes half a mile out of his way to see you safe home; you should acknowledge it by a hearty "thank you," when you bid him good-night, and don't forget this "thank you,"—we

like the form much better than the impersonal "thanks"—when receiving any courtesy, as well as any favor. Indeed, your manner of receiving, quite as much as your manner of doing, a favor, decides whether you are really courteous.

It has been truly said that treatment of inferiors is the real test of true courtesy. If you always remember to treat them with "real gospel manners," as a Quaker friend of mine expresses it, we may be sure you have the genuine article, not a thin veneering of good manners.

If you are visiting at other homes be as pleasant and entertaining as you can, and make as little trouble as possible. Conform to the regulations of the house. Before retiring, inquire the breakfast hour, and be sure to be ready at least five minutes before the time, so there shall be no danger of keeping the family waiting. We have known thoughtless guests throw the whole day out of time, and tune also, by lack of punctuality. The breakfast bell rings and they are not ready; five minutes pass; ten minutes, and the whole family waits. Father and brother are impatient to go to business; perhaps they need to take their train, which does not wait for any one; the children are in danger of being late to school; breakfast grows cold and cook cross, all because you did not rise early enough, or dawdled around instead of dressing, after you were up. Be on time always; not to be punctual is to steal some one's time. Show that you appreciate the efforts made to entertain you. If an excursion is planned for your benefit, go to it pleasantly, even if you would prefer to curl up on the sofa and read a story book. If things do not turn out so pleasantly as was planned, make the best of it; your hosts feel the disappointment more than you can. Accept the courtesies tendered you in the hearty, kindly spirit they are offered. If you are asked to choose between a ride and a walk, between visiting a picture gallery or spending the afternoon with a friend, between going a fish-



ing or a boat ride, *choose*, and say which you do prefer, instead of simpering, "I'm not particular," or "I don't care," when really you do care very much. Unless you do choose, you give your friends the trouble of choosing for you; it is not only polite but kind to save them this trouble by making a choice, even if you do not really care which you do.

When your friends show you nice or beautiful things, do not be afraid to express your appreciation of them lest you should be thought not to be used to nice things at home. I have known young people, and older ones, too, make themselves very disagreeable in this way; their friend takes them to a picture gallery filled with paintings much finer than they have ever before seen, but lest this fact should be suspected they say, "Yes, they are quite pretty, but you ought to see Mr. Brown's collection." Your friend takes you to ride round the very pleasant Western village where she lives, and pointing to a favorite view, says, "Is it not pretty?" "You have never seen New Haven, I presume," you respond, and the light dies out of your friend's happy face immediately.

A friend of mine lives in Washington and often has occasion to show the sights of this most beautiful of American cities to acquaintances visiting it for the first time. She has to do this so often that it becomes monotonous, and I expressed wonder how she could do it with such a good grace. She replied: "If people only appreciate the beautiful things they see, I enjoy it; but if people act as if nothing was quite as good as they expected, and try to impress me with the feeling they have seen much finer things at home, I feel like telling them to go home, and stay there."

While visiting, make as little trouble and work as possible; if there is no chambermaid, take care of your own room, and be sure it is well taken care of. It is very annoying to a hostess to see her parlor-chamber, which she always keeps in "apple-pie order," in a littered, untidy condition. Do not



strew your things around over bureaus and chairs, but keep them put away nicely in your trunk or the drawers assigned you. Do not bring unnecessary muss or dirt into your room. If you have been to the woods for mosses or wild flowers, do not bring them to your room to arrange. Do that out-of-doors, or on the porch where the muss you are sure to make can be easily swept up. If you have been walking or riding in the dust, brush or shake off as much of it as you can before entering the house. Amanda was visiting where the blue room was assigned her, all its appointments dainty and delicate in color. She came in from a long ride over a dusty road, and did not so much as take off her duster down-stairs, but went straight to her room; there she took both it and her dress off and shook them vigorously. The dust rose in clouds and settled all over everything, transforming the blue into a gray. After seeing this I could not feel that Amanda was quite the lady I wished her to be. If you have been out in the rain, be sure to put your gossamer and umbrella where they will do no hurt, and clean your muddy overshoes before bringing them into the house.

Do not scatter your things about the house, leaving your gloves on the piano, your hat on the porch where you sat down when you came in from riding. And when you return home take all your belongings with you, not leaving your night-dress under the pillow, your rubbers in the wardrobe, your brushes on the bureau. It is said of a lady who travels extensively, that she has sown her belongings from ocean to ocean. This does not matter so much when stopping at hotels, for then you, alone, are the sufferer; you lose your things and the chambermaid appropriates them. But at your friends' house the bother does not end with your loss, nor is any one the gainer; they do not wish to keep them, so must be to the trouble, and perhaps the expense, or returning them to you.

If you are a visitor in the city where you go about in street-cars, always have your fare ready to pay the conductor, and do not wait to have your hostess pay it for you. It is never nice to put ourselves under money obligations to our friends. Often they insist on paying such little things; if they do, allow them to do so, but look out next time that you have the pleasure of paying for the party. Of course I do not mean that you should keep a debit and credit account with your friends, but I do wish you to cultivate a generous, independent spirit.

Before you go, thank your hostess for her kindness to you; it is a pleasant thing to give her some little token of your appreciation of her efforts to make your stay pleasant. It need not be anything expensive; indeed, some pretty piece of your own handiwork is better. Do not forget to thank the servants for what they have done for you; if with your thanks goes a bright tie, a handkerchief or some other little thing they will prize, so much the better. I am almost ashamed to tell you that you must keep sacred any family secrets that have become known to you during your stay, because every one knows that to divulge them is a sad breach of courtesy; but young people are thoughtless, and, from very thoughtlessness, often repeat things heard in one family circle that ought never to be told in another. For the same cause they are often guilty of "taking off" the peculiarities of their hosts, thus violating the oldest law of courtesy in the world. This is a sad return for kindness, and something you should never stoop to do. More trouble has been made by Miss Gad-a-bout's tale-telling than she can ever undo. We do not wish our young people ever to incur her guilt.

American arrangements for traveling are so admirable that children and young ladies can safely travel alone; if it is necessary for you to do so, you need have no hesitation about doing it. But in traveling, even more than at a friend's

house, it is necessary that you behave yourself discreetly. Keep yourself to yourself. Do not strike up acquaintances, nor enter into conversation with anybody. If you wish any information, ask the conductor for it; he knows, and it is his place to tell you. He will do it pleasantly, if you ask him courteously. If any one tries to open conversation with you, discourage it politely but decidedly. If he asks where you come from, where you are going, or any other personal question, do not give him the information; he has no right to know. You need not be rude about this; your wits are bright enough to frame an evasive answer which is not discourteous. You will not appropriate an entire seat to yourself and your bundles when the car is crowded, nor keep your window open to the annoyance of your neighbors, nor trouble the conductor with useless questions, nor do any other thing that shows you are thinking more of yourself than of others. You will not munch candy or peanuts from morning till night, nor strew your luncheon over the seat, to the detriment of the next dress that occupies it. If there are two of you together you will have a better time than if you are alone, but you will also be in more danger of doing unmannerly things. You will be tempted to do the things we have warned you against, besides others you could not do alone. You will be liable to forget where you are, and talk and laugh loudly, to publish your own and your neighbor's private affairs. You think the noise of the cars prevents people from hearing you, but when you are saying the most uncharitable thing about your neighbor, or the very thing you least wish others to hear, the cars stop unheeded by you, and every word you say is heard.

Traveling affords many opportunities for doing kindly things. You can give up your seat by the window to your companion who has never passed over that road before; you can rest that tired mother by amusing her baby and keeping

it quiet ; you can give your shady-side seat to that old lady, who will prize it more than you can, or yield your camp-stool on deck to that old gentleman, who is not so well able to stand as you are.

Have we answered all your questions about behaving ? There are very many other things we might tell you, but instead we will direct you where to go for an infallible recipe. Study the thirteenth chapter of Second Corinthians ; gauge yourself by its precepts, and whether you are at home or abroad, at school or in church, on the street, the railroad car, or the steamboat, we will insure your having real gospel manners, and finer manners than these no one can have.



## CHAPTER XIX.

### Domestic Economy.



DOMESTIC economy, both in its broader and in its more restricted sense, is a fitting household study. The word economy in its very derivation points to the home as its center, coming as it does from Greek words meaning the managing of a household. A vital truth is here indicated, that all true economy, in business or in government, must have its center in the home. Unless there be wise management here, training in correct principles and methods, there will be mismanagement everywhere. Webster's first definition of economy is, "The management of domestic affairs; the regulation and government of household matters, especially as they concern expense and disbursement."

The first lesson to be learned in managing American homes is, that true economy is honorable. Many people seem to be ashamed to be thought economical; it is because they confound the two things, economy and parsimony. Economy avoids all waste and extravagance, applying money to the best possible advantage, and thus becomes what Dean Swift aptly terms it, "Parent to liberty and ease." Parsi-

mony involves meanness of spirit and a sordid mode of living, and is a vice. Between the two stands frugality, leaning to one or the other, according to its actuating motive. Home life should train children to a wise economy, as far removed from niggardliness as from extravagance.

Have method in economy ; aimless, spasmodic saving is no good, either in itself or in its results. Some people's idea of economy never goes beyond saving a few cents here and there, without any regard to how it is saved, or what principles are involved or sacrificed in the saving. This is a penny-wise, pound-foolish policy, and "the penny soul never comes to two-pence." Never sacrifice the more precious things—time, health, temper, strength—in attempting to save the less precious, money. For money can be replaced, but these once gone are lost forever. It is very poor economy to save money by doing work beyond your strength which you can afford to hire done ; in some cases such saving degenerates into extravagance and selfishness. I know two sisters similarly situated in life, but getting different degrees of good out of it because of their different convictions upon this point. The younger sister's economy leads her to do everything she can possibly do herself, thus saving money which would otherwise be paid out for help. She also economizes on books and papers, borrowing them of her neighbors on the plea that she can not afford to buy or subscribe for them. Here her economy ends. Her house is more elaborately furnished, and she and her children much more expensively dressed than their neighbors on whom she depends for reading matter. But to have them so she works early and late, far beyond her strength. Being over-worked, she is chronically nervous and fretful ; is often sick enough to require the doctor's care, and is growing old before her time. As she never has time to read or study, her children are growing away from her and turning to strangers for congenial companionship. But—she



saves an hundred dollars a year in servants' wages, and boasts of her economy, never dreaming it is extravagant parsimony, as you and I know it to be.

Her sister has altogether different views of life. Her income is not as large as the other's, but she hires more work done, justifying this course by the twofold argument that her time is of more value to her family when spent in doing things which no one but a mother can do; that those she hires need the money more than she does, and the kindest thing is to let them earn it. Her sister considers all money spent in hiring labor, wasted; and that spent in making a show, clear gain; but she reverses this opinion. Her children are always neatly dressed, but so plainly that their cousins quite look down upon them; but this they do not mind, for they know that their home, plainly furnished as it is, is much happier and brighter than the more elegant residence of their cousins; and, best of all, their mother is not a fretful invalid, but their companion and friend.

Economy of time and strength is more important than economy of money. To secure this, work must be systematized, and children trained to do it in the very best way and with the least expenditure of force. This is no easy lesson to learn; many wise men have failed to learn it, and because of this failure have sacrificed a higher good to a lower. Albert Barnes thought he was economizing time by writing most of his "Notes" before breakfast, but the last years of his life were spent in blindness, resulting from thus using his eyes in insufficient light.

Perhaps no one thing more seriously antagonizes true domestic economy than the struggle in many families to keep up appearances. "I must live and dress as well as my neighbors," is the bane of many households. It leads to ignoble striving to appear richer than we are, and results in scrimping and saving to make a great show. It is peculiarly an

American vice, and one that free-born Americans should be ashamed of. It leads to all sorts of shoddy and sham, eats all genuineness out of family life, and undermines the very foundations of noble character. It is hardly possible for children brought up in such homes to grow into sturdy honesty and integrity, for the family life is but an acted lie. False estimates of value become ingrained in their natures; to seem, grows to be more important than to be. Truth and honesty are second, in their estimation, to keeping up an appearance. Never be ashamed or afraid to say, "I can not afford it," and to live within your income. As Spurgeon says, "Living within your income is the essence of honesty." Accustom your children from their earliest years to this honesty; to feel that there is no disgrace in being poor, but much in being in debt; that the "borrower *is* servant to the lender." Never allow them nor yourself to consider debt as only an inconvenience; it is a calamity, and such you should train them to consider it. There is an old motto, "Better to go supperless to bed than to rise in debt." We are not sure it is not a good one for our bed-chambers. "A man who earns a dollar and spends ninety-nine cents is rich, while he who earns a dollar and spends one hundred and one cents is poor." That is, the one is on the road to wealth, the other, to poverty. Hence, living within one's income is an important lesson to be taught in domestic economy. This lesson is not one of mere dollars and cents; it reaches deeper and develops power to resist present gratification for the sake of future gain. Those who learn this lesson can always afford to be generous, for they always have a fund in store to draw upon. It also develops an independent spirit, for there is no true independence until we can say, "I owe no man anything but love." This independence in spirit leads to independence in purse. If we spend less than we earn we are accumulating, however slowly, and making provision for future need. Any

class of persons living from hand to mouth must be a dependent, hence, an inferior class. Under such circumstances it is very hard to prevent the development of a servile spirit.

A familiar story illustrates how the possession of money tends to an independent spirit. A Scotch pastor living on a very insufficient salary, was accustomed each Saturday night to borrow a five-pound note of a wealthy parishoner, and return it Monday morning. Noting the fact that the identical note borrowed was always returned, the gentleman's curiosity was aroused, and he asked an explanation. "Ah, mon," replied his pastor, "dinna ye ken I can hit harder knocks at your rich folk's sins when I have money in my wallet; and ha'in noon o' my own, I maun borrow some." If borrowed money has such an effect, money earned and saved, safely invested where it adds to the comfort of the household, must exert a beneficent influence upon development of character. To a working man a store of savings is not only a barricade against want, enabling him, when work fails, to live without suffering till better times; it also gives him a standing among men and a self-respect that helps to tide him over all shoals and quicksands. The very endeavor to gain a firmer position in the world has an innate dignity in it which tends to make a man stronger and better. All this reacts upon household life, and helps the children grow into stronger men and women.

See that there is no waste in the household. Do not let children grow up feeling that it is stingy to save. Careful saving and bounteous giving is God's way. He who could miraculously feed the five thousand, commands, "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost." The fragments wasted in many homes would relieve distress in as many other homes. Children are allowed to waste their food, to crumble their bread or cookies, without eating them, to make a mess of their meat and vegetables, and in other ways to waste as

much as they eat. Children allowed to form such habits in childhood seldom grow into thrifty men and women. These habits prove hard to eradicate, but it can be done. We know a wise father who cured a boy of ten of wasting his food, by having him raise a half acre of corn, planting, tending and picking it himself, then taking it to mill and noting all the processes of grinding and making into bread. Learning by this experience how much hard work was involved in producing food, he was careful how he wasted his Johnny-cake. Girls trained to mend their own clothes and to wash them, when torn or soiled through carelessness, will be much more careful about tearing or soiling them than if mother or Bridget was always ready to repair damages. As Burns says,

Though losses and crosses be lessons right severe,  
There's wit there, you'll get there,  
You'll find no other where.

Teach children the value and the use of money. Bulwer Lytton says: "Never treat money affairs with levity—money is character." It certainly has much to do with the formation of character. Train children to earn, to save, to spend, and to give, thus cultivating industry, economy, thrift and generosity. Teach little children the value of money and the duration of time by occasionally paying them for working an hour. Do not spoil your lesson by allowing your love to set a fictitious value upon their time, but pay them just what their work is really worth. Let work thus paid for be something outside the regular routine of daily life; this the child should do without pay as his rightful contribution to the family weal. Habitually paying children for doing such work makes them mercenary and selfish; they grow up to consider their personal interests as apart from, and paramount to, the well-being of the family. We know a boy thus trained who habitually replies to his mother's requests for a pail of water or an armful of wood: "What will you give me

for bringing it?" Nothing is more disagreeable than the characteristics thus being developed, yet they have been fostered unconsciously by his parents.

In every family there are plenty of extra jobs which the children can be paid for doing, thus teaching them to know the value of money by earning it, without incurring the risk of fostering the mercenary spirit. Train them to systematic business habits by allowing them a small stipulated sum monthly, which they are to spend as they choose, and for which they are to give strict account. In some families I have known, this commenced on their fifth birthday with five cents; this was increased one cent each year, so that the monthly allowance equaled the years of the child's age. When the child reaches the age of twelve, the proportion is increased, and some stipulated things, as his car-fare, if he must ride to school, are paid out of his pocket-money. I know a family of four bright children, Robbie, five years old, Bertie, ten, Willie, twelve, and Jennie, fourteen, who receive respectively, five cents, ten cents, fifty cents and seventy-five cents each month. During the first few months most of Robbie's money went for candy; he is now learning to invest it in something which will last longer. Bertie has quite outgrown the candy age, his heart being set on a singing-top and something nice for mamma at Christmas; while Willie and Jennie are becoming quite financiers. Each one gives something, no one can run in debt, and all must make an itemized report of receipts and expenditures at the end of each month, the next month's allowance not being paid until this is done. It was amusing and interesting to look over their account books, Robbie, who can not write, keeping his in tally fashion of his own invention. Of course they made bad bargains sometimes, but they learned from these blunders, and did not generally make the same one twice. A queer little mark against some of the entries in Bertie's he interpreted to mean,



“Don’t do so any more,” and he didn’t. Often we would see the little ones counting over their pennies and thoughtfully puckering up their foreheads, or their older brother and sister diligently figuring on a bit of paper, and we knew they were counting the cost of some new investment. Thus they were learning prudence and foresight, to regulate expenses by income, care and accuracy in keeping accounts. They are also being trained to systematic benevolence, as a share of each month’s allowance is sacredly devoted to mission work of some kind.

A twelve-year-old friend of mine who has been thus trained, is now entrusted with an allowance sufficiently large to cover his clothing. This he selects himself, always asking his parents’ advice about it. Last winter he was converted and united with the church, one in which the expenses are paid by voluntary contributions. Nothing was said to him on the subject, but on the day preceding his first communion, he sat down and carefully calculated what one-tenth of his weekly income was, and every Sabbath since has put that sum into the contribution box. He had studied the tithing system of the Old Testament, knew that his father gave one-tenth of his income to the Lord, and, without a suggestion from any one, commenced his own religious life by doing likewise.

Pocket-money is a sore subject in some households. Given too freely and used without rendering any account therefor, it has proved the ruin of many boys and girls. This ought not so to be; it should be the means of training them for future life-work, not of unfitting them for it. In almost every case two precautions will prevent injurious results: see that the amount entrusted to children is not too large, and that it be given, not spasmodically, when they tease for it, but regularly and systematically; and secondly, require them to keep accurate account of receipts and expenditures,



this account to be always open to the inspection of parents. A third point should be fixed : no child should run into debt. With these safeguards we see no danger arising from giving children spending money, and great good can and ought to result from the training thus given in its use. We especially urge the plan of monthly allowances because of the training it affords. During the year, most fathers do give their children more money than would be required by this plan, but when given hap-hazard it has no educating influence.

We are also in favor of a monthly allowance to the mother. It enables her to plan her household expenditures wisely, gives her a sense of freedom and independence, and is, for many reasons, the right and proper thing to do.

Some children are trained to earn and to save, but are never taught to give or to spend judiciously. The result is, they become either spendthrifts or niggards. The one line of training is just as important as the other. Teach them to give systematically and generously, not hoping to receive or to make gain, but to give without expecting reward. For this teaching, giving to missions or other benevolences is better than giving to friends, and this habit should be early formed. As we study the lives of men and women noted for their benefactions, we almost invariably find they have had this training in childhood. The money thus given should be, as far as possible, the product of the child's own industry or self-denial. This gives rise to many pleasant employments—on the farm, the care of the missionary hen or pig, raising missionary corn or potatoes; in town, doing disagreeable tasks without grumbling; raising plants or flowers for sale, and other things that an ingenious mother can devise.

Let the children know for what they are working, not leaving them to feel that all their missionary pennies have dropped into a "rat hole," as one little girl expresses it. If they are giving to the Morning Star, show the children the picture of

the ship, and tell them the beautiful story of her predecessors, carrying joy and gladness to the Islands of the Sea. If they go to establish Sabbath-schools in our own land, put the children in communication with some of the children there. If their gifts bless the Foundlings' Home in a neighboring city, interest your own tenderly cared-for children in these little neglected ones. To children within reach of large towns or cities the Flower Mission affords a pleasant method of training them to care for others. In all large towns want and sickness and sin are found; ever since Christ bade us "Consider the lilies" flowers seem to be endowed by Him with wonderful power to touch and uplift sin-sick, sorrow-burdened hearts. In every city Christian women utilize this power by carrying fresh, fragrant flowers to the homes of want, the hospitals of sickness or the prisons of sin. With each bouquet goes usually a text of Scripture, and gentle, tender words of sympathy and counsel. Children in the country can gather the flowers, learn how to pack them, and send them into the city for distribution. You who live amid green fields, under blue skies, can never know how much good a bunch of dewy violets may do to a homesick, heart-sick dweller in a city tenement house. Oh! there are many beautiful ways of training children to give, and to give for love of the dear Savior.

Then there is the giving to one's own: the expression of household love, on birthdays, Christmas, and other anniversaries. We believe in celebrating these anniversaries, especially parents' birthdays, with appropriate gifts; it knits the family together. And do not forget grandfather and grandmother, they prize these tokens of affection more than children can know. Among the cherished treasures of many a white-haired saint are little gifts from her grandchildren, perhaps the first letters they wrote or printed, a soiled book-mark worked by chubby fingers, or some such memento,

worthless in the estimation of strangers, but of priceless value to her. As far as possible let these be the children's own handiwork. They will be more highly prized by the recipient, and the educating influence upon the donor will be greater than if they are purchased ready made.

Among employments we mentioned marketing; this affords excellent training in spending money and in keeping accounts. We know of nothing better in this line; in the first place, it requires the exercise of judgment in selecting, then care and accuracy in making change and keeping accounts. Records should be carefully kept to account for every cent, or half the value of the lesson is lost. Of course, this is not work for little children, but girls from twelve to fourteen can be trained to do it admirably. Marketing is peculiarly women's work; they usually do it more economically and judiciously than men. Understanding cooking as men do not, they know how to substitute something else for an article ordered, but not to be had. Men's attempts in this direction often result in laughable blunders, as they have very crude ideas concerning things that go well together in a *menu*.

A friend of mine living in the suburbs of a large city where he did business, had for years done the family marketing, giving the necessary orders as he went to his office. At last his wife proposed that she should do the marketing, and he willingly gave his consent, making therefor an appropriation equal to the amount he was accustomed to spend. He told me that she did the marketing on a third less than he was accustomed to expend, "And," he added, "we live much better; I do not know how she manages it, but she does." The secret was, she had been trained to do marketing when she was a girl, and she trained her own daughter to do it. I once spent a month with them when the mother was sick. Fourteen-year-old Kitty, on her way to school each morning,

made all the household purchases for the day; when she returned in the afternoon her account-book showed how each cent had been expended. Kitty now has a beautiful home of her own, and is noted among all her circle for the sweet dignity with which she presides over it, and the perfection of her household management.

Mrs. Doremus, of New York, whose name calls out benedictions, not from America alone, but from Europe, Asia, Africa, and the Islands of the Sea, elevated marketing into a fine art, and encircled it with a brightness from Heaven, as she did it for the Master and in His spirit. The wide circle of her charities included several hospitals and other institutions in her own city, to which she gave personal care. Knowing how much depended upon having their supplies well selected, she took upon herself the task of doing their entire marketing. For years she did this, never relinquishing the self-imposed labor till the Master called her to her reward. Even after she was seventy years of age, her slight figure, bowed with age, could be seen each morning in the cold gray dawn of winter, as well as in the balmy summer time, on her mission of love, going from market to market, buying supplies for the Woman's Hospital, the Children's Hospital, and other institutions of mercy. As Dr. Tyng says of her: "Nobody ever arose before she was out on her errand of love. You might go out in the sunshine or the storm, and she was there before you; in the morning she was traveling about making preparations for other people before you were in the street. Some may say she lived in the street, yet if you had gone to her home and seen her children, the care taken of them, the love for the mother which existed there, the blessedness of that mother's presence there, you would have said that the mother must have always lived at home, she is always here; and so it was. There was a kind of ubiquity about her. Every year she made the domestic life

of her household more attractive by the exercise of a riper Christian maternal spirit."

There is an old Latin proverb, "Opportunity has hair on front; behind she is bald. If you seize her by the forelock you may hold her, but if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again." Our children need to be trained to seize opportunities, and make the best possible use of them. To insure success in life they need training to business habits; to do things when and how they ought to be done; to earn money honestly and to spend it judiciously. Many brilliant geniuses have made utter failures because of a lack of good business sense. Few in any walk of life have been conspicuously successful without it. Washington is not more noted for his patriotism than for his practical sense, his thorough business ways and his honesty. Wellington was an excellent man of business; he neglected nothing, left nothing to chance. He was thoroughly honest and punctilious in the performance of every promise. He firmly believed that the path to success, in business and in war, was the path of common sense; and he also believed that it is not good for human nature to have the path in life made too smooth. He took delight in overcoming obstacles, and trained those under him to a like spirit. When a boy, Sir Humphrey Davy wrote in his note-book: "I have neither riches, nor power, nor birth to recommend me, yet if I live, I trust I shall not be of less service to mankind and my friends than if I possessed all these advantages." This was the actuating principle of his life, to make the most of himself for the interests of humanity. The thousands who have been benefited by his discoveries in science, the many miners whose lives have been saved by his invention of the safety-lamp, testify how well he has succeeded in being of service to mankind.

Do you say we have wandered far from our topic, domestic economy? Not so. The same principles which act-

uated these noble men, and have enabled thousands of other men and women to achieve the highest type of success, are found in embryo in every home. We would have parents, recognizing the truth, strive to develop this embryo. We would have them feel that it is no trivial thing, the way their children get or use money, but that it is a vital factor in the formation of character. Above all would we have them realize the fact that both they and their children are God's stewards, entrusted by Him with certain talents, be they gifts of purse, mind, or heart, to be used in His service, and to be accounted for to Him; for "what have we that we have not received?" Not even ourselves, "For we are not our own, but are bought with a price."

After all has been said we shall find the secret of true economy is in the heartfelt recognition of our stewardship. Accustom children to look upon earthly goods as talents entrusted to them by the Master, for whose use we must give an account, and they will not be likely to become either misers or spendthrifts.



### Grown-up Land.

Good-morrow, fair maid, with lashes brown,  
Can you tell me the way to Womanhood Town?

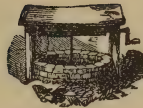
Oh, this way and that way—never a stop,  
'Tis picking up stitches grandma will drop,  
'Tis kissing the baby's troubles away,  
'Tis learning that cross words never will pay,  
'Tis helping mother, 'tis sewing up rents,  
'Tis reading and playing, 'tis saving the cents,  
'Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to frown,  
Oh, that is the way to Womanhood Town.



Just wait, my brave lad—one moment, I pray,  
Manhood Town lies where—can you tell me the way?

Oh, by toiling and trying we reach that land—  
A bit with the head, a bit with the hand,  
'Tis by climbing up the steep hill Work,  
'Tis by keeping out of the wide street Shirk,  
'Tis by always taking the weak one's part,  
'Tis by giving the mother a happy heart,  
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and actions down,  
Oh, that is the way to Manhood Town.

And the lad and the maiden ran hand in hand  
To their fair estates in Grown-up Land.



## CHAPTER XX.

### Family Government.



BOOK upon the care and culture of children would scarcely be deemed complete without a chapter upon this topic. Yet one seems scarcely necessary. If the principles enunciated in the foregoing chapters are fully carried out there will be very little "governing," in its technical sense, to do. But so long as it remains true that "to err is human," no principles will be perfectly put into practice; there is an immense amount of human nature, with its kinks and its foibles, in each of us, and children have their full share. They have a fashion of upsetting the most beautiful theories in most unexpected ways and places. In family life, as in the wider world outside, "it is the unexpected that happens;" to govern well we must be always ready for the unexpected, and not be thrown off our balance when our pet theories are overturned. Lay the foundation so broad and deep in principle that it can not easily be shaken, then *rest* on this foundation, and do not worry if some of the fair superstructure you have builded thereon is pulled down by childish hands. And do not attempt to govern your children just as Mr. A. or Mrs. B. govern theirs. No two families, no two children, can be governed alike, for no two individuals are alike. Remember, "each human soul is a peculiar thought of God," destined to live its own life and develop its own individuality.

Thank God for this individuality with its wondrous possibilities; trust Him for help in developing it, and take courage in the work wherein you are laborers together with Him.

It is said that the object of the true teacher is to render himself useless; that is, to lead his pupils up to a plane where they no longer need his services, because they have learned to go alone. A similar truth holds in the family. In true family government the highest end and aim is to enable children to govern themselves. Never forget this first principle, nor allow it to be contravened. A few short years measure the duration of your absolute control over the child; all his life, both in time and in eternity, he must govern himself, or be wretched and comparatively useless. Hence your constant aim should be to teach him to control himself, to order his own life in accordance with the law of right. In order to do this, his conscience must be educated to be quick in discerning the truth and authoritative in enforcing it; his will power must be strengthened and rightly directed, and his passions must be brought into subjection to conscience and will.

Keeping this foundation-principle in view will prevent absolutism in family government, and will lead to that ideal home life of which Mrs. Jackson tells us, when the mother could truthfully say, "I never laid a command upon my child simply because I am his mother." Every command bore the impress "because it is right;" instead of the impress, borne by too many parental commands, "because I choose to have you acknowledge my authority." If all commands bear the sign manual of right, there will be no trouble about preserving authority; the child will never doubt nor deny it.

This summer I had the pleasure of spending a week or two at Hotel Irving, Lake Bluff, with "Pansy" (Mrs. Alden), her husband and son. They slipped in very quietly, unannounced, seeking a few days' rest among strangers, where they thought

themselves unknown. But they could not be hid ; and the one thing that betrayed them more surely than any other, was the beautiful relation evidently existing between mother and son. It was just the sweetest chapters of the Pansy books lived out before our eyes. We no longer wondered that her books are such a blessing in every home into which they come. There was no ostentatious show of affection, but every look and word and act of Raymond showed his knightly devotion to her, his respect as well as admiration for the dainty "little mother" whose head came no higher than his shoulder. The beautiful family picture was completed by the presence of Dr. Alden, tall, stately and learned, but not so stately and learned as to have grown beyond the height of his wife's heart and head, nor out of companionship with their noble boy. Raymond evidently obeyed them "in the Lord," not because he had been taught "implicit obedience" to arbitrary authority, but because he had been trained to do the right because it is right.

The first requisite for such government of children, is the ability to govern yourself. There is deep philosophy in the Wise Man's utterance, "He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city." Ruling one's own spirit is essential to the taking of any stronghold ; emphatically is this true of the citadel of Home ; here each failure to rule your own spirit is painfully manifest. It marks a weak spot in the barricade which the sharp eyes of children are sure to detect.

Many poorly governed households are so because of the parents' failure to govern their own spirits. The underlying causes of this failure are many and varied, sometimes hard to find. Often, lack of self-control is due to overwork or ill-health ; with nerves all unstrung from either cause it is well-nigh impossible to "possess our soul in patience" amid vexations and the uncomfortable surprises of family life.

Again, the trouble often arises from or is intensified by, the use of alcoholics and tobacco by the father, or inordinate tea and coffee drinking by the mother, as these agents destroy the equipoise of nerve so essential to self-control. Or it may lie in your morbid sensitiveness; in common parlance, you are "too thin skinned." Petty things rasp and annoy you beyond your power of endurance; the sharp word springs to your lips; perhaps the unjust, stinging blow is struck which a moment after, you repent bitterly.

For this defect we know no better remedy than the one recommended by Hannah Whitall Smith: "Put on your rhinoceros' skin." The first step in the process is to feel your need of a thickened cuticle; to realize that your thin skin *is* a defect and not something of which to be proud. Anything is a defect which makes us irritable and unjust, and this certainly does; indeed, the same may be said of overwork and ill-health. And this super-sensitiveness, as we saw in a preceding chapter, is but etherialized selfishness. But how to be rid of it, and don the rhinoceros' skin, that is the question? Well, firmly resolve that with God's help you *will not* be annoyed by things that have no right to annoy you; when you do this, you will be astonished to find how many such things there are. Resolutely turn your mind away from these annoyances, instead of brooding over them, as we are apt to do. You may not, at first, be able to stop thinking about them, but if you stop talking about them, you will soon find yourself ceasing to think of them.

If your nerves are unstrung, and thus your equipoise disturbed, by any indulgence, look the fact squarely in the face, and do not flinch from the duty which is made plain to you. When you undertake to do this duty, do not give up in despair because success is not at once assured. You must not expect to become an angel at once upon giving up the hurtful indulgence; you will be anything but angelic while

the struggle with appetite is going on. "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." The diseased nerves will torture you by their wild demands for their accustomed narcotic; and you will be sorely tempted to give up the fight; but persevere, and, with God's help, the end will crown the work by giving you the mastery of yourself. This self-mastery will be an undreamed-of aid in governing your children; it will make them feel that you know how to sympathize with them in their struggles to overcome easily besetting sin, and will win their respect as for one that overcometh.

My father, at his conversion, gave up at once and forever, the use of tobacco as a habit unbecoming a Christian; this was years before my birth, but the story of his struggle and his triumph, as told me in my childhood, impressed me as scarcely anything else ever did; I gloried, and do glory, in the strength of character which thus triumphed, while I learned, as in no other way, the need of a Higher Power without which I was made to feel the victory would have been impossible.

The next requisite to fit you to rule well your household, is to retain the absolute respect of your children. We say "retain" advisedly, for you have it in the beginning. In their infancy and early childhood, you are to your children as the very voice of God. Developing years, while they bring to them truer ideas of your mutual relations, ought not to decrease this respect, and will not if it rests on the right foundation. This foundation is not your infallibility; if thus based it will and ought to fall. You will make mistakes; you will sometimes do wrong; and the children will know it. Do not ignore the fact, nor seek to deceive them; tell them manfully, "I was wrong; I am sorry;" and if you have been unjust to them, "forgive me." They will respect you more for such a course than they could if you should gloss it over, and even, by sophistry, succeed in convincing them that you



were in the right. If you should thus convince them, you would do them an injury in blunting their moral sense by confounding right and wrong. Win and hold their respect by being always thoroughly honest, truthful and just. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report—think on these things," and practice them. Thus will you win and hold the thorough respect of your household.

The third essential in good family government is prompt, unquestioning obedience on the part of children. Expect this, and have it at whatever cost. It follows logically the previous steps; if you control yourself and enjoy the thorough respect of your children, they will obey you. EXPECT THIS. We can not too strongly emphasize this point. If in your heart lurks a doubt as to whether your children will obey, be sure they will not obey. Your uncertainty makes itself felt through your looks, your tones. Your command will be given with the rising inflection of a question, instead of with the falling inflection of certainty, and the children will not be slow to take advantage of the "benefit of the doubt."

Never give a command in a harsh, dictatorial tone; it arouses opposition and tends to defeat itself. Speak quietly, pleasantly, courteously, but with no shadow of uncertainty in your tone. Never give a command that you do not intend to have obeyed; then make very sure your intention is carried out. This necessitates the greatest care in giving commands. Just here is a weak point with many of us; we issue too many orders and are too careless as to their execution. Let your commands be just as few as possible, and let these few not be given without considering their possible consequences.

We are all familiar with the story of the fussy mother

who, on leaving her children in the kitchen with a pan of dry beans within reach of their fingers, charged them, for the life of them, not to put beans up their nostrils. On returning she was horrified to find all six pug-noses stuffed full of the rapidly-swelling legumes. The children had never thought of this possible use of beans till their mother's command put it into their heads. We laugh at the story, but there is a deal of wisdom to be learned from it in regard to unnecessary commands. You can often forestall the need of them, as that mother might have done by putting the beans out of reach and saying nothing about them.

Make the Golden Rule the supreme law of your little domain, training the children from infancy to make it the test of their conduct, and it will obviate the necessity of many other rules. It is astonishing—nay, rather, it is proof of its divine origin—that it fits so perfectly into all the exigencies of life, as to render unnecessary the thousand and one special precepts which, without it, must be given to fit every special case.

In the fourth place, endeavor to develop and strengthen the good there is in your child, and repress the evil. One way of doing this is by showing appreciation of the good and abhorrence of the evil. The most mischievous child does many more good things in the course of the day than he does bad things. Notice these good actions, and show him that you do notice them. Love of approbation is strong within him; use it to call out his better nature; God gave it for this very purpose. When he does wrong, show your disapprobation just as plainly, but no more so. Make him feel that this disapprobation comes because the thing is *wrong*, not because it incommodes you.

Take your child's part in his conflicts with his evil nature. We all have such conflicts; help him in his struggles with wrong by making him feel that you are on his side against

the wrong. Helen Hunt Jackson gives an instance so fully illustrating this point, as well as several others in family government, that we give it almost entire. A little friend of hers had once a hard contest over so simple a thing as saying "G;" the contest was with himself and his mother was the faithful Great Heart who helped him through it:

"Willy was about four years old. He had a large, active brain, sensitive temperament, and indomitable spirit. He was and is an uncommon child. Common methods of what is commonly supposed to be "discipline" would, if he had survived them, have made a very bad boy of him. He had great difficulty in pronouncing the letter G,—so much that he had formed almost a habit of omitting it. One day his mother said, not dreaming of any special contest, "This time you must say G." "It is an ugly old letter, and I ain't ever going to try to say it again," said Willy, repeating the alphabet very rapidly from beginning to end, without the G. Like a wise mother, she did not open at once on a struggle; but said, pleasantly, "Ah! you did not get it in that time. Try again; go more slowly, and we will have it." It was all in vain; and it soon began to look more like real obstinacy on Willy's part than anything she had ever seen in him. She has often told me how she hesitated before entering on the campaign. "I always knew," she said, "that Willy's first real fight with himself would be no matter of a few hours; and it was a particularly inconvenient time for me, just then, to give up a day to it. But it seemed, on the whole, best not to put it off."

So she said, "Now, Willy, you can't get along without the letter G. The longer you put off saying it, the harder it will be for you to say it at last; and we will have it settled now, once for all. You are never going to let a little bit of a letter like that be stronger than Willy. We will not go out of this room till you have said it."

Unfortunately, Willy's will had already taken its stand. However, the mother made no authoritative demand that he should pronounce the letter as a matter of obedience to her. Because it was a thing intrinsically necessary for him to do, she would see, at any cost to herself or to him, that he did it; but he must do it voluntarily, and she would wait till he did.

The morning wore on. She busied herself with other matters, and left Willy to himself; now and then asking, with a smile, "Well, isn't my little boy stronger than that ugly old letter yet?"

Willy was sulky. He understood in that early stage all that was involved. Dinner-time came.

"Aren't you going to dinner, mamma?"

"Oh! no, dear; not unless you say G, so that you can go too. Mamma will stay by her little boy until he is out of this trouble."

The dinner was brought up, and they ate it together. She was cheerful and kind, but so serious that he felt the constant pressure of her pain.

The afternoon dragged slowly on to night. Willy cried now and then, and she took him in her lap, and said, "Dear, you will be happy as soon as you say that letter, and mamma will be happy too, and we can't either of us be happy until you do."

"Oh, mamma! why don't you make me say it?"

(This he said several times before the affair was over.)

"Because, dear, you must make yourself say it. I am helping you make yourself say it, for I shall not let you go out of this room, nor go out myself, till you do say it; but that is all I shall do to help you. I am listening, listening all the time, and if you say it, in ever so little a whisper, I shall hear you. That is all mamma can do for you."

Bed-time came. Willy went to bed, un-kissed and sad. The next morning, when Willy's mother opened her eyes,

she saw Willy sitting up in his crib, and looking at her steadfastly. As soon as he saw that she was awake, he exclaimed, "Mamma, I can't say it ; and you know I can't say it. You're a naughty mamma, and you don't love me." Her heart sank within her ; but she patiently went again and again over yesterday's ground. Willy cried. He ate very little breakfast. He stood at the window in a listless attitude of discouraged misery, which she said cut her to the heart. Once in awhile he would ask for some plaything which he did not usually have. She gave him whatever he asked for ; but he could not play. She kept up an appearance of being busy with her sewing, but she was far more unhappy than Willy.

Dinner was brought up to them. Willy said, "Mamma, this ain't a bit good dinner."

She replied, "Yes it is, darling ; just as good as we ever have. It is only because we are eating it alone. And poor papa is sad, too, taking his all alone downstairs."

At this Willy burst out into an hysterical fit of crying and sobbing.

"I shall never see my papa again in this world."

Then his mother broke down, too, and cried as hard as he did ; but she said, "Oh ! yes, you will, dear. I think you will say that letter before tea-time, and we will have a nice evening down-stairs together."

"I can't say it. I try all the time, and I can't say it ; and, if you keep me here till I die, I shan't ever say it."

The second night settled down dark and gloomy, and Willy cried himself to sleep. His mother was ill from anxiety and confinement ; but she never faltered. She told me she resolved that night that, if it were necessary, she would stay in that room with Willy a month. The next morning she said to him, more seriously than before, "Now Willy, you are not only a foolish little boy, you are unkind ; you are making everybody unhappy. Mamma is very sorry for

you, but she is also very much displeased with you. Mamma will stay here with you till you say that letter, if it is for the rest of your life ; but mamma will not talk with you, as she did yesterday. She tried all day yesterday to help you, and you would not help yourself ; to-day you must do it all alone."

"Mamma, are you sure I shall ever say it?" asked Willy.

"Yes, dear ; perfectly sure. You will say it some day or other."

"Do you think I shall say it to-day?"

"I can't tell. You are not so strong a little boy as I thought. I believed you would say it yesterday. I am afraid you have some hard work before you."

Willy begged her to go down and leave him alone. Then he begged her to shut him up in the closet, and "see if that wouldn't make him good." Every few minutes he would come and stand before her, and say very earnestly, "Are you sure I shall say it?"

He looked very pale, almost as if he had had a fit of illness. No wonder. It was the whole battle of life fought at the age of four.

It was late in the afternoon of this the third day. Willy had been sitting in his little chair, looking steadily at the floor, for so long a time that his mother was almost frightened. But she hesitated to speak to him, for she felt that the crisis had come. Suddenly he sprang up, and walked toward her with all the deliberate firmness of a man in his whole bearing. She says there was something in his face which she has never seen since, and does not expect to see till he is thirty years old.

"Mamma!" said he.

"Well, dear?" said his mother, trembling so that she could hardly speak.

"Mamma," he repeated, in a loud, sharp tone, "G! G!



G! G!" And then he burst into a fit of crying, which she had hard work to stop. It was over.

Willy is now ten years old. From that day to this his mother has never had a contest with him; she has always been able to leave all practical questions affecting his behavior to his own decision, merely saying, "Willy, I think this or that will be better."

His self-control and gentleness are wonderful to see; and the blending in his face of childlike simplicity and purity with manly strength is something which I have only once seen equaled.

For a few days he went about the house, shouting "G! G! G!" at the top of his voice. He was heard asking play-mates if they could "say G," and "who showed them how." For several years he used often to allude to the affair, saying, "Do you remember, mamma, that dreadful time when I wouldn't say G?" He always used the verb "wouldn't" in speaking of it. Once, when he was sick, he said, "Mamma, do you think I could have said G any sooner than I did?"

"I have never felt certain about that, Willy," she said. "What do you think?"

"I think I could have said it a few minutes sooner. I was saying it to myself as long as that!" said Willy.

Few mothers, perhaps, would be able to give up two whole days to such a battle as this; other children, other duties, would interfere. But the same principle could be carried out without the mother's remaining herself by the child's side all the time. Moreover, not one child in a thousand would hold out as Willy did. In all ordinary cases a few hours would suffice. And, after all, what would the sacrifice of even two days be, in comparison with the time saved in years to come? If there were no stronger motive than one of policy, of desire to take the course easiest to themselves, mothers might well resolve that their first aim

should be to educate their children's will and make them strong, instead of to conquer and "break" them.

Always distinguish between misdemeanors and crimes. A thoughtless child will do a great many things which are vexatious, but not, in themselves, criminal. For example: he may litter up the floor with his whittlings and thus cause the tidy housewife more trouble and vexation than if he told a lie; the moral character of the two actions is entirely different and requires different treatment if we would not dull the child's perceptions of right and wrong. He should be taught not to litter the floor because it makes trouble for others; he should be made to feel that the lie is a sin against God. Cure his heedlessness by making him clear up the muss he made in whittling; meanwhile, draw out his better nature by appealing to his love for his mother whose work is increased by his carelessness. Show him the selfishness of doing, for his own pleasure, that which adds to her labors, or those of any one; in short, bring his conduct to the test of the Golden Rule. "If you were in mamma's place would you like to have your little boy do so?" Are you doing to your brothers and sisters exactly as you wish them to do to you? These questions will bring out clearly in his mind, the dividing line between right and wrong.

If he has told a lie, the case is more serious. For meeting such cases with little children, nothing can be better than the methods of wise John Locke, given in chapter four. Whatever the age of the offender, do not fail to make it clearly understood that it is a matter to be settled between his own soul and God, that it is his Heavenly Father's law he has broken, and that he can be forgiven only through Christ, his dear Elder Brother. Let your sinning child see in you and through you, in his Heavenly Father, grief for his sin, not anger at its consequences. And be sure you do not give him the impression that God does not love him when he

sins. This is an unscriptural view. "For God so loved the world that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." The old Romans had a proverb, "Be at peace with men, at war with their vices." If heathens could separate the sinner from his sin, surely our Father can love us, while reprobating our sin.

What incentives shall we place before children to influence their conduct? There are improper incentives, mischievous in their results; there are proper incentives which tend to draw out the good and repress the evil within. Every appeal to an improper motive has a tendency to deaden moral perceptions; every appeal to noble ones draws us to a higher plane of thought and action. Among improper incentives we rank bribery, ridicule, rivalry, shame and all appeals to the lower, selfish nature. Hiring children to be good has made many a man a rascal. It trains them to estimate goodness by how much it will bring. Children thus trained are apt to grow into people of whom it can truthfully be said: "Each one has his price." If the child has been good and you choose to reward that goodness by a gift without any previous promise, all right; but do not say to him, "Now, if you will be good I will give you some candy." This makes a bargain and sale affair of right-doing by bribing him to do what he ought to be trained to do from principle.

Ridicule is a weapon which should be very sparingly, if, indeed, ever, used. When we remember how sensitive children are to it, how defenceless against it, and what a brood of evil passions it arouses, we doubt if it can ever be used to good advantage with them. With older people it may be different.

We may sometimes shame a child out of doing a mean thing, but we doubt the advisability of so doing. It tends to deaden his self-respect, and when this is lost, all is lost. Appeals to such motives bring into prominent exercise the worst

elements of his character, instead of the best; and though, for the time, they may deter from wrong doing, their effect is far from elevating.

You can not be too careful in regard to cultivating self-respect in your child. Help him to respect himself so much that he will scorn to do anything unworthy. Never mortify him in the presence of others. H. H. tells of a wise mother who made it a rule never to reprove her children publicly. One day when she had company, her little boy behaved badly at table. Rebuke, entreaty, warning were telegraphed from her eye to his, but without effect, as the very spirit of mischief seemed to have possession of him. Presently she said, in a perfectly easy and natural tone, "Oh, Charley, come here a minute; I want to tell you something." No one at the table supposed that it had anything to do with his bad behavior. She did not intend that they should. As she whispered to him, I alone saw his cheek flush, and that he looked quickly and imploringly into her face; I alone saw that tears were almost in her eyes. But she shook her head, and he went back to his seat with a manful but very red little face. In a few moments he laid down his knife and fork, and said, "Mamma, will you please to excuse me?" "Certainly, my dear," said she. Nobody but I understood it, or observed that the little fellow had to run very fast to get out of the room without crying. Afterward she told me that she never sent a child away from the table in any other way. "But what would you do," said I, "if he were to refuse to ask to be excused?" Then the tears stood full in her eyes. "Do you think he could," she replied, "when he sees that I am only trying to save him from pain?" In the evening, Charley sat in my lap, and was very sober. At last he whispered to me, "I'll tell you an awful secret, if you won't tell. Did you think I had done my dinner this afternoon when I got excused? Well, I hadn't. Mamma made me, because I

acted so. That's the way she always does. But I haven't had to have it done to me before for ever so long—not since I was a little fellow” (he was eight now); “and I don't believe I ever shall again till I'm a man.” Then he added, reflectively, “Mary brought me all the rest of my dinner upstairs; but I wouldn't touch it, only a little bit of the ice-cream. I don't think I deserved any at all; do you?”

Among proper incentives we rank, desire for approbation, emulation—taking care to distinguish it from rivalry—the right public spirit pervading the home, love to parents and fear of grieving them, the approbation of conscience, love to God and desire for his approbation. As we have seen, desire of approbation proves a powerful and proper incentive when approval always follows well doing, and is withheld from everything wrong. Of course you must take care not to allow it to become a feeder of self-conceit.

Emulation implies strong desire and striving to excel in qualities we think desirable; it is distinguished from rivalry, whose essential element is desire to excel others, in that it seeks to excel our own former selves, thus ever reaching after something better and nobler. To become better and nobler is surely a worthy motive. Rightly used it may, through life, be a lodestone, ever drawing us to a higher plane of right and duty. Arouse noble emulation by keeping before your children examples of the wise and good; bring into play the imagination to make vivid and real the biographies of men and women you would have your children emulate; acquaint them with living examples which teach more forcibly than books can do.

The right public spirit in the home is a great aid in family government—that spirit which scorns to do wrong when the parents are out of sight; to take any mean advantage of brother or sister; which values truth, purity, honor, above every selfish consideration; which crushes out selfishness by

loving words and deeds ; in short, the spirit of the Golden Rule. Such a public spirit in the home, includes the next incentive on our list, love to parents and fear of grieving them. Where this prevails, the love of each child to the other, and of all to the parents, prove powerful incentives for good, and stepping-stones to the highest of all incentives—doing right because it is right, thus winning the approval of conscience, love to God and desire for His approval.

Punishments ; how and when administered ? We can tell you one time when you must not fail to punish : that is, when you have threatened to do so. Never break your word given your children, but be very careful about giving it. Threatening what you do not intend to perform and never do perform is subversive of all true discipline. It is largely the result of lack of self-control ; and it cheapens your word in your children's estimation. It is an easy, and, permit me to say, a cowardly thing, "to conquer a peace" with the unruly child by threatening future vengeance ; but the peace thus conquered is short-lived, the resulting ill may be perpetual. Weigh well your words ; never threaten anything you are not sure of performing, and, lest you fail in the performing, NEVER THREATEN AT ALL.

When not to punish : when you are angry. Not being master of yourself, you can not hope to gain the mastery of your child. Then, your judgment is not in a condition to decide how much and what kind of punishment should be inflicted. If the offense is an aggravating one, let a night intervene between its commission and its penalty, but let the child be just as sure that the penalty will come as he is that the sun will rise. The certainty of penalty, more than its severity, makes it effective. The intervening night not only gives opportunity for cooling down any heat of passion aroused in you or your child, and allowing his conscience and your judgment to act, it also gives opportunity for the bed-



time talk and prayer, which is the grand alembic in which family troubles may be transmuted into gold.

What shall the punishment be? Varying offenses require various penalties; it takes a good supply of mother-wit and consecrated common-sense to decide what is the appropriate penalty to mete out to each offense. We give a few general principles which may help to guide you in this matter.

First: Guard against punishments liable to result in physical injury, like rough shakings or boxing the ears; even more carefully guard against bitter, cutting words that wound the spirit, and against degrading punishments.

Second: Punishment should seem to be, and be, reformatory, not vindictive, administered not so much in retribution of the past offense, as a safeguard against its recurrence.

Third: So far as possible, the penalty should grow naturally out of the offense, or have some logical connection with it. For example: a child is cross and peevish at table, grumbling about his food; take it from him and give him only the plainest food till he learns to behave. There may be a hygienic principle involved here; his fretfulness may result from a stomach disordered by dainties, and plain food may restore it to healthy working. Aside from this, however, the moral effect of connecting fault-finding with deprivation of food, is beneficial. Or he may be naughty and obstreperous at table, continually interrupting his elders in their conversation; condemn him to wait outside the dining-room till the others are done eating, and take his meals alone for a time; he will be pretty sure to behave better when he is again permitted to eat with the family.

Your daughter is cross to her playmates, or your son hectors the other children; deprive them of the companionship of the others till they are cured of these faults. Do not allow them to play with the other children, or even to talk to them, if the offense is an aggravated one, and they will soon mend

their manners. Children are naturally gregarious ; to be thus shut off from their kind, for even a little while, is a greater punishment than you might imagine. In the chapter on Behaving we saw how a pert miss was cured of her superciliousness by a wise mother ; and elsewhere, how a wise father taught his young lady daughter early rising. If once you set your mind to the task, you will succeed in inventing penalties in accordance with the three fundamental principles mentioned.

How shall punishment be administered ? So far as possible, let it be a matter between yourselves and the offenders alone. We say *yourselves* advisedly, for it must include both parents ; there is no true family government in which both parents do not unite ; the children must feel that you act as a unit. If the father, busied with his farm or his merchandise, throws the burden of government upon the mother ; or if she weakly abrogates authority by confronting the young offender with, "If you don't behave better, I'll tell your father when he comes home, and then you'll catch it ;" worse, if one parent would shield when the other would punish, anarchy, not government, exists in the household. "A house divided against itself can not stand."

Circumstances must decide whether or not the other children should be cognizant of the punishment ; it is certainly a matter with which a stranger should not intermeddle.

Whatever else you do, don't scold. As Jacob Abbott says, "It seldom does any good to those scolded, and it makes all the rest of the household unhappy." A scolding household is always poorly governed, besides being a very unpleasant abiding place. Be sure not to both scold and punish for the same offense ; human nature can not bear it. As the Chinaman says, "I can stand floggee, floggee, or preachee, preachee, but no floggee, floggee, and preachee, preachee both." We are glad to believe, as we do most thoroughly, that scold-

ing mothers are much less common than formerly, a result directly traceable to the broadening sphere of woman. Scolding is the vice of a narrow mind, a mind centered on its own petty affairs and annoyances. Broaden the mind, engage it on noble themes, as the last two decades have engaged the minds of thousands of women in philanthropies, and the home will feel the blessed influence in a decrease of scolding.

We are free to confess that we believe there are times when it is well to be both dumb and blind to children's faults. To be sure, many people err in being thus altogether too often; still, there are times when it is safe and best not to notice a child's faults and peccadilloes, but pass them over in silence. For example: a tired, hungry child is cross—but so is a man under the same circumstances. Nobody thinks of taking the man to task for his crossness; much less should we do so with the child. As the child is more demonstrative than the man, he gives expression to his crossness in more outrageous fashion; but this is no sign he is a greater sinner. Courtesy demands that you pass over the man's crossness, especially if he be a visitor, in silence; be just as courteous to the child. Being weaker, he deserves your pity more; feed him and put him to bed; a good night's rest will straighten out all the tangles, and when he awakens in the morning his sunny face will make you glad that you did not send him to bed under the added cloud of your displeasure. As your children grow older, the eye-shutting process often proves a good one for both them and you. We have seen how there comes to our boys and young maidens, a time of moody introspection, of morbid sensitiveness and irritability; do not aggravate it by magnifying every mole-hill into a mountain, by marking every impertinent word or ungracious act. Whenever possible, pass them unnoticed; meanwhile doing all you can to build up the physical and spiritual strength of the offender and help him into a better humor.

Napoleon said: "You must not fight too much with one enemy or you will teach him your arts of war." Parents you must not be too stereotyped in your methods with your children, or they will learn all your "arts of war."

Govern by surprises sometimes. Meet the children on just the line they do not expect; outwit them, and they will often surrender at discretion, whereas against a regularly planned siege they would have held out indefinitely. Children often have a keen sense of the ludicrous, and will enjoy the joke of having papa "get ahead of them," if he does it in a cute way, even when the joke is against themselves and frustrates their mischievous designs. If you can succeed in turning a boy's laugh against himself and his own projects, you are much more sure to wean him from them than you could be by any amount of opposition. We know a couple of boys who were forever cured of the boy-passion for running off to sea, by a quick-witted father who discovered their project in time and managed to give a ludicrous turn to it.

On the other hand, it will not do for you to fall into any ambush your wide-awake children set for you. Eternal vigilance, albeit of the kindest sort, is the price of dominion in the kingdom of home.

"You never seem astonished at anything a child does," remarked a lady to whom childhood always remained an unexplored realm. "If that child should turn himself inside out before you, you would look as though it were the very thing you expected and wished him to do." The lady addressed was noted for her success in managing her big family of little children. She laughingly replied to her friend: "Of course I should; how could I ever keep my irrepressibles in any sort of order if once they learned they could outflank or surprise me? No matter to what ridiculous lengths they go, they must find me there before them." There was good philosophy in her laughing reply.

After all is said and done, family government resolves itself into the simple application of consecrated common sense to the domestic problem. Be what you would have your children be; control yourself; train them to obedience, truthfulness, industry, to love God and each other; to do right because it is right. Develop the good and repress the evil by setting before them only right motives of conduct; make punishment a means of grace and not an instrument of revenge; educate the conscience to be at once enlightened, sensitive and controlling; enthrone the Golden Rule with its supreme love to God and equal love to man, as the law of your household, and your family will be well governed.



## CHAPTER XXI.

### Practical Health Hints.



God's law written in our members is just as sacred as God's law written in the Bible. Transgressions of that law result in suffering, disease and death. And for these transgressions there is no "day of ignorance to be winked at." Physical law is inexorable; it always exacts its penalty. Through heredity it comes to pass that the penalty for the parents' transgression is often exacted from their innocent children. Hence, to understand and obey the laws of health is the moral duty of every parent.

The housekeeper is largely the health-keeper of the family. More than any one else she controls the ventilation, heating and lighting of the home; she decides what shall be eaten, and how it shall be cooked. Upon these things the health of the household very largely depends. Sir Francis Head, a distinguished English physician, says: "Almost every human malady is connected, either by highways or byways, with the stomach." The mother holds the key to the stomachs of her household, whose health depends very largely upon what she admits there. If she introduce therein unwholesome food, or continual doses of medicine, she opens both byways and highways to all sorts of diseases.

She also decides how frequently her children shall be bathed, how much and what kind of exercise they shall take,



how many hours they shall sleep, how much sunshine and fresh air shall be admitted to their rooms. All these things are intimately connected with the health of her household. Understanding this connection, she finds it just as easy to order her household in accordance with the laws of health, as to be continually transgressing them and making her family suffer the consequences. The purpose of this chapter is to give a few simple principles on which healthy living is based, and some practical suggestions concerning what to do in specific cases.

The first requisite of a healthy house is plenty of sunshine and air. If you wish to know the effect of deprivation of sunlight on organic life, look at a potato sprout grown in the cellar, and as you look at it, resolve that no fear of faded carpets shall ever deter you from flooding your house with life-giving sunshine. Of course you may have too much of it, as of every other good thing. There are times when you need to shut out the glaring sun, but we think the tendency of modern housekeeping is in the direction of too little sunshine rather than too much, hence we emphasize its necessity. Nothing in Nature is so potent as the sunbeam; do not deprive your household of its vivifying influence. Boards of Health tell us that the window space should equal, at the very least, one-tenth the superficial area of the room. In building your house, arrange to have the living-room and bedrooms on the south side. Hall and parlor can occupy the north side, but let the rooms in constant use have a southern exposure. Provide for shutting out the sunshine when too glaring, but make sure that it has free access to every part of every room at least once each day. Its power in preventing disease and in restoring to health is demonstrated by the record of epidemics and of hospitals. When the yellow fever raged in New Orleans it was found that six times as many cases originated on the shady side of the street as on the sunny

side. Patients in the southern wards of hospitals recover more rapidly and surely than those in the northern wards. These and similar facts emphasize the necessity of sunshine to health.

Equally essential is plenty of pure air. "What is plenty?" you ask. The New York tenement house law requires that every bedroom must have direct communication with the outside air, and must allow six hundred cubic feet of space to every occupant. Of course the provisions of a well-ordered home should not be less than those of a New York tenement house; yet we very much fear there are bedrooms in houses whose occupants are "arrayed in purple and fine linen," where these requirements are not complied with. Test the matter in your own home, and see whether your arrangements for a supply of pure air are all they should be.

A man's breath will vitiate three hundred cubic feet of air in the twenty-four hours, and this amount of air must be supplied to sustain the maximum strength. Fortunately none of our houses are air-tight, so the fresh air forces its way in through cracks and crevices. Opening doors give further relief, but these are not to be relied upon for constant supplies of air. This should be provided for as systematically as we provide bread for the family; for air is more necessary to life than bread is. If you are building a house, arrange ventilating flues in connection with the chimneys, whose heat will produce an upward current of air. Let these flues have openings into every room; currents will thus be kept up which will keep the air pure without danger from draughts.

An open fire is one of the best possible ventilators, as it causes from six to ten thousand cubic feet of air to enter and leave the room each hour. When you figure on the price of fuel, an open fire may seem extravagant; when you take into consideration its value as a ventilator, it is wise economy to keep one burning on the hearth all winter. You may save

the extra cost of fuel in doctor's bills, for a room thus ventilated is much less liable to engender colds than a close, heated room, whose only ventilation is obtained through opening windows. This is apt to produce draughts, from which some one suffers. The fire will produce a gentle movement of the air, two and a half feet per second, sufficient to keep it pure, but not producing a dangerous draught.

But you may not have built your house, and may be so unfortunate as to live in one whose builder planned for neither ventilating flues nor fire-places. In this case you can probably do no better than to ventilate by the windows; but in doing so you must guard against draughts. A simple way of doing this is by fitting a board, three or four inches broad, into the lower part of the window; then raise the lower sash just enough so that it shall not come above the board. This breaks connection of the sashes in the middle and allows a current of fresh air to flow upward between them into the room. If there is a stove in the room, affix the board to the window nearest it, that when the cold air falls, as being heavier than the air in the room it will do, it may be warmed by the stove before striking any one. If the wind is not in that direction, lower the upper sash of a window on the opposite side of the room. This provides both for ingress of pure air and egress of impure air.

Cold air is not necessarily pure air, as some people seem to imagine when they attempt to ventilate a warm room by opening a door into a cold one, in which confined air may have been stagnating for a week. Florence Nightingale says, in regard to this, that we must learn that windows are made to open and doors to shut if we would succeed in rightly ventilating a room; that is, the necessary air should be admitted from outside through the windows, instead of attempting to get it from other rooms through doors. And in the same connection she punctures the bubble of our fears concerning

night air, which makes people afraid to open their bedroom windows at night. "What air can you breathe at night except night air?" she asks. The only question is whether you shall breathe it as it comes from outside, comparatively pure, or breathe the same air over and over again after it has become surcharged with deadly gases from your lungs. Stagnant air is quite as deleterious as stagnant water, and the fact that it is cold does not make it pure. Happy are you if you have not learned this fact by having been put into a "spare bedroom" to sleep, when the thermometer ran down to zero. Yet the air was stifling from weeks of confinement therein of the carbonic acid gas breathed out by the last occupant.

Make sure that at least once each day the air of every bedroom to be used at night is thoroughly changed by opening the windows and allowing the wind to blow through it. Instead of losing heat, as you fear, by this process, you will actually gain it, for the air thus admitted being rich in oxygen, better supports combustion in your body and thus keeps you warmer. Just here a word about cold bedrooms; we do not believe in them, if by cold is understood, as it is in many houses, down to the freezing point. The temperature of the lungs is nearly an hundred degrees; breathing into them air sixty or seventy degrees colder is very apt to result in lung difficulty. Again, in such a temperature bathing is impossible, and this introduces another element of disease. Of course the temperature of sleeping rooms during the night ought not to be as high as that of sitting-rooms during the day. Seventy-five degrees for the sitting-room and fifty-five degrees for the sleeping-rooms is about right. These degrees should be shown by a thermometer in the middle of the room, at about the height of the mantel. If it hangs higher it will mark a higher temperature, because warm air rises, while the floor on which the little ones are playing may be uncomfortably cold. Doubtless many cases of croup or colds originate

from draughts of cold air to which children are exposed while playing on the floor. A baby-box will obviate this. Take a box the size adapted to the size of your room and of your child, put castors on it, and cover the inside with a padded lining so arranged as to be easily removed for washing. Set baby in the box with his playthings, and he will be safe, comfortable and happy much longer than he could be sitting on the floor, where cold draughts chill him and his playthings roll out of his reach.

The cellar is an important factor in the healthfulness of the house. If it be damp, or filled with confined air charged with noxious gases from decaying vegetables, you need look no further to discover the cause of winter fevers. Ventilate your cellar by running a flue in the chimney from it to the outer air, taking care that this flue has no openings into the rooms above. Avoid the opening of a cellar door into the living room. Guard against dampness by thorough drainage. When the desired dryness can be secured with an earth floor, old housekeepers prefer this to brick, but in many situations this is impossible. In such cases form the cellar floor with an underlayer of concrete, on which the brick or stone pavement can be laid. An excellent water-proof coating for cellar floors is formed by two parts of coal-tar to one of pitch, and three handfuls of quicklime to each bucket. This makes a smooth, impervious coating.

Whitewash the sides of the cellar at least twice a year, and oftener if there is any smell of mold. Allow no decaying matter in the cellar. There is peculiar danger from this source in the farm-house, whose capacious cellar receives in the fall generous supplies of fruit and vegetables for the winter's use. Unless great care is taken, some of these will decay and send deleterious gases into the rooms above.

City people's cellars are usually not well enough stocked with provisions to be a source of danger in this direction, but



close supervision by the mistress is necessary to prevent their being made the receptacle of old boots and shoes, papers, fruit-boxes, and other refuse whose decay breeds disease. The plumbing, also, requires close watching. Make sure there are traps to every waste-pipe, and that these are in good order; if a wash-basin requires five minutes to empty itself, its waste-pipe needs attention. Lye poured down it will clear a waste-pipe of greasy substances. See that every waste pipe is thoroughly flushed once a day; if there are stationary basins in your bedrooms, at night put in the plugs and half fill them with clean water; this will prevent escape of sewer-gas.

Whether in city or country, keep in mind the fact that confinement of tainted air intensifies its danger; diffusion and dilution with pure air makes noxious gases comparatively harmless; hence, free circulation of fresh air through the house, especially through the sleeping rooms, is the best safeguard against them. If your house have a sky-light, as every house should, open it a part of every pleasant day, and in summer keep it open. Florence Nightingale says: "Let no one ever depend upon fumigations, disinfectants, and the like, for purifying the air; the offensive *thing*, not its smell, must be removed. Without cleanliness within and without your house, ventilation is comparatively useless." Soap, water and scrubbing-brush are often better disinfectants than permanganese of potash and chloride of lime. In case of sickness in the house, disinfectants are of great value. Distinguish between substances that merely neutralize bad smells, and those that absorb poisonous gases or germs, and thus really purify the air. Charcoal and quicklime are most available and valuable for this purpose. Dishes of one or the other, frequently renewed, should be kept in every sick room. Extreme heat, above 250 degrees Fahrenheit, or cold below zero, will destroy almost any disease germs, hence can be em-



ployed to disinfect clothing used about scarlet fever and other patients. For water-closets and drains a good disinfectant is ten pounds of sulphate of iron, copperas, dissolved in a bucketful of water.

Bathing ranks next to sunlight and fresh air as a health preserver. Revert to what was said concerning the functions of the skin in chapter second, and you will recognize the necessity of keeping its millions of pores open. As before stated, two or three pounds of waste matter should be thrown off by the skin of an adult each day. If this is retained in the system, as it will be unless the pores of the skin are kept open, disease ensues. To perform its threefold work thoroughly the skin must be kept clean; this does not mean simply that it shall not look dirty, this it seldom does except where exposed—but that there shall not be any “invisible dirt” stopping up its pores.

We believe that one-half the colds from which children and their elders suffer during the winter result from breathing impure air and neglecting bathing. It is not those most exposed to the weather that suffer most from colds, but those who shut themselves up in close, heated rooms, and are afraid of cold water. “In summer our children are bathed all over once a week,” remarked a parent to me, “but in winter we only bathe them once in two weeks for fear of colds.” “Are your children subject to colds?” I asked. “Very much so,” was the reply; “they are hardly free from them all winter.” I did not wonder. They spent the winter in a sitting-room and small bedroom adjoining, from which, so far as possible, all fresh air was excluded; the temperature was kept over eighty degrees by a huge base-burner, they were not allowed to go out of doors from November to April, and were bathed once a fortnight. If such treatment does not kill them it will be a wonder.

How often should people bathe? That depends. Vigor-

ous persons are better for a full bath daily ; feebler ones can not bear it so often. The test is in the after-glow ; if reaction quickly follows the bath, bringing a warm, bright glow to the skin, the bath has been beneficial ; if such reaction does not follow, or a chill is produced, the bath has been injurious. We believe there are few healthy children who will not be benefited by a daily bath. Everybody believes babies require this ; why should they not need it fully as much when they grow older ? Boys and girls should early be trained to take their bath themselves. If they can not command a bath-tub, a sponge bath may be made very effective. The bath should be taken in a warm room, when the body is warm and the circulation brisk ; hence a short walk or run before taking it is good. Do not take a bath when you are very tired, or chilly, or after a full meal. Let the bathing be done quickly, followed by brisk rubbing of the whole body with a rough towel and the bare hand, till a warm glow is produced. A tepid bath is best adapted to all ages and conditions ; cold baths suit persons of vigorous health ; hot baths, as Florence Nightingale shows, cleanse the skin most thoroughly, hence should be taken occasionally. They are best taken just before retiring, to guard against taking cold.

A Turkish bath will often break up a cold or an attack of rheumatism. Dr. Alice B. Stockham gives directions for taking it at home ; we have seen them followed with great success. Spread over a wooden arm-chair a blanket in such a way that it will hang to the floor in front ; seat the patient in this chair, "dressed in his complexion only," as Mark Twain would say, and enveloped, chair and all, except his head, in blankets. Put a moist napkin round his neck, or on his head ; place a teacup half filled with alcohol under the chair, and light with a taper. The heat of the burning alcohol, closely confined in the tent of blankets, ought, in three or four minutes, to produce perspiration. If it does not, bathe

the body with a damp sponge. Give him plenty of water to drink, and let him remain in the bath fifteen or twenty minutes. Meanwhile, rub, pat, pinch and pound with the hand his flesh thoroughly, till every surface muscle has had its share of "kneading." Then bathe off the body quickly, without exposure to the air, rub it dry and have the patient lie down, still enveloped in the blankets. Usually he will drop to sleep and awake much refreshed.

"Plenty of sleep" we found to be an essential element in healthy babyhood ; it is quite as essential in adult life. No one should sleep less than eight hours out of the twenty-four ; growing children require more than eight hours' sleep. Dio Lewis gives this quaint recipe for preserving the health, which includes, besides the duty of going to bed early, other things of equal importance. His famous recipe is: "Bed-ibus nine o'clockibus, Quitibus chawibus et smokibus."

Constipation is very common and very much of an evil. The bowels form one of the main gateways by which impurities are carried out of the system ; if this is closed, and the impurities retained, they taint and poison every tissue. Especially do they proclaim their presence in an offensive breath and a bad odor emitted by the skin ; indeed, "unclean" seems written on every part of a body ruled by constipation. The trouble may be hereditary or caused by sedentary habits, too much brain work, use of cathartics or errors in diet or dress. If it is hereditary, intelligent care of your children from their very birth may eradicate the tendency. Marian Harland relates the case of two boys, one with a marked tendency to constipation, the other with an equally marked tendency to diarrhœa, who, by the wise care of their mother in regard to diet, dress and exercise, grew into robust health. To give this care the mother must know the causes leading to constipation, and the proper correctives for it. Sedentary habits tend to constipation because they afford little exercise to the abdomi-

nal and intestinal muscles. Exercise which brings these muscles into play, like horseback-riding, is a corrective. Dr. Stockham, in her admirable book, "Tokology," gives in her chapter on constipation, full directions for exercises that have this effect. Wide-awake children seldom suffer from lack of exercise, so we will not dwell on that point here.

With them, improper food is probably the leading cause of constipation. Highly-seasoned foods and stimulating drinks tend to produce it, because at first they excite undue secretion of the digestive fluids, and this undue activity is followed by a corresponding reaction of torpidity. Tea is especially hurtful in this direction because of the tannin it contains. Chocolate and coffee have a similar effect, though in less degree. Concentrated foods, especially fats, sweets, and those containing much starch, furnish too little residuum and too little water to keep the bowels open. Rich cake, pies, fine flour bread when hot and saturated with melted butter, and fried salt meats are especially bad. Baking powder is very frequently adulterated with alum, a powerful astringent, and thus becomes responsible for much constipation. Of fruits, blackberries and raspberries have a similar effect. All these foods should be avoided where there is a tendency to constipation. Live largely upon cracked wheat, whole wheat flour and fruits, except blackberries and raspberries. Dr. Stockham says that a good motto for the wall of every dining-room is, "Feast on Fruits." Fresh fruits are especially good from the amount of water and the acids they contain. Dried peaches, prunes and apricots thoroughly cooked are good correctives for constipation, as are figs eaten freely.

A wise choice of foods will usually keep the bowels open; if this is not sufficient, try simple remedies rather than resorting to cathartics. An enema of tepid water is much better than "pills." A glass or two of soft water, drunk on going to bed, or the first thing in the morning, eating a raw orange

or apple before breakfast, drinking a glass of water into which a tablespoonful of bran has been stirred, have all been found efficacious in removing the trouble. Establish and maintain habits of regularity in evacuating the bowels, and let nothing interfere with regular visits to the water-closet. Here is one great cause of trouble, especially in young girls. Another cause, and to this cause are traceable some of the most distressing and obstinate cases of constipation, is improper dress. Tight corsets and heavy skirts, supported only by the hips, inflict most serious injury upon the stomach, bowels and all the abdominal organs. If women, especially young girls, will wear them, nothing but disease can ensue. But we are glad to note a healthy growth in public sentiment in regard to healthy dress, diet and modes of living.

The household's food has much to do with the household's health. If it be unsuitable in quality, badly cooked, or given at irregular intervals, disordered stomachs result. Nourishment, not stimulation, is what your children and yourselves need; hence you should avoid feeding them on rich, greasy, highly-seasoned, or other stimulating food, and give them only those kinds that will make good blood to nourish the bodies. That you may be able to do this you should study the chemistry of food sufficiently to know what is needed to nourish bone, teeth, nerve and muscular fiber. You may feed your children to surfeiting on starchy or saccharine substances, and they may grow fat thereon, while nerve, tooth and bone are literally starving because in the food is nothing to nourish them. Decayed teeth often come from this cause; not because, as some suppose, the sugar rots them, but because in a diet made up of sugar and starch, there is nothing to nourish them. The lime and the phosphates which brain and bone and teeth need, are utterly lacking in the food of some pampered children. If the parents are farmers they reason correctly from cause to effect



when the hens lay thin-shelled eggs, and act on that reasoning by feeding the hens lime ; a similar use of their reasoning powers would build up strong bone and nerve and muscle in their children by feeding them food containing the necessary ingredients for such building.

Milk and wheat are Nature's typical food, each containing the elements necessary to nourish the body ; milk being especially adapted to young, growing animals, wheat containing elements needed for advanced development. In fine white flour the elements of the wheat necessary to build bone and nerve tissue are sacrificed to its whiteness ; for this reason bread made from whole wheat flour is most nourishing. From the kernel of wheat has been rejected nothing but the outer husk. All the rich nutriment lying just below it, is retained. It is preferable to Graham flour which retains the husk that sometimes irritates delicate stomachs. In five hundred pounds of the whole wheat flour there are seventy-eight pounds of muscle material, and eighty-five pounds of bone and teeth material ; while in the same quantity of fine white flour there are only sixty-five pounds of muscle material and thirty pounds of bone and teeth material. These figures explain the flabby muscles, poor teeth and bones that result from a diet of superfine flour. "Bread and butter" are closely associated in our thought and speech, and with good reason, as butter is the natural complement of bread, each supplying some element the other lacks. We know some people object to giving children butter ; but this fact we have noted : children deprived of it, or disinclined to use it, seem more inclined to consumption than those who do eat it moderately. We leave it to doctors to decide which is cause and which effect, simply stating a fact noted by many observers. Another fact germane to the subject is this : A favorite medicine in consumption is cod-liver oil ; this seems to point to a lack of fats in the consumptive's make-up. Of



course butter and all sorts of fats can be, and very often are, used in excess, with disastrous results, especially where there are scrofulous tendencies. Probably most families need cautioning on the side of eating too much fats, especially in the forms of rich pastries and gravies.

Cracked wheat, germicilla, and especially oatmeal, are very nourishing, and can be prepared so as to be very palatable. Take pains to so prepare them, and accustom your children to use them regularly if you would have your family strong and healthy. Give them meat, varied with "fish, flesh, or fowl," once a day at least in winter, accompanied with vegetables in their season. With both meat and vegetables good cooking is a vital point. Do not overload your tables, and so tempt your family to overload their stomachs with a great variety of food at one meal; let there be variety at different meals and different days, but one kind of meat and two kinds of vegetables are enough for any dinner. Fresh fruits and simple puddings for desert instead of rich pastries, will make the after-dinner hour less stupid than it often is, and will tend to make dyspepsia less common. Fresh fruits are valuable, not so much for their nourishing properties, for these are not great, but because they assist in assimilating other food. They should be taken at meal-time and not haphazard at any hour of the day or night.

Highly-seasoned food should never be eaten, especially by children. We sometimes see a child follow his father's example in making his potato black with pepper, but seldom see such a child who does not have a "delicate stomach," because a diseased one, and a capricious appetite. Usually the fathers have their sense of taste deadened by tobacco, hence must use condiments to make any impression upon it. Their children follow their example, if, indeed, they do not inherit their vitiated taste, and thus the evil is perpetuated. The vitiated taste and disordered stomach give rise to unnat.

ural cravings and unreasonable antipathies; such children soon reject simple, nourishing food, and crave that which is unwholesome and stimulating. The drink crave often has its roots right here; you can not be too careful of the dietetics of your household, because of their relation to bodily, mental and spiritual health.

Shall children use tea and coffee? We believe nine-tenths of the thoughtful people will answer No, even though they believe in their use for adults. Disordered nerves, capricious appetites and irritable tempers are likely to result from their use. Milk and water are Nature's drinks, the drinks to make children strong.

We have said so much about healthy dress in former chapters that we need not dwell upon it here. But we must again emphasize the importance of loose clothing, supported entirely from the shoulders, to the health of girls. No girl can grow into symmetrical, healthy womanhood, fitted to perform well the duties it will bring her, who has not from childhood worn loose clothing, whose weight rested on her shoulders, not on her hips. This matter is of vital importance; do not neglect it at the peril of your daughter's health and happiness. Combination suits of underclothing, and waists to which all skirts are buttoned, fulfill the conditions of health and comfort. And as your girls grow older, do not discard the waist for the corset. The Bates waist supplies everything a corset ought to supply, without doing any of the bad things a corset is apt to do. And train your girls from their childhood to such a true sense of beauty that the wasp-like waist will seem to them not a thing of beauty, but a deformity, as it really is, and as it appears to the true artistic eye. Powers, the sculptor of the Greek slave, walking behind one of these fashion-deformed ladies exclaimed, "Where does she put her liver?" Such thoughts, not very complimentary or pleasant, you must admit, are aroused in

the minds of every true artist and every one who understands the wonderful mechanism of our bodies, by seeing the deformity caused by tight dresses. Educate your girl's eye and taste by familiarizing her with the woman's form in Greek sculpture, confessedly the highest type of beauty the world has ever produced. To do this a trip to Europe is not necessary; models and copies of the Venus de Medici and other famous statues are to be found everywhere. Show them to your daughter and direct her attention to the perfect proportions of the waist, and how its symmetry and beauty would be marred if made to conform to the fashion-plate model. Some girls will be influenced by considerations of this nature who would not be reached by reasons based on considerations of health.

Guard your daughters well in those critical years of their early teens. That you may do so intelligently and wisely we recommend every mother to procure Mrs. E. R. Shepherd's book "For Girls" and first study it for herself and then with her daughters. A little book which will do younger girls much good is Mrs. E. P. Miller's "A Mother's Advice."

Good teeth are essential to good health, for "without good teeth there can not be thorough mastication. Without thorough mastication there can not be thorough digestion. Without thorough digestion there can not be proper assimilation. Without proper assimilation there can not be nutrition. Without nutrition there can not be HEALTH." Good teeth must first be built up out of proper material, then kept in order by proper care. In speaking of healthy foods we have indicated the proper material for building the teeth. For further information on this topic, as well as upon everything relating to the care of the teeth, we refer you to the admirable little book, "Letters from a Mother to a Mother," by Mrs. J. R. Walker, of New Orleans. If, as is the case in that city, soft water is used for drinking, the

teeth will probably be soft from lack of lime. Correct this by taking lime water; a tablespoonful or two in a glass of milk or water does not affect the taste unpleasantly, and will benefit the teeth. Lime water is useful for so many things it is well to keep it in the house. You can prepare it just as well as a druggist, and much more cheaply; put a teacupful of clean, unslacked lime into a pitcher and pour two quarts of water over it, taking care that the lime does not fly into your eyes as you stir it. When clear, pour off this water which will contain impurities, and re-fill the pitcher; cover to keep out dust and insects; let it stand till perfectly clear, then pour off and bottle for use. The first water poured off is useful to cleanse sinks, drains and the like, and as a fertilizer for house plants.

KEEP THE TEETH CLEAN, and early train children to do this. For this purpose Dio Lewis says one tooth-pick is worth ten tooth-brushes. Remove all particles of food sticking between the teeth, after every meal, and rinse the mouth out thoroughly both then and before retiring, occasionally using lime water to complete the cleansing, especially if the food eaten was acid. Brush the teeth once a day with a soft brush. Train the child to sleep with closed lips both for the sake of his teeth and of his throat. If he can not breathe well with his mouth shut, the nasal passages need attention, as there is probably catarrhal trouble. Never eat or drink anything very hot or very cold; especially avoid quick transitions from hot to cold, as it cracks the enamel. Never bite thread or crack nuts with the teeth nor pick them with anything harder than a wooden tooth-pick.

Take your children to a dentist at least once a year, to have their teeth examined. If you have done your duty, he will find little or nothing to do, but it is safe to have the examination. Occasionally the teeth of little children need filling, and when this is the case it should be attended to at

once. Some parents think it not worth while to fill a first tooth, but this is a mistake. A first tooth, if decayed, will ache, and toothache is no easier for a little child to bear than for yourself. If you pull a tooth before its time, that is, before the second tooth is ready to take its place, the jaw will shrink, and the second set of teeth will be misshapen.

Thus far our health helps have purposely dealt almost entirely with preventive measures, for prevention *is* vastly better than cure. But accidents and sickness come to most families; we need to be prepared for them. The first, best preparation a mother should make is to cultivate self-possession, presence of mind. "Be very much afraid of danger when out of it;" says Mentor to Telemachus, "when you are in it, be fearless." This is a good motto for every mother.

The next step is having in the most accessible spot in the house, an emergency drawer, as suggested by a writer in "Babyhood," which magazine, by the way, should be taken by every baby's mother. In the drawer let there be always ready for use, court-plaster, adhesive-plaster, and sharp scissors to cut it, a bottle of arnica and one of Pond's extract of hamamelis, also one of ipecac syrup which your physician will teach you to prepare for croup, and one of sweet oil, vasaline or calenduline; rolled bandages of different widths, pieces of soft old linen or cotton, a sponge, strips of flannel for outward bandages over wet compresses, a pair of forceps, a ball of woollen yarn to tie up cut fingers, a pin-cushion with pins big and little and needles ready threaded, one with white silk for sewing up wounds, the other with white thread for sewing on bandages; some cotton-batting, a rubber hot-water bottle, a syringe and an alcohol lamp. To prepare the bandages, cut or tear old sheets into the widths of the various bandages you wish, ranging from an inch to four inches in width, each width to be rolled by itself, making it into a hard, smooth roll by rolling it upon the table with the right

hand while the left holds the strip in position. After using these prepared bandages you will never wish to return to hap-hazard rags for doing up cut fingers. Rolling the bandages furnishes employment for the children on rainy days.

For a simple cut, doing it up in its own blood is the best remedy. If there is dirt in the wound it must be washed out, otherwise it is better not to have water touch it. A slight cut will be held together by the bandage put on smoothly and tied with the woolen yarn; if the cut is deeper, draw the lips of the wound carefully together and hold in place by strips of adhesive plaster, then put on the bandage. Sometimes a stitch seems necessary. A steady hand and a little nerve will enable you to take it with the white silk threaded in the needle on your cushion; press a piece of cork against the flesh where the needle is to come out. If from the cut the blood is a bright red, and comes in spurts and jets, an artery is cut and the case is serious. Tie a handkerchief round the limb between the heart and the wound; put a stick through the handkerchief and twist it till the flow of blood is stopped. Send for the doctor, if you have one near, as soon as you see the spurting blood, but stop the bleeding also, or the child will bleed to death before the doctor comes. If you live at a distance from a physician you should learn to take up an artery. This is done by seizing its cut end, the one toward the heart first, with the forceps, drawing it out and having an assistant tie it up with white silk, just as you would tie the mouth of a bag. When this is done do up the wound with adhesive plaster and bandages.

Bruises and sprains are best treated with showerings of water, after which do them up in bandages wrung out of water slightly colored with arnica. In all these cases keep the bandages moist without undoing them. Sprains are often very troublesome. Absolute rest for the injured joint is a prime necessity. I have known people lamed for life by



attempting to walk on a sprained ankle before it had regained its strength.

A bone out of joint is not an uncommon accident, especially in case of the shoulder joint, where the socket is shallow. It should be replaced as soon as possible, a painful though not dangerous operation. Study the form of the corresponding joint so that you may know when you have it right; then by a careful, firm, steady pull draw the bone out till even with the edge of the socket, when the contraction of its ligatures will bring it into its place with a shock. Bathe the joint well with arnica or Pond's extract and do it up in a wet compress with the dry flannel over it, a precaution to be taken with all wet compresses.

A broken bone is not so serious an accident with a child as with his parents, for his bones knit readily; but it must be carefully set that the limb do not grow crooked. Broken limbs and dislocation of joints demand a surgeon's care, but if one can not be immediately obtained you need to know what to do. Handle the broken limb very carefully, lest the end of the bone puncture the muscles and skin, compounding the fracture. If it is a leg, lay the broken limb alongside the well one, and tie the two together till the surgeon comes. If it is an arm, bandage it from the shoulder. Broken ribs require a broad, firm bandage round the waist. I have known cases in the country in which broken ribs made good recovery with no other treatment than this; the bandages being kept moist with arnica and water.

For burns where the skin is not broken, I have found nothing better than common cooking soda, thickly put on dry, and the burn done up in cotton-batting; some treat a burn with flour instead of soda. If the skin is broken, dress it with cotton-batting saturated with sweet oil. A burn needs to be kept from the air, and these applications accomplish this, besides soothing the pain, which they do

sooner than any application of laudanum or other opiate.

For boils, Dr. Shipman of the Foundlings' Home, Chicago, uses a tomato cut in two, binding one-half on the boil and renewing frequently. If tomatoes are not to be had, treat the boil with bread and milk or slippery-elm poultice. The first necessity to a boil, sore, or wound, is to keep it moist; this allays inflammation and affords relief. It is cruel to allow bandages or poultices to become dry and stiff upon a sore of any kind.

For a felon, the quicker it is opened by the lancet the less danger of injury to the bone and pain to be suffered. A real felon commences to maturate at the bone; the matter must be liberated; if allowed to work its way to the surface, it sometimes brings fragments of the bone with it, or so diseases them they are discharged.

A whitlow, or "gathered finger," can usually be checked in the beginning by immersing the finger in weak lye in a cup on the stove, and holding it till the lye as nearly reaches the boiling point as you can bear it.

Where poison has been swallowed send instantly for a doctor; and while he is coming, lose no time in attempting to produce vomiting by tickling the throat with a feather and giving copious draughts of tepid water in which mustard is stirred. Meanwhile, think quickly what is the nature of the poison swallowed, and act accordingly. All animal poisons are acid and are neutralized by alkalies; when any acid poison has been taken give ammonia in water; we knew a case where a life was apparently saved by administering plaster picked out of the wall and pulverized, it being the only alkali at hand. If the poisoning is by laudanum, paregoric, or any other preparation of morphine, give a cup of the strongest coffee you can make, clear. Use every endeavor to keep the patient awake by walking him about, shaking him, pinching him, dashing cold water in his face alternately with

dashes of warm water ; do any and everything to fight off the fatal stupor. The antidote for morphine-poisoning is sulphate of zinc.

If the poison was arsenic, after producing vomiting by the mustard, give several spoonfuls of finely-powdered charcoal ; or, if that is not at hand, a large dose of olive oil. For corrosive sublimate, give at once the whites of several eggs, or if these are not at hand, stir wheat flour into sweet milk and give to drink of it freely ; sweet milk alone, drank freely, is good in many cases of poisoning, and injurious in none.

In cases of drowning, empty the water out of mouth and nostrils, and, if possible, restore circulation by rubbing, and respiration by artificial breathing. Lay the patient on his back, with head and shoulders slightly raised ; grasp both arms above the elbow, raise them gently and steadily upward till they meet above the head, then bring downward and press gently on sides. This should occupy two seconds, making fifteen times a minute. Continue this steady movement with the rubbing till signs of life appear, or you give up hope. If a galvanic battery can be procured it can be used to advantage in starting action at the nerve centers.

Fainting fits are due to lack of blood in the head, hence lay the patient down flat, or with the head slightly lower than the heart ; loosen the clothing at the throat and waist if it in any way impedes circulation, and dash cold water in her face. This, with plenty of fresh air, is usually all that is necessary.

A variety of ailments, arising from widely different causes, are known to mothers under the generic name of "fits ;" it is well to distinguish between them. Convulsions are always alarming, but not always dangerous. Some children have convulsions from indigestion and from worms, especially while teething. This tendency passes away with the second year of the child's life, and he may

grow up robust and strong. For convulsions, put the child as quickly as possible into a warm bath, temperature about ninety-eight degrees, blood heat; put a napkin wrung out of cold water on his head, and immerse the body up to the neck in the warm water; keep its temperature up by careful additions of hot water at the side of the tub. Let him remain ten or fifteen minutes, then take him out, wrap him in a warm blanket, and usually he is all right. Guard against recurrence of convulsions by exercising greater care over his diet.

If the convulsions are accompanied by frothing at the mouth and blood tinge, it is usually epilepsy, and there is little to be done but to keep the patient from hurting himself. The tongue is liable to be bitten; guard against this by putting a piece of cork or rubber or wood between the teeth. Epilepsy is seldom cured or outgrown.

If the person falling in a fit struggles, it is usually hysteria. This and the following cases are diseases of maturity rather than of children. If instead of struggles there is utter unconsciousness with a flushed face instead of the pallor of fainting, it is a graver matter; if there be paralysis and absence of motion, it is probably apoplexy. These are cases for instant medical aid, while a faint, or childish convulsions usually come within the power of the mother to handle, if only she have the necessary knowledge and self-possession. Remember, in every emergency it is better to act than to cry, no matter how great the strain on your sympathies.

Mothers should learn to distinguish symptoms as shown by the pulse, the tongue, the breath. A soft pulse, like a woolen string vibrating, is a safe pulse; if it is like the vibrations of a terse, thin wire, it indicates danger. A quick, bounding pulse indicates fever; a sluggish, yet full pulse, want of nervous energy; a slow pulse, when not constitutional, denotes debility; or, in children, it frequently indicates a tendency of blood to the head. In infancy and early

childhood the normal pulse beats from one hundred and twenty to one hundred times a minute; in healthy adults about seventy-five a minute, being a little quicker for women than for men; in old age it sinks to sixty or seventy. These figures are subject to considerable variation even among healthy people, hence we must take into consideration the person's constitutional pulse before judging of his condition by the number of pulse beats.

Respiration is closely connected with circulation; the manner of breathing gives indication of the character of disease. Short, hurried breathing indicates inflammation of the lungs; if the chest muscles alone come into play in breathing, it indicates trouble in the stomach and bowels. The tongue is another indicator; covered with a dirty white coating, it shows a disordered stomach; a thick, yellow coating indicates a disordered liver; a thick, white coating with the red papillæ appearing through, is a symptom of scarlet fever. Other symptoms of this dreaded disease are, great heat of the skin, sore throat, a bright scarlet rash, which usually presents no inequalities to sight or touch. Mothers are sometimes at a loss to distinguish between scarlet fever and measles; it is necessary to do so at the very start, as the treatment required in each differs from that needed for the other, measles needing to be kept warm and have warm drinks, while scarlet fever patients should be kept cool, and, like other fever patients, allowed to drink water freely. Both need plenty of pure, fresh air; in measles great care must be taken to have this air warm before it enters the room. Proper care and good nursing will usually bring measles out all right, but if through carelessness the patient takes cold, serious lung troubles follow. We have known many cases of consumption directly traceable to colds taken while having measles, especially if the patients were adults.

Usually scarlet fever is much more serious than measles;



when it makes its appearance a physician should be summoned at once, meanwhile excluding the other children from the sick room, for fear of contagion. Here are some of the symptoms by which you may decide whether the disease is scarlet fever or measles. Measles commence like a cold with catarrhal symptoms, watery discharges from the nose and eyes, sneezing, and a dry, hard cough, symptoms usually easily distinguished from those before mentioned as indicating scarlet fever. The rash is different, being rough to the touch, in measles; physicians' test to decide between the two is to draw the back of the nail over the rash; if it be scarlet fever, this leaves a distinct white streak, which lasts two or three minutes; if it is measles, the streak is not uniform, and lasts but a few seconds.

They catalogue three forms of scarlet fever, varying from the simple form, which is seldom serious if properly cared for, to the malignant, which is generally fatal. We shall not describe these various forms and their treatment, as any case of scarlet fever is a case for a physician. We speak of it here only to emphasize the necessity of thorough ventilation, isolation from the family, guarding against infection, and great care when the patient is recovering against taking cold. Even simple cases which presented no dangerous symptoms during their continuance, have resulted fatally or in loss of sight or hearing from cold taken by exposure after the child was supposed to be well. Keep him in the house and watch him carefully for a month, even if he seems as well as ever before that time expires. Nor can you guard too carefully against contagion by isolation and disinfection. One of the most distressing cases of scarlet fever we have ever known resulted from playing with a doll that four months before had been the solace of a little girl during her convalescence from scarlet fever.

Croup is a terror to many households; anything which



tends to prevent or relieve it is a blessing. Dr. Felix Oswald thinks that two potent causes of croup are over-feeding, especially with fatty foods, and impure air. These are not the only causes, but deserve mention because, by many, they are not recognized as causes of this fell disease. Parents often confine their croupy children to close, hot rooms from which all fresh air is excluded for fear of their taking cold, or cover their heads and faces at night, thus necessitating the breathing over and over again of impure air, thinking thus to guard their darlings against the croup, when the fact is, they are supplying the very conditions to bring on an attack. If you have a croupy child be careful of his diet, giving him oatmeal and other strengthening foods rather than those which produce fat; give him more, rather than less, fresh air than the other children, taking care that he is well protected, especially his feet, against dampness; guard, also, against sudden changes of temperature, such as would result from running out of a hot room into a cold one, or out-of-doors without extra wraps. See to it that, well wrapped up, he spend some part of every sunshiny day in the sunshine, if it be no more than a ten minutes' run on the veranda, and that he sleep in a well-ventilated room at night, and you will greatly decrease his chances of having croup.

Still the attack may come, and you need to be prepared for it, for croup demands prompt attention. Symptoms of its approach are, hot skin, a little dry cough, which the mother soon learns to distinguish from any other, and hoarseness—almost a sure sign of croup in a baby, as it does not cry hoarsely from any common cold. At once apply cloths wrung out of hot water to the throat—you can heat water enough for this over your bedroom lamp or gas-jet, if the attack comes on, as it usually does, in the night, when the kitchen fire is out. Remember, always, to cover the wet bandage with a dry one and renew often, having the fresh one

all ready to put on as soon as you take the other off. Give the child a teaspoonful of the syrup of ipecac from your emergency drawer; meanwhile have the kitchen fire built and water heated for a warm bath, which should be given before the fire in a warm room, remembering always to wet the head in cold water and keep a cold napkin on it, while the body is immersed in the hot water. Give the ipecac at intervals of ten minutes till vomiting relieves the child of the phlegm which is choking him. Drinking tepid water at short intervals will produce the necessary vomiting, but it is often more difficult to make the child drink this than to take the syrup of ipecac.

Just here allow a few words concerning the use of water as a remedial agent. No other agent is so easily attainable and of such general application as water. Mothers should learn how to apply it, for there is a right and a wrong way of using it, but the principles governing its use are simple and easily learned. We have already referred to some cautions concerning its use, which we recapitulate: First, before going into any kind of a bath wet the head with cold water; if it be a warm bath, keep a napkin wrung out of cold water on the head to prevent a rush of blood there. Second, cover every wet compress with a dry one, and when the wet cloth is changed have the fresh one all ready to clap on instantly. In placing a wet compress on the chest to remain all night, a capital remedy for cold on the lungs, be sure that the cloth wet is no thicker than will dry during the night, and this without producing any chill. If this caution is neglected harm may result from the wet compress. Used judiciously, there are few cases of illness in which water may not prove a valuable remedial agent. We have spoken of its use in croup; we give these additional suggestions from an experienced physician:

“A towel folded several times, dipped in hot water and quickly wrung out and applied over the seat of the pain in

toothache or neuralgia, will generally afford prompt relief. This treatment in colic works like magic. I have seen cases that have resisted other treatment for hours yield to this in ten minutes. There is nothing that will so promptly cut short congestion of the lungs, sore throat, or rheumatism, as hot water when applied promptly and thoroughly.

“Pieces of cotton-batting dipped in hot water, and kept applied to old sores or new, cuts, bruises, or sprains, is the treatment now generally adopted in hospitals. I have seen a sprained ankle cured in an hour by showering it with hot water, poured from a height of three feet.

“Tepid water acts promptly as an emetic ; and hot water taken freely half an hour before bedtime is the best cathartic in cases of constipation, while it has a most soothing effect on the stomach and bowels. This treatment continued for a few months, with proper attention to the diet, will cure any curable case of dyspepsia. “Headache almost always yields to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and the back of the neck.”

Diarrhœa and dysentery are the scourges of summer ; heat and sudden change of temperature, even more than improper food, being their predisposing causes. A rise in the thermometer in summer is usually followed by a rise in the death rate among children, especially in great cities, where pure, fresh air is unattainable by so many. Hence, keep your little ones as cool as possible, while guarding against sudden change of temperature, by fine flannel next to their little bodies. Be careful what your child eats till passed his second summer. Milk is the safest diet ; if there are symptoms of diarrhœa boil the milk. A teaspoonful of raw flour, worked smoothly into a tablespoonful of milk and then stirred into half a teacupful of milk or water, and drank, is a good corrective. We have known obstinate cases of diarrhœa cured by the following simple remedy : Tie a teacupful of dry flour in a

bag and boil it two hours. When cold it forms a hard ball ; grate this and of it make milk porridge, which give the child in place of regular meals. A quarter of this ball will usually be sufficient for a child under ten years old ; if it is not, more can be given at the next meal. Care should be taken not to check diarrhœa too suddenly, especially when children are teething, as a slight looseness of the bowels is sometimes a relief instead of a danger.

Dysentery is always serious. It is distinguished from diarrhœa by great thirst and other signs of inward fever ; the evacuations are not so full but are more frequent, and accompanied with much straining ; they are more or less bloody, with mucus and sometimes shreds of fibrin, which seem like the lining membrane of the intestines. When these symptoms occur, send at once for a physician, as the case demands his skillful care. In dysentery keep the patient as quiet as possible, lying down in bed, as standing on his feet or making any exertion increases the danger. Keep him covered so as to be warm, for while there is great inward fever the skin is often cold. Allay his thirst by putting pieces of ice in his mouth. Drinking water, or indeed any liquid, intensifies bowel difficulties. Apply flannel cloths wrung out of hot water to the bowels, changing frequently. By the time you have followed these directions your physician has arrived, and we turn the case over to him.

With babies in whooping-cough the great danger is from starvation and strangling ; indeed, the strangling is the result of starvation, for the child's strength is so reduced through lack of nourishment that he has not strength to throw off the phlegm that is choking him. He takes food enough, but the coughing fit follows and the food is thrown up. Guard against this by nursing him immediately after a coughing fit, that the milk may be digested before the next fit comes on. We have experienced the greatest relief in whooping-cough

from the use of chestnut leaves, giving the little ones tea made out of them, and having the older children eat the leaves freely.

Most diseases of childhood are those connected with growth, which entails great strains upon the system for building material; hence we need to guard against debility by keeping up nutrition. Nature usually provides for this by giving the child a good appetite. If he has been accustomed to eat the right kind of food you can trust largely to his appetite. There are cases, however, in which you must aid Nature. We saw this in regard to whooping-cough. It is much more noticeably the case where poison has been swallowed. Nature calls up all her forces to fight the intruder, and the conflict is exhausting. Supply the waste by milk, broth, or beef-tea. This can be prepared very quickly by broiling a piece of juicy steak, cutting it into half-inch bits, pouring on sufficient boiling water to cover it well, and letting it steep six or eight minutes. This is very nourishing and more palatable than beef-tea made in a bottle, besides being much more quickly made.

Never resort to alcoholics "to keep up the strength," or for any other purpose. Science has fully demonstrated that alcohol is a poison, a paralyzer of force, not a true stimulant. Dr. Nathan S. Davis, late President of the American Medical Association, and one of the highest medical authorities on the continent, says: "For more than thirty years past I have faithfully tested the matter by an ample clinical experience both in hospital and private practice, and I have found no case of disease, and no emergency arising from accident, that I could not treat more successfully without any form of fermented or distilled liquor than with." We commend to your thoughtful attention, especially if you have any doubts concerning the uselessness of alcoholics as medicine, Dr. Davis' lecture on "Alcoholic Liquids as Therapeutic Agents."



Here are some other testimonies on this point from leading physicians in England and America :

Dr. Andrew Clark, physician to Queen Victoria says : "Alcohol is not only not a helper of work, but a certain hinderer."

Dr. James Edmunds states that in the London Temperance Hospital the mortality is four and a half per cent. less than in any other hospital taking the same run of cases. Alcohol has been used in this hospital only twice in twelve years ; it is not used in making tinctures, a solution of one part glycerine to two of water being substituted.

Dr. James R. Nichols, editor of the Boston Journal of Chemistry, says emphatically that the banishment of alcohol would not deprive us of a single one of the indispensable agents which modern civilization demands. "In no instance of disease in any form is it a medicine which might not be dispensed with and other agents substituted."

At a late meeting of the British Medical Temperance Association, Dr. Ridge cited a case in which a very severe surgical operation was successfully performed without alcoholics. The great danger in such cases is from collapse, and alcoholics have been considered the only specific against it. In this case the collapse was extreme, the temperature falling two degrees. The patient rallied *without* alcoholics, "Therefore," says Dr. Ridge, "one must feel skeptical whether in cases of similar recovery *with* alcohol, the result is due to the use of it." He thinks reactionary fever is higher when alcohol has been administered during the collapse.

"What shall we use instead of alcoholics?" you ask.

Florence Nightingale in her "Notes on Nursing," strongly recommends tea to prevent "sinking." In the Crimean hospitals she ordered tea given to the patients about three or four o'clock in the morning, the time when vital forces are weakest, and deaths from exhaustion most liable to occur. She



also recommends coffee, hot milk and beef-tea, but places tea first. She adds: "A little tea or coffee restores quite as much as a great deal, and a great deal of tea, and especially of coffee, impairs the little power of digestion they have." I have personally tested the efficacy of a few swallows of tea to start the heart's action in the last stages of heart disease, when it had been supposed that nothing but brandy or whisky would accomplish it.

Miss Willard relates an incident coming under her own observation. A young girl having heart disease was subject to spasms of intense pain which it was thought nothing but brandy could relieve. At one time the attack came on when it was impossible to procure brandy. Hot water was administered in frequent doses, and brought relief more quickly than the brandy was accustomed to do, and was followed by much better effects.

I knew a very severe case of typhoid pneumonia in which the patient, himself a fine physician, refused to take the whisky prescribed. His physicians declared that he would die if he did not take it; he did not take it and he recovered, and believes firmly that he should have died if he had taken it.

Typhoid fever is thought by many impossible to treat successfully without alcoholics to tide over the sudden failure of vital energies which accompanies it. But observe that the liquor is given with milk, or alternating with it, or beef-tea. Wise physicians, as they studied the effects of alcoholics, some time ago began to doubt whether it was as effective in this direction as they had supposed. Investigation showed that alcohol had no food value, and food was what the exhausted nerve and other cells needed, food in such form as they, in their weakened condition, could assimilate. Milk and beef-tea furnish this food; alcohol does not. This explains the fact stated in the text, that in such cases if the milk or beef-tea which had been given in connection with the wine or

brandy was withdrawn, the patient sunk, but if the alcoholics were withdrawn and the milk or beef-tea continued, he gained.

Collapse, the sudden failing of the vital powers after a surgical operation, in typhoid fever or in cholera, consumption and heart disease, are the cases in which many temperate people believe that nothing can supply the place of alcoholics. The facts here cited and scores of others which might be given, prove this idea to be a mistake. Temperance hospitals where all sorts of diseases are treated and all sorts of surgical operations are performed without alcohol, and with a larger per cent. of recoveries than where it is used, are educating people up to a belief in the successful treatment of disease without alcohol. In syncope, nervous prostration and sinking, cases in which alcoholics are often used, Dr. Davis thinks ninety-nine out of a hundred need only a restful position in the fresh air, with dashes of cold water upon the face and chest. If the case is too severe to yield to this treatment, carbonate and aromatic spirits of ammonia and preparations of camphor are more speedy and efficient remedies than alcoholics.

Instead of alcoholic tinctures the saccharated extracts are now largely used, and besides being free from alcohol have the advantage of more uniform strength than is possible with alcoholic tinctures.

Some children are greatly addicted to nose-bleeding. An occasional slight flow of blood from the nose often seems a relief; but if it continues till the patient is weakened, it must be stopped. Applying ice or cold metal to the wrist, or to the back of the neck will usually check the flow. A still simpler remedy that I have often found successful with school children, is to roll a bit of white paper to the size of the child's finger and insert it under his upper lip. If the bleeding is persistent, plug the nostrils with common salt, or

with cotton-batting moistened with hamamelis, Pond's extract. Frequent and prolonged nose-bleed shows a degenerate condition of the blood-vessels and a low tone of the whole system. This may result from too little sleep, too much violent exercise, or too little of the right kind; breathing impure air, taking stimulating food and drink instead of that which makes good blood, and thus nourishes the body.

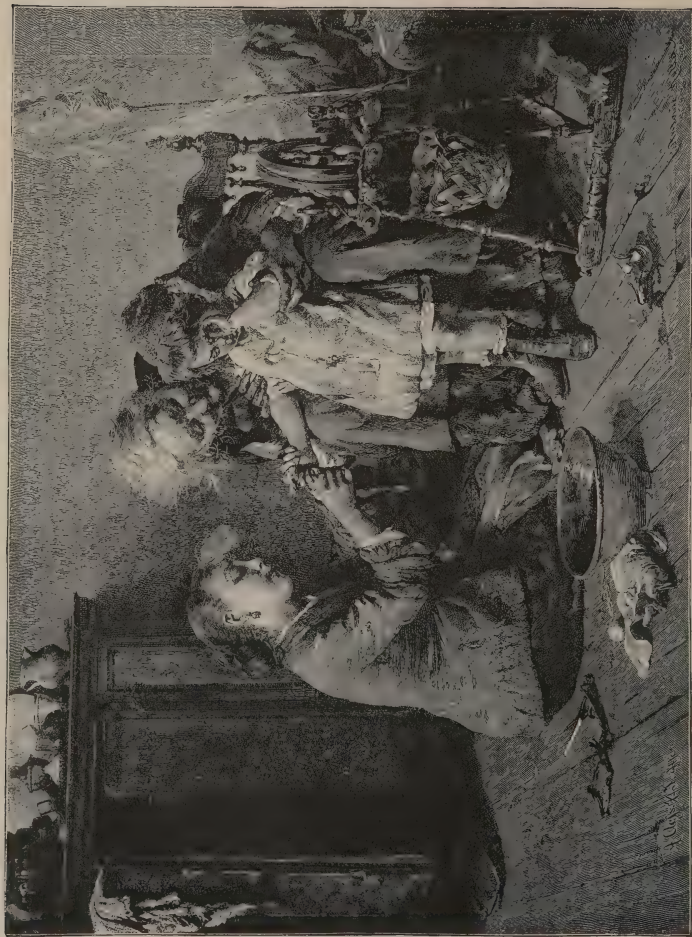
Or the blood may have become impoverished through practices of which you think it such a shame to speak that multitudes of children are going down to death for lack of warning and instruction their parents ought to have given them, but did not. Oh! it is pitiful the number of children who are destroyed and destroying themselves; literally "perishing for lack of knowledge." Look well to this matter in your own household. If you have neglected your duty, repent of it before God and bring forth works meet for repentance by redoubling your diligence. If you do not know how to commence the work, send to the Sanitary Publication Company, Chicago, and procure the little books, "A Father's Advice to His Son," and "A Mother's Advice to Her Daughter;" read them yourself and then give them to your children. "There is a healthy knowledge, and there is an unhealthy, unclean ignorance." It is every parent's duty to impart the first, and thus guard against the second. "Mental purity must give a helping hand to self-restraint," without which there is no sound health for body or soul. We may use the body for promoting the higher moral ends of life, or as a mere machine for the manufacture of pleasurable sensations. If we put it to the latter use it will, like all mere machines, soon wear out and cease to give even the pleasure for which we have sacrificed its higher uses. But if it be well strung by temperance in all things, and have general vigor and perfection of senses, it will give pleasure as well as subserve higher ends. Such a body is like an *Æolian harp*. If it be well strung it matters

little which way the wind blows, it yields sweet music. Nature is man's counterpart; our senses are made to respond to the whole of it, and so give pleasure. As Mark Hopkins says: "When God would secure to man the highest, best balanced, most long-continued action of mental and moral power, He does it by giving him a sound physique," and, "Whosoever can so control the body as to produce all desired movements in the easiest and most graceful way, and so as to think by it with all possible power and facility, has attained perfection in the control of the body. He will only need the choice of right ends to the attainment of which his thoughts and movements shall be directed."

In a body thus tempered and trained it is a much easier thing for the soul to attain to the beauty of holiness than in one distorted or diseased. We are commanded to be "strong in the Lord," and we can not believe that the body is exempt from this command. "May the beauty of the Lord be upon you," is no idle form of benediction. We believe that our Father intended His children to have the strength of faith, the beauty of holiness within, and that these shining through should make the body beautiful, "fair as the moon, clear as the sun," and in strength like "an army with banners."







*Babies' Troubles.*



## CHAPTER XXII.

### Child Life in Many Lands.



AMERICAN homes are the outgrowth of many homes in many lands. All climes send emigrants to our shores ; stretching back across the broad Atlantic are memory's tender cords, binding the homes in this New World to those in the Fatherland. The blue Pacific is spanned with many threads uniting us with the Orient. Some of these homes are very bright with Christ love and family love ; others sit in darkness because the Sun of Righteousness has never arisen on them. We naturally expect to find the darkest homes among the most degraded nations, but this is not always the case. Earth scarcely holds more unhomelike homes than those of India, amid a race akin to our own, and where much culture and refinement exist. But this is all for the men ; the women suffer a degradation unknown among the most savage tribes of Africa, and the position of women everywhere fixes the status of the home. Child-marriages make happy childhood impossible. In India everywhere, except where the Gospel has entered with its light, girls are married when from two to ten years of age. The little bride, or *bo*, as she is called, is usually taken from the home of her mother to that of her husband, and made absolutely subject to his mother. The reign of the mother-in-law is too often an intensified cruelty.

The poor little bo must never speak until this august functionary gives permission, and sometimes this permission is willfully withheld for months, and even years. Think of your own little daughter as full of chatter and laughter and fun as a bird is full of music, subjected to such repression! Then, if she be of high caste, she can never go out upon the street, or play and run with other children; in the woman's apartment she has her playthings, dolls—but often they are hideous in form and feature, copies of some of their gods—and other things which seem to us as little suited to bright, pure, happy childhood. Her brother is somewhat better off, but to neither boys nor girls in India is childhood a very happy season.

If it be true, as Ruskin says, that “the wickedness of a nation may be briefly measured by observing how far it has made its girls miserable,” India certainly ranks very low in goodness, for the sun scarcely shines on a land where girls are made so miserable. The world presents no greater contrast than is shown in the treatment of girls from the moment of their birth, in India and in America. In India a baby is born; as soon as the fact becomes known that it is a girl, every species of reproach and indignity is heaped upon the poor mother. She is kept in a damp, cold cell, with nothing but a mat between her and the floor; a grated door shuts her in, through which a scant dole of food is thrust each day; her husband visits her only to jeer at her through the bars, and reproach her for disgracing him by bearing only a girl. This sad beginning is a type of what life is to bring her. Contrast this picture with that of our noblest poet, surrounded by his three little daughters, or folding them in his arms as he sings,

“I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you down in the dungeon,

In the round tower of my heart.  
And there will I keep you forever;  
Yes, forever and a day,  
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin  
And moulder to dust away."

Or we see him in later years with his daughter's baby in his arms. One who thus saw him paints the picture: "It was a beautiful sight to see the old poet cradling his grandchild in his arms, the tender flesh of the babe contrasting its softness with the mature coloring of the elder, the diminutive fingers tearing in and out of the sire's snowy beard, and the curling dark locks, finer than gossamer, mingling their dainty treasure with the bard's silver hair. Every moment the baby would discover some new wonder in grandpa's face, and with persistent cooing the little hands would travel up and down the poet's features, as only such mites of hands could travel, with infancy's royal prerogative of license and right of way, his face lit up with a beautiful smile while the dainty creature caressed him." Ah! how much a baby can say without speaking—and Longfellow understood its speech in the finest sense of the word.

"O child! O new-born denizen  
Of life's great city, on thy head  
The glory of the morn is shed  
Like a celestial benison!"

No such benison rests on the head of any little baby in India. If it be a boy, it is welcomed with pomp and show, but little of the tenderness which filled Longfellow's great heart. If a girl, we have seen what sad welcome awaits her.

But even from childhood in this dark land we can learn a lesson in training to early piety. When the food is portioned out, before eating, a tray is passed around, upon which each one places a portion of his food as an offering to the gods; before baby is old enough to do it alone, the mother clasps its

tiny hand, in which she has placed a few grains of rice, guides it to the tray, and opening it, teaches baby's first lesson in giving to the gods. As soon as the little one can walk it is taken to the family shrine and taught to lay its offering of flowers thereon and bow in adoration.

From China we can learn a lesson in filial obedience and reverence greatly needed in young America. Devotion to parents is a part of their religion, and so ingrained is it through centuries of faithful observance, that it has become a part of their being. Disrespectful language to parents is never heard, and to desert one's parents, or fail to tenderly care for them in their old age, would be considered an atrocious crime, not to be forgiven by men or gods.

Chinese customs present many curious features, and nowhere do these seem more curious than in childhood. When baby boy is three days old he is washed for the first time. This is a religious ceremony accompanied with much pomp. Friends are invited as with us at a christening. A table is spread with five or eight kinds of meat, according to the wealth of the family, and with cakes, fruit-preserves, stewed birds' nests, grub-worm soup and other Chinese delicacies. This feast is not primarily for the friends, but for the spirits of the dead relatives, especially as a thank offering to "Mother" goddess, who watches over children till they are sixteen years old. This food remains on the table untouched until the goddess and the spirits are supposed to have satisfied their ghostly appetites; then all the company kneel down around the table and pray, after which they eat the food. The child is then solemnly washed before the tablet of his ancestors, and dressed in gaudy finery, the friends standing by and praying devoutly to the Mother goddess for her blessing on him. Then follows the ceremony of binding his wrists with a red cord about two feet long, the ends being tied loosely around either wrist, and cash—Chinese coin of the

value of our mill—with little silver toys, attached to the cord. The cash are charms to keep away evil spirits, the silver toys are omens of good, to make the little fellow grow up rich, wise and honorable. The wrists are kept bound from a month to a year, that the little hands may never grow to strike or do other bad things.

Next comes sending bad spirits and evil influences into his father's pantaloons. Talismanic words are written on a piece of red paper, and this is wrapped around a package containing two pieces of coal, two onions, the pith of a kind of reed, two chopsticks, two of a certain kind of fruit, and some cat's and dog's hair. The hair is to keep cats and dogs from frightening or worrying the child; the coal to make him hardy and vigorous; the onions to make him quick-witted; the pith brings him good fortune, and the fruits render him cleanly in his habits; the chopsticks insure him a good appetite and plenty to satisfy it; the whole forms a most powerful charm to ward off evil and insure good. On an auspicious night this parcel is hung over the door of the bedroom, and at the foot of the little boy's bed his father's trousers are hung, bottom upwards, with this label written on red paper, pinned to them: "Let all bad spirits and unlucky influences go into the pantaloons." This charm is left to work eleven days, by which time it is presumed that all unlucky influences are safely caged in the pantaloons. During these days only the most intimate and trusted friends are allowed to come near the child.

When the baby is four months old the grandfather kneels down before the household goddess and makes this prayer: "May the child be good-natured and easy to take care of; may he grow fast, sleep well at night, and be wide-awake in the day-time; may he not be given to crying, and be kept in good health." From this prayer we see that the Chinese know quite as well as we do how a good baby should behave. They

now put him into a chair. Before he is seated, the grandmother makes the seat of the chair sticky with a sort of molasses candy, so that he will learn to sit steadily in it, and not want to be carried about in his mother's arms. The chair is prettily painted and gilded. Toys are placed within his reach.

When the little fellow is a year old, or commences to walk, comes the ceremony of cutting the cords of his feet, performed by the mother. She takes a large knife, and, passing it, edge downward, between his legs as he totters about the room, brings it down to the floor with a sharp stroke, as though she were cutting something. This she does many times, telling us, when asked why, "Bad spirit, he bind string on foot; make fall; make no good walkee; me cuttee; boy walkee velly good."

At every birthday till he is sixteen comes the ceremony of "passing through the door," which is so elaborate it occupies the whole day. Three priests officiate, and all the family join in the ceremonies, which culminate at evening by passing in solemn procession, headed by a priest in gorgeous raiment, through a bamboo door erected in the middle of the room for the purpose. The priest carries a flaming sword, all the rest carry burning joss sticks, while a hideous din of bells ringing, horns blowing, and cymbals clashing, is supposed to complete the work of frightening away evil spirits, begun by the priest's sword.

The boy enters school with imposing ceremonies of worshiping the spirit of Confucius. While there he studies most industriously at the top of his voice. Should you hear him you would think he was continually singing ding, dang, dong; ching, chang, chong. Instead of the twenty-six letters of our alphabet, he has to commit to memory forty thousand words; he reads backwards instead of forwards, up and down the page instead of across it; is sober, good-natured and kind; seldom, if ever, impolite to his playmates, a little gentle-



man from the moment he begins to walk. At home he is very obedient to his parents, never questioning their authority, and seldom disobeying them. He never outgrows obedience to them as long as they live, though he may be a grown man, with children of his own. When they die he writes their names on tablets which he sets up in his house, and every day he lives he prays to them and offers them food.

His sister does not have so good a time in life as he has. Nobody is glad when she is born; indeed, her parents are often so sorry they kill her at once. If she is allowed to live, there is no such fuss made over her as over her brother; no one takes much pains to ward evil influences off her; she is not considered worthy to worship before the ancestral tablets, but must have her head shaved before an inferior shrine; she must not be sent to school, for it would disgrace the family to have in it a girl who could read; and her feet must be bound till she is crippled for life, because her parents think that feet three inches long are as beautiful as some American mothers think spindling waists are. Taken all in all, her life is such an unhappy one we do not care to picture it. The only bit of brightness is found in the thought that, through the work of missionaries, light has come to many poor, darkened Chinese girl natures.

Japan, the flowery kingdom, really a flowery kingdom, for nowhere else do flowers grow so luxuriantly—is a very paradise of childhood, so far as any country can be that does not know the children's Best Friend. Here children are more tenderly cared for than in any other country outside Christendom. In some things we might well learn of the Japanese. They are very courteous, and this courtesy pervades all family relations. Parents are as much respected as they are in China, and seem to be more beloved, while children are more tenderly treated. No Japanese child, at least among the better classes, is ever *scolded*; they leave Christian chil-

dren to suffer this indignity. They are courteously addressed by their parents, to whom they seem to render prompt and willing obedience. Missionary teachers find Japanese schools very easy to govern; impertinence and willful disobedience are almost unknown.

No other people make so many playthings for their children. Says one who resided there many years, "Where an American child has one plaything a Japanese child has an hundred." Wonderful are the ingenious contrivances devised for the amusement of children there. We do not wonder that grown-up people often amuse themselves with them. Japanese children, like those in Western lands, delight in mimicking in their play the work of grown-up people, and Japanese parents encourage this by the playthings they provide for them, believing that this mimic play is a good preparation for work. Children's plays have a recognized place in family and social life; the feast of dolls, which would delight the heart of any American little girl, as it does that of their sisters in Japan, is an established festival.

Here is a description of it, written by Hara, a Japanese pupil in the Yokohama Mission School of the Woman's Union Missionary Society: "In the spring, in Japan, we have an amusing custom that is called the feast of dolls. The third of March is considered one of the greatest days in the year for girls. On that day we make something like steps, and over them we spread beautiful cloth, and place dolls in order. On the top step we place Mikado and his wife; next, the ladies and gentlemen of the court, and boy-babies and girl-babies, and so on until we fill up all the steps. Beside the dolls we have a table, and there we put all kinds of playthings, such as checkers, proverb-cards, etc. As for the dishes, cups, bottles, and things to eat with, they are too many to be counted. All these things are exactly like what we use, only much smaller. Each table is about four inches square, and we fill

them with rice, fish, tea, etc. The feast of dolls lasts only one day, but the display of toys is kept up several days.

"This feast is only for girls. The boys have their feast in May, called the feast of flags. Every family in which there are boys, plants a tall bamboo pole in the ground. On the top of the pole they hang a large paper representation of a carp. The fish is held to the pole by a piece of string fastened through its gills. It is made hollow so that the breeze will fill it out full like a real carp. It swims in the air from morning till night for about a week. The reason why we have it is in honor of the boys, for if a boy has been born in a house during the year the *nobari*, or flag, is sure to be hoisted. The carp, or *koi*, is a strong fish that lives in the river, and it can swim against a strong current and overcomes most of the difficulties. Now, the Japanese think this is what a boy ought to do. If you look in the streets of Yokohama during the first week in May, you will see this all over the city. Some of them are twenty feet long."

Curious as are these Oriental homes, they do not have for us the deep personal interest we feel in those across the Atlantic. From some European home our fathers, or their father's fathers in some generation, near or remote, came. We love to know how these great-great-grandparents of ours lived in the lands beyond the sea; happily for us, in these countries have lived child lovers whose hearts never grew old, even when their genius had commanded the ear of the world. Hans Christian Andersen, the poet story-teller of Denmark, has opened for us the door of his own childhood's home, and thus taken us into pleasant home life in Denmark in the early part of this century. He says: "During the first day of my existence my father is said to have sat by the bed and read aloud in Holberg, but I cried all the time. 'Wilt thou go to sleep or listen quietly?' it is reported that my father asked in joke; but I still cried on; and even in the

church, when I was taken to be baptized, I cried so loudly that the preacher who was a passionate man, said, 'The young one screams like a cat!' which words my mother never forgot. A poor emigrant, Gomar, who stood as godfather, consoled her in the meantime by saying that, the louder I cried as a child, all the more beautifully should I sing as I grew older.

"Our little room, which was almost filled with the shoemaker's bench, the bed and my crib, was the abode of my childhood; the walls, however, were covered with pictures, and over the work-bench was a cupboard containing books and songs; the little kitchen was full of shining plates and metal pans, and by means of a ladder it was possible to go out on the roof where, in the gutters between it and the neighbor's house, there stood a great chest filled with soil, my mother's sole garden, and where she grew her vegetables. In my story of the 'Snow Queen' that garden still blooms.

"I was the only child, and was extremely spoiled; but I continually heard from my mother how very much happier I was than she had been, and that I was brought up like a nobleman's child. She, as a child, had been driven out by her parents to beg; and once when she was not able to do it, she had sat for a whole day under a bridge and wept.

"My father gratified me in all my wishes. I possessed his whole heart; he lived but for me. On Sundays he made me perspective glasses, theatres, and pictures which could be changed; he read to me from Holberg's plays and the 'Arabian Tales;' it was only in such moments as these that I can remember to have seen him really cheerful, for he never felt himself happy in his life and in his handicraft. His parents had been country people in good circumstances, but upon whom many misfortunes had fallen: the cattle had died; the farm-house had been burned down; and lastly, the husband had lost his reason. On this the wife had re-

moved with him to Odense, and there put her son whose mind was full of intelligence, apprentice to a shoemaker; it could not be otherwise, although it was his ardent wish to attend the grammar school, where he might learn Latin. A few well-to-do citizens had spoken of clubbing together to raise a sufficient sum to pay for his board and education, and thus giving him a start in life; but it never went beyond words. My poor father saw his dearest wish unfulfilled; and he never lost the remembrance of it. I recollect that once, as a child, I saw tears in his eyes, and it was when a youth from the grammar school came to our house to be measured for a new pair of boots, and showed us his books and told us what he learned. 'That was the path upon which I ought to have gone!' said my father. He kissed me passionately, and was silent the whole evening.

"He very seldom associated with his equals. He went out into the woods on Sundays, when he took me with him. He did not talk much when out, but would sit silently, sunk in deep thought, whilst I ran about and strung strawberries on a bent, or bound garlands. Only once in the year, and that in the month of May, when the woods were arrayed in their earliest green, did my mother go with us; and then she wore a cotton gown which she put on only upon these occasions and when she partook of the Lord's Supper, and which, as long as I can remember, was her holiday gown. She always took home with her from the wood fresh beech boughs, which were then planted behind the polished stone. Later in the year, sprigs of St. John's wort were stuck into the beams, and we considered their growth as omens whether our lives would be long or short. Green branches and pictures ornamented our little room which my mother always kept neat and clean; she took great pride in always having the bed-linen and the curtains very white.

"In my sixth year came the great comet of 1811, and my



mother told me that it would destroy the earth, or that other horrible things threatened us. I listened to all these stories and fully believed them. With my mother and some of the neighboring women I stood in St. Canut's churchyard and looked at the frightful and mighty fire ball, with its large, shining tail. All talked about the signs of evil and the day of doom. My father joined us, but he was not of the others' opinion at all, and gave them a correct and sound explanation; then my mother sighed, the women shook their heads, my father laughed and went away. I caught the idea that father was not of our faith, and that threw me into a great fright. In the evening my mother and my old grandmother talked together, and I do not know how she explained it; but I sat in her lap, looked into her mild blue eyes, and expected every moment that the comet would rush down and the day of judgment come.

"The mother of my father came daily to our house, were it only for a moment, in order to see her little grandson. I was her joy and her delight. She was a quiet and most amiable old woman, with mild blue eyes and a fine figure, which life had severely tried. From having been the wife of a countryman in easy circumstances she had now fallen into great poverty, and dwelt with her feeble-minded husband in a little house which was the last poor remains of their property. I never saw her shed a tear, but it made all the deeper impression upon me when she quietly sighed, and told me about her own mother's mother, how she had been a rich, noble lady in the city of Cassel, and that she had married a 'comedy player'—that was as she expressed it—and run away from parents and home, for all of which her posterity had now to do penance. I never can recollect that I heard her mention the family name of her grandmother, but her own maiden name was Nommesen.

"She was employed to take care of the garden belonging



to a lunatic asylum, and every Sunday morning she brought us some flowers which she was permitted to take home with her. These flowers adorned my mother's cupboard, but still they were mine, and I was permitted to put them in the glass of water. How great was this pleasure! She brought them all to me; she loved me with her whole soul. I knew it, and I understood it. She burned twice in the year the green rubbish of the garden; on such occasions she took me with her to the asylum, and I lay upon the great heaps of green leaves and pea straw; I had many flowers to play with, and—which was a circumstance upon which I set great importance—I had here better food to eat than I could expect at home.

“I was very much afraid of my weak-minded grandfather. Only once had he ever spoken to me, and then he had made use of the formal pronoun ‘you.’ He employed himself in cutting out of wood strange figures—men with beasts' heads, and beasts with wings; these he packed in a basket and carried out in the country, where he was everywhere well received by the peasant women, because he gave to them and their children these strange toys. One day when he was returning to Odense I heard the boys in the street shouting after him; I hid myself behind a flight of steps in terror, for I knew that I was of his flesh and blood.

“I very seldom played with other boys; even at school I took little interest in their games, but remained sitting within doors. At home I had playthings enough which my father made for me. My greatest delight was in making clothes for dolls, or in stretching out one of my mother's aprons between the wall and two sticks before a current bush which I had planted in the yard, and thus to gaze in between the sun-illuminated leaves. I was a singularly dreamy child, and so constantly went about with my eyes shut, as at last to give the impression of having weak sight, al-

though the sense of sight was especially cultivated by me.

"An old woman teacher who had an A, B, C school, taught me the letters, to spell, and 'to read right,' as it is called. She used to have her seat in a high-backed arm-chair near the clock, from which at every full stroke some little automata came out. She made use of a big rod which she always carried with her; the school consisted mostly of girls. It was the custom of the school for all to spell loudly and in as high a key as possible. The mistress dared not beat me, as my mother made it a condition of my going that I should not be touched. One day, having got a hit of the rod, I rose immediately, took my book, and, without further ceremony, went home to my mother, asked that I might go to another school, and that was granted me. My mother sent me to Carsten's school for boys; there was also one girl there, a little one somewhat older than I; we became very good friends; she used to speak of the advantage it was to be to her in going into service, and that she went to school especially to learn arithmetic; for, as her mother told her, she could then become dairy-maid in some great manor. 'That you can become in my castle when I am a great nobleman!' said I; and she laughed at me, and told me I was only a poor boy. One day I had drawn something that I called my castle, and I told her that I was a changed child of high birth, and that the angels of God came down and spoke to me. I wanted to make her stare, as I did with the old women in the hospital, but she would not be caught. She looked queerly at me, and said to one of the other boys standing near, 'He is a fool, like his grandpapa,' and I shivered at the words. I had said it to give me an air of importance in their eyes; but I failed, and only made them think that I was insane, like my grandfather.

"I never spoke to her again about these things, but we were no longer the same playmates as before. I was the smallest

in the school, and my teacher, Mr. Carsten, always took me by the hand while the other boys played, that I might not be run over. He loved me much, gave me cakes and flowers, and tapped me on the cheek. One of the older boys did not know his lesson, and was punished by being placed upon the school table around which we were seated ; seeing me quite inconsolable at this punishment, he pardoned the culprit.

“The poor old teacher became, later in life, telegraph director at Thorseng, where he still lived until a few years since. It is said that the old man, when showing the visitors around, told them with a pleasant smile, ‘Well, well, you will perhaps not believe that such a poor old man as I was the first teacher of one of our most renowned poets!’

“Sometimes during the harvest my mother went into the fields to glean. I accompanied her, and we went, like Ruth in the Bible, to glean in the rich fields of Boaz. One day we went to a place, the bailiff of which was well known to be a man of a rude and savage disposition. We saw him coming with a huge whip in his hand, and my mother and all the rest ran away. I had wooden shoes on my bare feet, and in my haste I lost these, and then the thorns pricked me so that I could not run, and thus I was left behind and alone. The man came up and lifted his whip to strike me, when I looked him in the face and involuntarily exclaimed, ‘How dare you strike me when God can see it?’ The strong, stern man looked at me, and at once became mild ; he patted me on the cheeks, asked me my name and gave me some money. When I brought this to my mother, she said to the others, ‘He is a strange child, my Hans Christian ; everybody is kind to him ; this bad fellow, even, has given him money.’”

Norway and Sweden are near neighbors, and their child-life is similar. Home-life in Sweden, as given us in the word pictures of Fredereka Bremer, sung to us by Jenny Lind, and painted by her great artists, is very sweet and

“homey.” Family affection is very strong, though not demonstrative; parents and children share their work together, and many of their pleasures. The short, bright summers are full of work and of outdoor enjoyment. In winter comes the spinning, weaving, coasting, sledging and all the sports and plays which winter brings to children here, intensified. Rudeness is seldom known, kindness is the rule, extending to animals. At the farm, the horses, the dogs, the cows, the pigs seem almost like the family, are always well-cared for, often petted.

In spite of their sedate appearance, heightened by the fact that their dress so nearly resembles that of their parents, Swedish children are jolly little things, happy as the day is long, whether at work or at play. If you meet them on the road, the girls will make a charming curtsy, and the boys their best bow, and then scamper away, casting half shy, half merry glances at you over their shoulders. “The young girls,” says an observant traveler, “are so natural, perfectly easy and well-behaved, that it is refreshing to be with them. Nothing prim or starched about them, but good hearts, with the bloom of youth. Capital housewives these Scandinavian maidens should make, for even the young girl of position carries out all the household duties of home, and enters into the real work of life with the greatest earnestness, being mistress of every detail, and yet the most charming of God’s works, a natural lady.”

Marriage is entered into solemnly, and divorces are almost unknown. Betrothal precedes marriage usually by a year, sometimes by two or three, and forms a good preparation for it. By betrothal, a girl steps at once into a certain well-defined position, and this preliminary training has a wholesome effect as a preparation for married life.

Weddings are great occasions, the accompanying merry-makings occupying an entire week. Marriages are consum-

mated in the church, one important part of the ceremony being crowning the bride, a silver crown, often covered with gilt, being kept in the church for this purpose. In the Swedish department of the Centennial, many pictures made us familiar with the different stages of the wedding: "Dressing the Bride," "The Bride Preparing to Start," "The Bride at the Altar," "The Bride's Return," "The Arrival at Home." The group at the altar takes us back to the Middle Ages, the bride resplendent in quaint costume, adorned with old silver broaches, rings and pendants, of generations long ago departed; the bridegroom also in quaint costume, the best man and bridesmaid near them; then fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, relatives, near and remote, friends, neighbors and all the children of the place swarming about the church door. The priest, in somber black gown, forms a dignified center to the group, while near him is the verger or clerk, with his long red pole, which is not needed to-day to keep the people awake. The procession is headed by the all-important fiddler, and in days past, before "the temperance" gained so strong a hold on the people, walked the "tankard man." Immediately after the marriage ceremony is performed, follows a dance on the church green, and then comes taking home the bride with great rejoicings. In many homes we find mottoes carved like this over the entrance, "Stand, house, in the presence of our Lord, assured from all danger, from fire and theft; save it, Thou, O God; bless, also, all who go in and all who go out here." Over a bed we find, "This is my bed and resting place, where God gives me peace and rest, that I may healthy arise and serve Him."

Germany includes so many provinces, besides having sharp class distinctions, that no one description of home-life will apply to all. Some general traits are found in all. These, with sketches of various customs, may serve to recall to many hearts here memories of the "Fatherland" where their own

childhood was passed. No other literature furnishes such pleasant pictures of child-life as the German. The children we see in German books seem real flesh-and-blood boys and girls, not puppets or paragons. The domestic instinct is very firmly ingrained in German character, or it would never show itself so prominently in German life in spite of all there is to crush it out. The most important influences tending to crush it, are, the necessity of military service for all men; and, growing out of this, outdoor work for women, and the inferior position everywhere accorded to them. Among the peasantry the wife is often yoked with the cow to plow the field or draw the cart to market; in the cities the most courtly gentleman will crowd a lady off the sidewalk into the gutter, if there is not room for both. An American lady who spent some years in Germany, told me that after her return home she often found herself involuntarily dodging to one side when she saw a gentleman approaching. She had formed the habit of doing so in Germany where it was necessary, unless she would be run over, as no German gentleman ever turns aside for any *woman*, be she of high or low degree. This naturally follows where military power ranks higher than the gentle arts of peace.

Every man in Germany must spend at least three years in military service. This takes him away from all home influence and leads him to set an unreasonable estimate upon military duty, and to feel a corresponding contempt for women, who can not engage in it. Then the withdrawal of half a million men from the industries of the nation, to sustain the standing army upon its peace footing, lays heavy burdens upon those who remain. Thus among the middle and lower classes of Germany, the life of women and children is a life of toil, hard and unremitting, except for the many festivals which relieve and brighten it. But it is not for this reason an unhappy life, especially for the children;



thrift and industry supply the mass of the people with most of the necessities and comforts of life, and a strong bond of affection knits the family together.

Let us look into a farmer's home in Nassau. The farmer owns this farm, which, to one accustomed to our Western prairies, would seem no larger than a calf-pasture, but by hard work and good farming, he makes it produce as much as some hundred acres yield. Every foot of ground is utilized, no room wasted in grass plat or flower garden, though his good wife may keep her windows abloom with flowers. His cows as well as his horses, if he has horses, which is doubtful, are kept in stalls all the year round and fed cut fodder, because the land which would support one cow grazing, would keep ten if devoted to clover and mowed. Sheep are kept in the same way. It seems cruel to thus keep animals life-long prisoners, but they are well cared-for and seem to thrive.

Our farmer is worth ten thousand dollars, but his home will not compare, so far as our ideas of comfort go, with the home of an American farmer worth that sum. Often we must walk through the cow-yard to reach the front door, and the stable joins on to the kitchen, with, perhaps, a door connecting the two. If we complain of the *smells*, we are gravely told they are healthful. In the first room we will find a bed, a settle, a long wooden table, a few chairs, a clock, and probably a few cheap pictures on the wall, usually of religious or military subjects. Beyond this is the kitchen, not bright and sunshiny, but dark, and, to us, uninviting, from its close proximity to the stable. Above are the sleeping rooms, each having two narrow beds with bedding, including two feather-beds, made to fit. Our double beds are unknown there. The floors are white and often sanded. If we stay to breakfast, we are served with coffee, black bread and rolls; it is considered very gross to eat meat for breakfast; at ten o'clock we are offered bread and butter, with slices of cold

ham and beef. At dinner a snow-white cloth is spread on the long table in the front room, and a plate, knife and fork are laid for each person; one large pint tumbler of water, out of which all drink, and a great loaf of black bread from which each cuts a slice as he wants it. The first course is boiled corned-beef, eaten with bread; the next fried meat, boiled potatoes and cabbage. For dessert a thin cake, with plums in close rows all over the top, baked in large tins three feet long, cut in strips and piled upon a plate, cob-house fashion. If in season, we have apples, not so good as ours; pears, plums and grapes, often much better than are grown here. The food is in great abundance, well cooked and clean. Supper comes later, and a fifth repast is taken *some* time during the day, we can hardly tell when.

When a baby is born among the poor, the village matrons are expected to call and fill the mother's cupboard with good things enough to last till she is able to attend to her household duties, and when she first appears at church thanks are offered for her recovery. A friend, who as a bride moved into a German Moravian settlement in Pennsylvania, was much surprised and pleased to have all her new neighbors send her, on her arrival, some gift of their own making—loaves of bread and cake, pots of jam or jelly from the housewives, tin-ware from the tinner, a shovel and pair of tongs from the blacksmith, a moulding-board from the carpenter, and so on. It was a custom brought from the Fatherland, and, like those just mentioned, tending to good fellowship and kindly feeling.

Christenings are also occasions for the giving of gifts and the promotion of social unity. Birthdays of parents as well as of children, are always festival occasions, and in Catholic families name days, that is anniversaries of the christening of children, are also observed.

Every German child goes to school; and, as much of the spirit of those child lovers, Pestalozzi and Fröbel, is found

there, school time is a happy time to many of them. Most of the teachers are men, often unmarried men who do not have much sympathy with child nature, and are sometimes tyrannical, so that the little ones often feel the need of "mothering" in school, but this lack is supplied at home.

The routine of study or work, which otherwise might become very irksome, is broken up by many festivals in which old and young join, as indeed they do in most of their work and play, and this is a very pleasant feature of German life. Easter is a great festival in which all participate, the emperor in his robes and the beggar in his rags. Six weeks after occurs Whitsuntide, lasting two days. It is the only festival during summer when all labor ceases and all laborers are free. It is kept very much like our Fourth of July, and every one feels in duty bound to participate in it, though he must sell his bed or starve himself for a week to obtain means to do so. At this festival children dance around the Maypole; lovers wreath the doors and windows of their maiden loves with evergreen wreaths and flowers, and little bowers of green are in front of every door, wherein the family sit and sing or dance. It seems to be a German Feast of Tabernacles.

Every child must be confirmed between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, thus becoming a member of the church. For three years previous the pastor, or priest, for the customs are similar whether Protestant or Catholic, conducts a systematic course of religious training to prepare the young people for confirmation. This is conducted Sunday afternoons during the first year, and two or three times a week during the two succeeding years. The catechism is the first book studied, and after that the Bible, of which certain portions are committed to memory. Before they can be confirmed the Protestant children must be examined by the Superintendent, and the Catholic children by the Bishop, to ascertain their fitness. Confirmation is a beautiful service;

the churches are decked with wreaths and flowers; the clergyman stands within the altar rail and calls the names, first of the girls, then of the boys, placing his hands on each head and repeating the words of consecration. Among the higher classes and in cities the confirmation dress is usually of black; in the country it is white, no colored dress can be worn. If the children partake of the sacrament on the same day they must wear black, as no one can partake of the sacred emblems in any other dress. Some of the peasants who wear a peculiar costume are allowed to wear it at confirmation, but whatever dress is worn at this time must ever after be kept for communion, and not be desecrated by common wearing.

Christmas is the great national festival of Germany, the festival of the heart and the home. The day opens with Christmas carols, sung by boys now as they were once by the boy Luther. Preparations for Christmas have begun long before this auspicious day. In the Southern provinces, the first week in December a messenger called Knecht Ruprecht enters every dwelling, and is a terror to all children. His aspect is terrible, but worse than this he seems to know all things that ever they did, whether they have been obedient and good, and therefore deserve a Merry Christmas, or whether they deserve to be punished by receiving no gifts, and not being allowed to even see the Christmas tree. So terrifying is he that many wise parents of little children are shutting their doors against him. A child must be worse than children often are to induce German parents to withhold Christmas gifts from him. With their presents, however, disobedient children often receive *pelzenickels*, little stick brooms of dark brown or black color, tied in the middle and making a stiff brush at either end, which have the same significance as the switch in the Christmas stocking bad American children receive. On Christmas eve a good prophet comes in the form of a fair maiden to pronounce forgiveness on those whom Knecht Ru-

precht has condemned, or who have received the pelzenickel. After lecturing them for a time, she receives their promise of being better children, pronounces absolution, and then throws open the door disclosing to them the world of treasures Kriss Kringle has prepared for them.

We need not dwell on the glories of the Christmas tree; it has been transplanted into so many American homes all are familiar with it. One feature of it, however, we often miss on this side of the water—the child Christ which adorns the real German tree, and fixes the children's thoughts on Him who was born in Bethlehem on the first Christmas day. Often under the tree is a miniature landscape, formed of stones, moss and mimic trees. In the background rise the mountains of Judea; at their foot stretch the valleys where shepherds watched their flocks by night; in the foreground is a stable, with the babe lying in its manger, watched by Mary and Joseph, while patient oxen bend their heads above him. Far off in the valley are the shepherds leaving their sheep and hastening to bow down and worship the babe, at whose birth the angel chorus sing, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

This picture of an Irish home half a century ago painted by Mrs. Hall, from life, may bring up pleasing memories to some of our readers. It is a cottage home in Bannow, hidden in the trees, approached by a little path, bordered with oxlips, primroses and violets. Around it stretch the few acres of the farm. The farm-yard is stocked with ricks of corn, hay and furze; in it is a puddle-like pond for ducks and geese, and a sty for a little grunting animal that seems to think it a great indignity for a free-born Irish pig to be confined in it, instead of having the run of the yard and the kitchen too. Surrounding the home-yard is a hawthorn hedge—one sheet of snowy blossoms—in whose shade cluster half a dozen bee-hives. Over the white cottage, clear up to the chimney-top, clammers

a running rose. On either side of the walk are beds of old-fashioned flowers, gayly blooming and filling the air with fragrance.

Enter the door and you find yourself in a neat parlor, the floor strewn with ocean sand ; in one corner stands a cupboard filled with glass and china for use and show, the broken parts carefully turned to the wall ; the chimney is lined with square tiles of blue earthenware ; over it hangs an ivory crucifix, at whose foot stands a small white chalice filled with holy water ; on the walls hang pictures of saints, in black frames, over which are flung bright green, orange and scarlet drapery. A polished, round oak table stands in the center of the room, and six high-backed chairs hold their stately stations round it. A looking-glass of antique form and frame completes the furniture. The window of six unbroken panes of glass, set in a lattice which swings inward, opens upon the flower garden bounded by the hawthorn hedge, beyond which we see the sloping meadow, dotted with sheep, and in the distance a towering cliff, over whose blackened sides leaps, full grown, a sparkling, foaming torrent, which dashes over rocks and through meadows till it is lost in the sea.

Within this home is busy industry. The quern, a hand-mill of stone now almost obsolete, but in universal use among the ancient Irish, is still used to grind wheat, for the good housewife insists that no flour ground in a mill makes as good bread as that she and her daughters grind in the quern. By the by, this quern was in great danger at one time. A learned professor, seeking ancient relics in Bannow, pounced upon it, declared it to be a stone bowl of great antiquity, and that the good dame's maiden name, Maura O'Brien, rudely carved upon it in old Irish characters, was a Runic inscription proving his assertion. He was astonished at the pertinacity with which she disputed him and refused his three guineas offered for her beloved quern, and he left the neighborhood



almost broken-hearted at not rescuing so valuable a relic.

Her little daughter is taught all manner of housewifely arts: knitting, spinning, marking in cross-stitch, shirt-making in all its divisions, felling, gathering, stitching, buttonhole-making, darning of stockings and all sorts of mending; milking, churning; the best method of hatching and raising chickens, ducks, turkeys and geese; the boiling of eggs and the chopping of nettle-tops for the young turkeys, to ward off the croup or pip; how to dose the orphaned calf with beaten eggs and new milk; and last and highest honor, to be entrusted with grinding the family flour in the quern, dropping the wheat in with one hand, while turning the quern with the other.

Work was no drudgery in that home, for it was enlivened with song and bright Irish wit, and above all sweetened with devoted love. Clouds often darkened the domestic sky, hot words were spoken, for the warm Irish heart is as quick to anger as to love. "Ye disobedient spalpeen, ye reprobate! I'll soon tache ye better manners," sometimes rang through the cottage, but the cloud quickly passed, and "My darlint, my own Colleen, Mavourneen, ye eye o' my heart," sounded sweetly through the cottage and made us forget the ugly epithets that preceded.

As for sports, no children ever had more, albeit they may not have such a variety of playthings as their German cousins. The climate permits them to almost live out-of-doors a good share of the year, and their bright wits help them to get a deal of fun out of everything. Then their beautiful island is full of just such nooks and crannies as imaginative children love; bright little waterfalls join in their chatter and laughter, and the green earth is always a loving mother to them. Nor do sport and fun end with childhood; old and young, rich and poor, all love dancing. Their native dances may seem rude and ungraceful, but there is something cheer-

ing in the heartiness with which they enter into the sport. No matter how hard the labor, or heavy the cares of the day, they are all forgotten in the evening if only the 'Squire "will give them the loan of his barn," and Kelly, the piper, will be there to pipe his best to the boys and girls who foot it gayly to their favorite jigs. Of them it could never be truthfully said, "I have piped unto you and ye have not danced."

Taking Paris, as we are apt to do, as the type of France, people think of it as more gay and happy than staid old Germany. However this may be as regards grown people, it certainly is not such a happy place for children. The French language has nothing answering to our word "home," and family life is not such a sacred thing there as among the German and English-speaking races. It flourishes best outside the cities and among the middle classes; indeed, this is true in all countries, but especially in France. In French homes we often miss the joyous companionship of parents and children so noticeable in German homes, as well as the deep undercurrent of religious feeling; there is more restriction placed upon the children, especially upon the girls. Madame Michelet, wife of the historian, and herself a writer of no mean repute, tells the story of her childhood, which we give our readers. It may not represent common child life in France, for she was no common child, but it interests us greatly to look into the heart of a sensitive, imaginative child. Others may feel inclined to laugh at the story of the doll; to me it is most pathetic, disclosing the intense yearning of that little heart for love and sympathy, a heart that never knew the tender love of a mother or of the dear Christ; her suffering from the thoughtless cruelty of her brothers—no more hard-hearted than many brothers, who, like them, never imagine the pain they cause—were real sufferings, whose like those brothers never felt, or even could imagine. But we are keeping you too long from her story. Here it is:

“Among my earliest recollections, dating (if my memory deceive me not) from the time when I was between the ages of four and five, is that of being seated beside a grave, industrious person who seemed to be constantly watching me. Her beautiful but stern countenance impressed me chiefly by the peculiar expression of the light blue eyes, so rare in Southern Europe. Their gaze was like that which has looked in youth across vast plains, wide horizons, and great rivers. This lady was my mother, born in Louisiana, of English parentage.

“I had constant toil before me, strangely unbroken for so young a child. At six years of age I knit my own stockings, by and by my brothers’ also, walking up and down the shady path. I did not care to go farther; I was uneasy, if, as I turned, I could not see the green blind at my mother’s window.

“Our lowly house had an easterly aspect. At its northeast corner my mother sat at work, with her little people around her; my father had his study at the opposite end, towards the south. I began to pick up my alphabet with him, for I had double tasks. I studied my books in the intervals between sewing and knitting. My brothers ran away to play after lessons, but I returned to my mother’s work room. I liked very well, however, to trace on my slate the great bars which are called ‘jambages.’ It seemed to me as if I drew something, from within myself, which came to the pencil’s point. When my bars began to look regular, I paused often to admire what I had done; then if my dear papa would lean towards me and say, ‘Very well, little princess,’ I drew myself up with pride.

“My father had a sweet and penetrating voice. His dark complexion showed his Southern origin, which also betrayed itself in the passionate fire of his eyes, dark, with black lashes, which softened their glance. With all their electric fire they were not wanting in an indefinable expression of

tenderness and sweetness. At sixty years of age, after a life of strange, and even tragic, incidents, his heart remained ever young and light, benevolent to all, disposed to confide in human nature, sometimes too easily.

“I had none of the enjoyments of city-bred children, and less still of that childish wit which is sure to win maternal admiration for every word which falls from the lips of the little deities. Mother Nature alone gave me a welcome, and yet my early days were not sad ; all the country-side looked so lovely to me.

“Just beyond the farm lay the corn-fields which belonged to us ; they were of no great extent, but to me they seemed infinite. When Marianne, proud of her master’s possessions, would say, ‘Look Miss, there, there, and farther on, all is yours,’ I was really frightened, for I saw the moving grain, undulating like the ocean, and stretching far away. I liked better to believe that the world ended at our meadow. Sometimes my father went across the fields to see what the reapers were doing, and then I hid my face in Marianne’s apron and cried, ‘Not so far, not so far, papa will be lost.’

“I was then five years old. That cry was the childish expression of a sentiment, the shadow of which gained on me year by year—the fear that I might lose my father. I desired to please, to be praised, and to be loved. I felt so drawn toward my mother that I sometimes jumped from my seat to give her a kiss ; but when I met her look and saw her eyes, pale and clear as a silvery lake, I recoiled, and sat down quietly. Years have passed, and yet I still regret those joys of childhood which I never knew—a mother’s caresses. My education might have been so easy ; my mother might have understood my heart. A kiss is sometimes eloquent ; and in a daily embrace she would, perhaps, have guessed the thoughts I was too young to utter, and would have learned how faithfully I loved her. No such freedom was allowed us. The

morning kiss and familiar speech with one's parents are permitted at the north, but are less frequent in the south of France. Authority overshadows family affection. My father, who was an easy man and loved to talk, might have disregarded such regulations; but my mother kept us at a distance. It made one thoughtful and reserved to watch her going out and coming in, with her noble air, severe and silent. We felt we must be careful and not give cause for blame.

"My mother could spin like a fairy. All winter she sat at her wheel; and perhaps her wandering thoughts were soothed by the gentle, monotonous music of its humming. My father, seeing her so beautiful at her work, secretly ordered a light, slender spinning wheel to be carved for her use, which she found one morning at the foot of her bed. Her cheek flushed with pleasure; she scarcely dared to touch it, it looked so fragile. 'Do not be afraid,' said my father, 'it looks fragile, but it can well stand use. It is made of box-wood from our own garden. It grew slowly, as all things do that last. Neither your little hand nor foot can injure it.' My mother took her finest Flanders flax, of silver tresses, knotted with a cherry ribbon; the children made a circle round the wheel, which turned for the first time under my mother's hands. My father was watching, between smiles and tears, to see how dextrously she handled the distaff. The thread was invisible, but the bobbin grew bigger. My mother would have been contented if the days had been prolonged to twenty-four hours, while she was sitting by her beautiful wheel.

"When we rose in the morning we said a prayer. We knelt together, my father standing bareheaded in the midst. After that, what delight it was to run to the hill-top to meet the first rays of the sun, and to hear our birds singing little songs about the welcome daylight! From the garden, the orchard, the oaks, and from the open fields their voices were

heard; and yet, in my heart, I hid more songs than all the birds in the world would have known how to sing. I was not sad by nature. I had the instincts of the lark, and longed to be happy. Since I had no wings to carry me up to the clouds, I would have liked to hide myself like him among the tall grain and the flax. If I indeed had the merry disposition of the lark, I had also his sensitive timidity, that brings him sometimes to hide amid the furrows of the earth. A look, a word, a shadow, was enough to discourage me. My smiles died away; I shrunk into myself and did not dare to move.

“Why did my mother choose three boys, rather than three girls, after I was born? This problem was often in my mind. Boys only tear blouses which they do not know how to mend. If she had only thought how happy I should be with a sister, a dear little sister! How I should have loved her—scolded her sometimes, but kissed her very often! We should have had our work and play together, thoroughly independent of all those gentlemen—our brothers.

“My eldest sister was too far from my age. There seemed to be centuries between us. I had one friend—my cat, Zizi; but she was a wild, restless creature, and no companion, for I could scarcely hold her an instant. She preferred the roof of the house to my lap.

“I became very thoughtful, and said to myself, How shall I get a companion? And how do people make dolls? It did not occur to me, who had never seen a toy-shop, that they could be purchased ready made. My chin resting on my hand, I sat in meditation, wondering how I could create what I desired. My passionate desire overruled my fears, and I decided to work from my own inspiration. I rejected wood as too hard to afford the proper material for my dolly. Clay, so moist and cold, chilled the warmth of my invention. I took some soft, white linen, and some clean bran, and then formed a body. I was like the savages who desire a little



god to worship. It must have a head with eyes, and with ears to listen; and it must have a breast to hold its heart. All the rest is less important, and remains undefined.

“I worked after this fashion, and rounded my doll’s head by tying it firmly. There was a clearly perceptible neck, a little stiff, perhaps; a well developed chest; and then came vague drapery, which dispensed with limbs. There were rudiments of arms, not very graceful, but movable; indeed, they moved of themselves. I was filled with admiration. Why might not the body move? I had read how God breathed upon Adam and Eve the breath of life. With my whole heart, and my six years’ strength, I breathed on the the creature I had made. I looked, and she did not stir. Never mind, I was her mother, and she loved me; that was enough. The dangers that menaced our mutual affection only served to increase it. She gave me anxiety from the moment of her birth. How and where could I keep her in safety? Surrounded by mischievous boys, sworn enemies to their sister’s dolls, I was obliged to hide mine in a dark corner of a shed, where the wagons and carriages were kept. After being punished, I could conceive no consolation equal to taking my child to bed with me. To warm her I tucked her into my little bed, with the friendly pussy who was keeping it warm for me. At bedtime I laid her on my heart, still heaving with sobs, and she seemed to sigh too. If I missed her in the night, I became wide awake; I hunted for her, full of apprehension. Often she was quite at the bottom of the bed; I brought her out, folded her in my arms, and fell asleep happy. I liked, in my extreme loneliness, to believe that she had a living soul. Her grandparents were not aware of her existence. Would she have been so thoroughly my own if other people had known her? I loved better to hide her from all eyes.

“One thing was wanting to my satisfaction. My doll had

a head but no face. I desired to look into her eyes, to see a smile on her countenance that should resemble mine. Sunday was the great holiday, when everybody did what they liked. Drawing and painting were the favorite occupations. Around the fire in winter time the little ones made soldiers, while my elder brother, who was a true artist, and worked with the best colors, painted dresses and costumes of various sorts. We watched his performances, dazzled by the marvels which he had at his finger ends.

“It was during this time of general preoccupation that my daughter, hidden under my apron, arrived among her uncles. No one noticed me, and I tried, successfully, to possess myself of a brush, with some colors. But I could do nothing well; my hand trembled, and all my lines were crooked. Then I made a heroic resolution, to ask my brother’s assistance boldly. The temptation was strong, indeed, which led me to brave the malice of so many imps. I stepped forward, and with a voice which I vainly endeavored to steady, I said, ‘Would you be so kind as to make a face for my doll?’ My eldest brother seemed not at all surprised, but took the doll in his hands with great gravity and examined it; then, with apparent care, chose a brush. Suddenly he drew across her countenance two broad stripes of red and black something like a cross, and gave me back my poor little doll, with a burst of laughter. The soft linen absorbed the colors, which ran together in a great blot. It was very dreadful. Great cries followed; everybody crowded round to see this wonderful work. Then a cousin of ours, who was passing Sunday with us, seized my treasure and tossed it up to the ceiling. It fell flat on the floor. I picked it up, and if the bad boy had not taken flight, he would have suffered, very likely, from my resentment.

“Sad days were in store for us. My child and I were watched in all our interviews. Often was she dragged from

her hiding places among the bushes and in the high grass. Everybody made war upon her, even Zizi, the cat, who shared her nightly couch. My brothers sometimes gave the doll to Zizi, as a plaything; and, in my absence, even she was not sorry to claw it, and roll it about on the garden walks. When I next found it it was a shapeless bunch of dusty rags. With the constancy of a great affection, I remade again and again the beloved being, predestined to destruction, and each time I pondered how to create something more beautiful. This aiming at perfection seemed to calm my grief. I made a better form, and produced symmetrical legs (once, to my surprise, the rudiment of a foot appeared), but the better my work was the more bitter the ridicule, and I began to be discouraged.

“My doll, beyond a doubt, was in mortal peril. My brothers whispered together, and their sidelong glances foreboded me no good. I felt that I was watched. In order to elude their vigilance, I constantly transferred my treasure from one hiding place to another, and many nights it lay under the open sky. What jeers, what laughter had it been found! To put an end to my torments, I threw my child into a very dark corner, and feigned to forget her. I confess to a shocking resolution, for an evil temptation assailed me. But if self-love began to triumph over my affection for her, it was but a momentary flash, a troubled dream. Without the dear little being I should have had nothing to live for. It was, in fact, my second self. After much searching, my unlucky doll was discovered. Its limbs were torn off without mercy, and the body, being tossed up into an acacia tree, was stuck on the thorns; it was impossible to bring it down. The victim hung, abandoned to the autumnal gales, to the wintry tempests, to the westerly winds, and to the northern snows. I watched her faithfully, believing that the time would come when she would revisit this earth.

“In the spring the gardener came to prune the trees. With tears in my eyes I said, ‘Bring me back my doll from those branches.’ He found only a fragment of her poor little dress, torn and faded. The sight almost broke my heart. All hope being gone, I became more sensitive to the rough treatment of my brothers, and I fell into a sort of despair. After my life with *her*, whom I had lost; after my emotions, my secret joys and fears, I felt all the desolation of my bereavement. I longed for wings to fly away. When my sister excluded me from her sports with her companions, I climbed into the swing, and said to the gardener, ‘Jean, swing me high, higher yet; I wish to fly away.’ But I was soon frightened enough to beg for mercy. Then I tried to lose myself. Behind the grove which closed in our horizon, stretched a long slope, undulating towards a deep cut below. With infinite pains I surmounted all obstacles, and gained the road. How far, far away from home I felt! My heart was beating violently. What sorrow this would give to my dear father! Where should I sleep? I should never dare to ask shelter at a farm-house, much less lie down among the bushes, where the screech-owls made a noise all night, so without further reflections I returned home. Animals are happier. I wished to be Lauret, the gold-colored ox that labors so patiently, and comes and goes all day long; or I’d like to be Grisette or Brunette, the pretty asses that are mother’s pets.

“After all, who would not like to be a flower? However, a flower lives but a very little while; you are cut down as soon as born. A tree lasts much longer. Yet what a bore it must be to stay always in one place! To stand with one’s foot buried in the ground—it is too dreadful; the thought worried me when I was in bed, thinking things over. I would have been a bird, if a good fairy had taken pity on me. Birds are so free, so happy, they sing all day long. If I were a bird I would fly about our woods, and would perch on the

roof of our house. I would come to see my empty chair, my place at table, and my mother looking sad; then at my father's hour for reading alone in the garden I would fly and perch on his shoulder, and my father would know me at once."

On this side of the water thirty years ago was lived a child life which now seems more strange and foreign than any witnessed beyond the seas. It was the child life of the slave. Those who lived it are passing away, but to their children it possesses the interest that child life in the Fatherland holds for our German neighbors; its memory is preserved by Frederick Douglass:

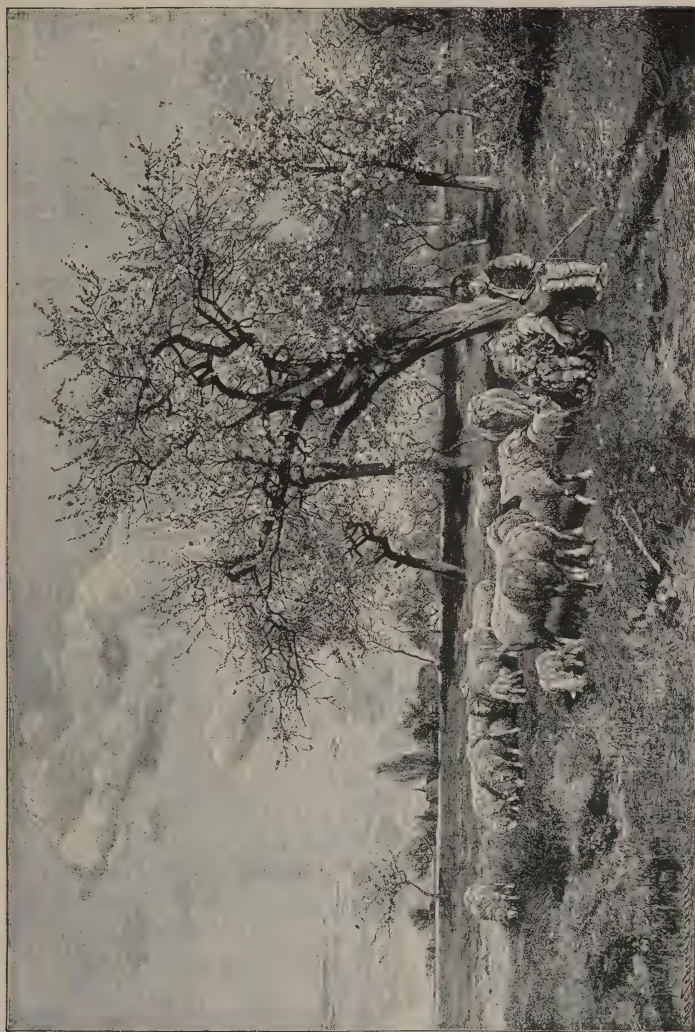
"I was born in what is called Tuckahoe, on the eastern shore of Maryland, a worn-out, desolate, sandy region. Decay and ruin were everywhere visible, and the thin population of the place would have quitted it long ago, but for the Choptauk River, which runs through, from which they take abundance of shad and herring, and plenty of fever and ague. My first experience of life began in the family of my grandparents. The house was built of logs, clay and straw. A few rough fence rails thrown loosely over the rafters answered the purpose of floors, ceiling, and bedsteads. It was a long time before I learned that this house was not my grandparents', but belonged to a mysterious personage who would only suffer me to live a few years with my grandmother, and when I was big enough would carry me off to work on his plantation. The absolute power of this 'Old Master' had touched my spirit with but the point of its cold, cruel iron, yet it left me something to brood over. The thought of being separated from my grandmother, seldom or never to see her again, haunted me. I dreaded the idea of going to live with that strange Old Master whose name I never heard mentioned with affection, but always with fear. My grandmother! my grandmother! and the little hut,

and the joyous circle under her care, but especially *she*, who made us sorry when she left us but for an hour, and glad on her return—how could we leave her and the good old home?

“But the sorrows of childhood, like the pleasures of after life, are transient. The first seven or eight years of the slave-boy’s life are as full of content as those of the most favored white children of the slave-holder. The slave-boy escapes many troubles which vex his white brother. He is never lectured for improprieties of behavior. He is never lectured for handling his little knife and fork improperly, for he uses none. He is never scolded for soiling the table-cloth, for he takes his meals on the clay floor. He never has the misfortune in his games or sports of soiling or tearing his clothes, for he has almost none to soil or tear. He is never expected to act like a little gentleman, for he is only a rude little slave.

“Thus, freed from all restraint, the slave-boy can be, in his life and conduct, a genuine boy, doing whatever his boyish nature suggests; enacting by turns all the strange antics and freaks of horses, dogs, pigs, and barn-door fowls, without in any manner compromising his dignity or incurring reproach of any sort. He literally runs wild; has no pretty little verses to learn in the nursery; no nice little speeches to make for aunts, uncles, or cousins, to show how smart he is; and if he can only manage to keep out of the way of the heavy feet and fists of the older slave-boys, he may trot on in his joyous and roguish tricks, as happy as any little heathen under the palm trees of Africa. To be sure he is occasionally reminded, when he stumbles in the way of his master, and this he early learns to avoid, that he is eating his *white bread*, and that he will be made to *see sights* by and by. The threat is soon forgotten, the shadow soon passes, and our sable boy continues to roll in the dust, or play in the mud, as best suits him, and in the veriest freedom. If he feels uncomfortable from mud or dust, the coast is clear; he can





*Care and Culture.*



plunge into the river or the pond without the ceremony of undressing or the fear of wetting his clothes; his little tow-linen shirt—for that is all he has on—is easily dried, and it needed washing as much as his skin did. His food is of the coarsest kind, consisting for the most part of cornmeal mush, which often finds its way from the wooden tray to his mouth in an oyster shell. His days, when the weather is warm, are spent in the pure open air and the bright sunshine. He eats no candies, gets no lumps of loaf sugar; always relishes his food; cries but little, for nobody cares for his crying; learns to esteem his bruises but slight, because others so think them. In a word, he is for the most part of the first eight years of his life a spirited, joyous, uproarious and happy boy, upon whom troubles fall only like the water on a duck's back. And such a boy, so far as I now can remember, was the boy whose life in slavery I am now telling.

“I gradually learned that the plantation of Old Master was on the River Wye, twelve miles from Tuckahoe. About this place, and about that queer Old Master who must be something more than man and something worse than an angel, I was eager to know all that could be known. Unhappily, all that I found out only increased my dread of being carried thither. The fact is, such was my dread of leaving the little cabin that I wished to remain little forever; for I knew the taller I grew the shorter my stay. The old cabin, with its rail floor and its rail bedsteads upstairs, and its clay floor down-stairs, and its dirt chimney and windowless sides, and that most curious piece of workmanship of all the rest, the ladder stairway; and the hole curiously dug in front of the fire-place, in which grandmamma placed the sweet potatoes to keep them from the frost, was *my home*—the only home I ever had; and I loved it and all connected with it. The old fences around it, and the stumps in the edge of the woods near it, and the squirrels that ran, skipped and played

upon them, were objects of interest and affection. There, too, right at the side of the hut, stood the old well with its stately and skyward-pointing beam, so aptly placed between the limbs of what had once been a tree, and so nicely balanced that I could move it up and down with only one hand, and could get a drink myself without calling for help. Where else in the world could such a well be found? And where could such another home be met with? Down in a little valley, not far from grandmamma's cabin, stood a mill, where the people came often in large numbers to get their corn ground. It was a water mill, and I never shall be able to tell the many things thought and felt while I sat on the bank and watched the mill and the turning of its ponderous wheel. The mill-pond, too, had its charms; and with my pin-hook and thread line I could get nibbles, if I could catch no fish. But, in all my sports and plays, and in spite of them, there would occasionally come the painful foreboding that I was not long to remain there, and that I must soon be called away to the home of Old Master. I was a slave—born a slave; and though the fact was strange to me, it conveyed to my mind a sense of my entire dependence on the will of somebody I had never seen; and, from some cause or other, I had been made to fear this somebody above all else on earth. Born for another's benefit, as the *firstling* of the cabin flock I was soon to be selected as a meat offering to the fearful and inexorable Old Master, whose huge image on so many occasions haunted my childhood's imagination. When the time of my departure was decided upon, my grandmother, knowing my fears, and in pity for them, kindly kept me ignorant of the dreaded event about to happen. Up to the morning (a beautiful summer morning) when we were to start, and, indeed, during the whole journey—a journey which, child as I was, I remember as though it were yesterday—she kept the sad fact hidden from me. This reserve was necessary, for, could I

have known all, I should have given grandmother some trouble in getting started. As it was I was helpless, and she, dear woman, led me along by the hand, resisting, with the reserve and solemnity of a priestess, all my inquiring looks to the last.

“The distance from Tuckahoe to Wye River, where Old Master lived, was full twelve miles, and the walk was quite a severe test of the endurance of my young legs. The journey would have proved too hard for me but that my dear old grandmother—blessings on her memory!—afforded occasional relief by ‘toting’ me on her shoulder. My grandmother, though old in years—as was evident from more than one gray hair which peeped from the ample and graceful folds of her newly-ironed bandanna turban—was marvelously straight in figure, elastic and muscular. I seemed hardly to be a burden to her; She would have ‘toted’ me farther, if I had not felt myself too much of a man to allow it, and insisted on walking. Releasing dear grandmamma from carrying me did not make me altogether independent of her, when we happened to pass through portions of the sombre woods which lay between Tuckahoe and Wye River. She often found me increasing the energy of my grip and holding her clothing, lest something should come out of the woods and eat me up. Several old logs and stumps imposed upon me, and got themselves taken for wild beasts. I could see their legs, eyes and ears, until I got near enough to see that the eyes were knots, washed white with rain, and the legs were broken boughs, and the ears were only fungus growth on the dead bark.

“As the day went on the heat grew; and it was not until the afternoon that we reached the much dreaded end of the journey. I found myself in the midst of a group of children of many colors—black, brown, copper-colored and nearly white. I had not seen so many children before. Great houses loomed up in different directions, and a great many



men and women were at work in the fields. All this hurry, noise and singing was very different from the stillness of Tuckahoe. As a new comer I was an object of special interest; and, after laughing and yelling around me and playing all sorts of wild tricks, the children asked me to go out and play with them. This I refused to do, preferring to stay with grandmamma. I could not help feeling that our being there boded no good to me. Grandmamma looked sad. She was soon to lose another object of affection, as she had lost many before. I knew she was unhappy, and the shadow fell on me, though I knew not the cause.

"All suspense, however, must have an end, and the end of mine was at hand. Affectionately patting me on the head and telling me to be a good boy, grandmamma bade me go and play with the children. 'They are kin to you,' said she, 'go and play with them.' Among a number of cousins were Phil, Tom, Steve, Jerry, Nance and Betty. Grandmother pointed out my brother and sisters who stood in the group. I had never seen brother nor sisters before, and though I had sometimes heard of them, and felt a curious interest in them, I did not understand what they really were to me or I to them. We were brothers and sisters, but what of that? Why should they be attached to me, or I to them? Brothers and sisters we were by blood, but slavery had made us strangers. I heard the words brother and sisters, and knew they must mean something, but slavery had robbed these words of their true meaning. The experience through which I was passing they had passed before. They had already learned the mysteries of Old Master's home, and they seemed to look upon me with a certain degree of compassion; but my heart clave to my grandmother. Think it not strange that so little sympathy of feeling existed between us. The conditions of brotherly and sisterly feeling were wanting; we had never nestled and played together. My poor mother, like many



another slave-woman, had many children, but no *family*. The domestic hearth, with its holy lessons and precious endearments, is abolished in the case of a slave mother and her children. 'Little children, love one another,' are words seldom heard in a slave cabin.

"I really wanted to play with my brother and sisters, but they were strangers to me, and I was full of fear that grandmother might leave without taking me with her. Entreated to do so, however, and that by my dear grandmother, I went to the back part of the house to play with them and the other children. *Play*, however, I did not, but stood with my back against the wall, witnessing the mirth of others. At last, while standing there, one of the children who had been in the kitchen, ran up to me in a sort of roguish glee, exclaiming, 'Fed! Fed! grandmammy gone! grandmammy gone!' I could not believe it; yet fearing the worst, I ran into the kitchen to see for myself, and found it even so. Grandmamma had indeed gone, and was now far away, clean out of sight. I need not tell all that happened now. Almost heart-broken at the discovery, I fell upon the ground, and wept a boy's bitter tears, refusing to be comforted."

Child life in England and Scotland has been portrayed in the sketches of Dean Stanley and David Livingstone; for this reason we will not linger on them now, although they are more intimately connected with American life than those sketched in this chapter. We will close with "The Toys of the Giant's Child," a legend familiar to German children, and in which Emerson discovers a prefiguring of the step in national civilization made by the change from war and hunting to peaceful agriculture. He gives it as derived from the Scandinavian: "There was once a giantess who had a daughter, and the child saw a husbandman ploughing in the field. She ran and picked him up with her thumb and finger, and put him and his plough and his oxen into her apron

and carried them home to her mother, saying: 'Mother, what sort of a beetle is this that I have found wriggling in the sand?' But her mother said, 'Put it away, my child, we must be gone out of this land, for these people will dwell in it.'"

Here is the German version which seems to foreshadow a future step in civilization, when not only the existence, but the rights of the tillers of the soil shall be acknowledged by the giants of the land:



### The Toys of the Giant's Child.

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Burd Niedeck is a mountain in Alsace, high and strong,  
Where once a noble castle stood—the giants held it long;  
Its very ruins now are lost, its site is waste and lone,  
And if we seek the giants there, they all are dead and gone.

The giant's daughter once came forth the castle gate before,  
And played with all a child's delight beside her father's door;  
Then, sauntering down the precipice the girl did gladly go,  
To see, perchance, how matters went in the little world below.

With few and easy steps she passed the mountain and the wood,  
At length near Haslack, at a place where mankind dwelt, she stood.  
And many a town and village fair, and many a field so green,  
Before her wondering eyes appeared, a strange and curious scene.

And as she gazed, in wonder lost, on all the scene around,  
She saw a peasant at her feet, a-tilling of the ground;  
The little creature crawled about so slowly here and there,  
And lighted by the morning sun, his plough shone bright and fair.

"Oh! pretty plaything!" cried the child, "I'll take thee home with me,"  
And with her infant hands she spread her kerchief on her knee,  
And cradling horse and man and plough, all gently on her arm,  
She bore them home with cautious step, afraid to do them harm.

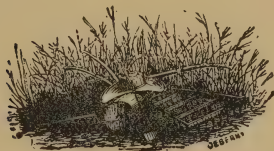
She hastes with joyous steps and quick (we know what children are),  
And spying soon her father out, she shouted from afar:  
"O, father, dearest father, such a plaything I have found,  
I never saw so fair a one on our own mountain ground."

Her father sat at table then, and drank his wine so mild,  
And smiling with a parent's smile, he asked the happy child:  
"What struggling creature hast thou brought so carefully to me?  
Thou leapest for very joy, my child; come, open; let us see."

She opes her kerchief carefully and gladly, you may deem,  
And shows her eager sire the plough, the peasant and his team;  
And when she'd placed before his sight this new-found, pretty toy,  
She clapped her hands and screamed aloud, and cried for very joy.

But her father looked quite seriously, and shaking slow his head,  
"What hast thou brought me home, my child? This is no toy," he said.  
"Go take it quickly back again, and put it down below.  
The peasant is no plaything, child; how couldst thou think him so?

"Go, go, without a sigh or sob, and do my will," he said,  
"For know, without the peasant, girl, we none of us had bread;  
'Tis from the peasant's hardy stock the race of giants are;  
The peasant is no plaything—no—God forbid he were."



## CHAPTER XXIII.

### *Finale.*



THREE busy, happy years have been spent in the preparation of this book, yet it leaves many broad fields with rich harvests still untouched. I am content to leave them for others' reaping if I have succeeded in impressing upon your minds three thoughts: the possibilities of childhood; the responsibilities of parenthood; the fullness of grace the All-Father is ready to bestow.

The father of Origen used to uncover the bosom of his sleeping son, and kissing it, say reverentially: "It is the temple of the Holy Ghost." The father of Dr. James Hamilton wrote in his diary on the day of his son's birth this vow: "To devote the remainder of my life to God's glory and service; to promote the temporal comfort and spiritual improvement of my wife; to guard myself against levity and folly; to suppress peevishness and irritability, and to cultivate a meek and quiet spirit. O Lord, I am Thine! Thy vows are upon me." Who shall say how much the reverent spirit in which these fathers received their sons as gifts from God had to do with the noble character developed in those sons!

Hare says. "Every family should be a cluster of grapes hanging from the Heavenly Vine." Thus hanging, the life of the Vine flows through all the branches and fulfills Christ's

words: "I am the Vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without Me ye can do nothing." One spring my father trimmed his cherry trees late, after the blossom buds were well formed, and threw the cuttings into a pile. A warm rain came on, followed by sunshine, and lo! that pile was all abloom; the buds had opened into flowers. It was a beautiful sight, yet it deceived nobody. Not even the little children expected to gather fruit off that brush-heap, for all its fair promise of blossom. Those branches could not bear fruit because they were severed from the trunk and the life-giving roots. So family life may be bright with blossoms, yet bear no fruit unto eternal life, because it has no connection with the source of life. Only when your life is hid with Christ in God whose power flows through you to your children, can you and they bear rich fruit.

To fulfill a parent's duties aright you need a humble, hopeful, devout mind; humble, because in your own strength you can do nothing in child culture; hopeful, because you can do all things through Christ who strengthens you; devout, because only the devout soul is in an attitude to receive the grace of God. You need strong faith, first, in God, then in the possibilities of your children. Jeremy Taylor says that all sin results from lack of faith in God. It is certain that most family sins have their root in lack of faith. Cultivate this faith in yourself and in your children; it will give strength, courage and inspiration.

Respect the individuality of your children. God never made any two people alike; for each soul He has His own ideal. There are questions which must be settled between it and Him. Lead your children to Him, but remember you can not force them into the right way. Albert Barnes says: "The power of the parent is to teach, advise and entreat. The duty of the child is to listen with respect, to examine with candor,

to pray over the subject, to be deliberate and calm, not rash, hasty, impetuous or self-willed. But when the child is thus convinced that his duty to God requires a particular course then here is a *higher* obligation than any earthly law, and he 'must obey God rather than man,' even father or mother.'

Sometimes very little children seem full of perversity. Your boy of seven or eight annoys you with his naughty ways almost beyond endurance. But have patience; remember how few years he has lived, how little experience he has gained, how little he has had time to learn of goodness, and how strong within him may be the power of inherited evil. Do not array your strength against his weakness and hope thus to subdue him. Ally your strength to his weakness and help his better self conquer his evil nature. Cherish the little spark of goodness within him—for there is some good in every child—and teach him to go to God for the strength he needs. The good within may seem very small, but God cares for and cherishes the weakest things. I once spent a stormy night on the top of Mount Washington. Darkness and desolation were all around and the wind raved as though it would tear the rock-bound house from its foundations. With the morning light it lulled and we went outside. There, flitting around amid that dreary desolation, as secure as though hovering over a garden of roses, was a frail little butterfly, teaching God's care for weak things. If He thus cares for ephemera will He not much more care for the faintest germs of good in souls fashioned in His own image? Take courage, then, in the care and culture of your children, even when your husbandry seems vain. It is only seeming, for you are workers together with God, and His work is never a failure.

Often God makes a silence in our homes by sending Death to lay his cold finger upon lips we love. He does this not in anger but in love, to teach us lessons we could learn in no other



way. Sorrow has a blessed ministry, teaching us the reality of Heaven and drawing us nearer it, uniting family bonds more closely, and above all, drawing us nearer the Great Comforter. Whittier says:

"Alas for him who never sees  
The stars shine through his cypress trees ;"

and all to whom has come the blessed ministry of sorrow feel this truth. The stars shine with a holier light when shining on the graves of those we love; their shining speaks of that land which has no need of the sun nor of the moon to lighten it, for the Lamb is the light thereof, and where our loved ones await our coming in the mansions prepared for us by Him who purchased our redemption with His own blood.

By removing our treasures God exalts and spiritualizes our love and draws us near to Himself. We never know His tenderness till "like as one whom his mother comforteth" He comforts us. "God *gives* us love; something to love He *lends* us." When He recalls His own it is not to punish us for loving it too well; He has a reason which when we learn it, as we shall in Heaven, will make us glad and thankful through all eternity. "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

The minor keys of life's diapason often yield sweetest music. "The back-log amid the flames sings the songs the birds sang in its branches. The sweetest tones of home music come in the flames of affliction."

Affliction draws members of the family near to each other. We often see long-sundered brothers and sisters re-united around the parent's coffin. Perhaps there has been no visible sundering of ties, only an unconscious drifting apart of hearts and lives, till brought back to their common moorings by a common sorrow. Even where the union of heart seems perfect, Affliction's furnace has a welding power which Joy

never possesses. James Russell Lowell in writing to his wife after the death of their child, says :

"I thought our love at full, but I did err ;  
 Joy's wreath drooped o'er mine eyes ; I could not see  
 That sorrow in our world must be  
 Love's deepest spokesman and interpreter.  
       \*   \*   \*   I felt instantly,  
 Deep in my soul, another bond to thee  
 Thrill with that life we saw depart from her.  
 Oh ! mother of our angel child, twice dear ;  
 Death knits as well as parts."

There are sorrows deeper than death ; sorrows typified by the Heavenly Father's lament over wayward, wandering, unrepentant Ephraim, "How can I give thee up !" Yet even in these we can trust Him. He is touched with the feeling of our sorrows, for He has suffered even this pang, is suffering it continually, and so knows how to succor and comfort you.

"Lord, we can trust Thee for our holy dead ;  
 They, underneath the shadow of Thy tomb,  
 Have entered into peace ; with bended head  
 We thank Thee for their rest and for our lightened gloom.  
 But, Lord, our living—who on stormy seas  
 Of sin and sorrow still are tempest-tossed !  
 Our dead have reached their haven, but for these—  
 Teach us to trust Thee, Lord, for *these*, our loved and lost."

From every family altar there is a ladder to our Father's home on high ; as our prayers ascend His angels descend to comfort and strengthen. Never let this ladder be withdrawn or its rounds broken, lest you miss this strength and comfort, and your children lose an influence out of their lives no words can express. "Is this culture of one's home such a trivial matter that it must be neglected to gain a few minutes more for toiling and moiling in the fields of Mammon ?" O ! our eyes are so often blinded to the real good of life, and we are unconscious of our blindness ! Yet we can never be cured

till we do realize it. There comes to us an old story from the Orient, of a noble king and his blind daughter. So love-enveloped was her life that she never knew her deprivation; never having seen, she had no desire to see. But the father mourned over her blindness and sought the whole world over for one who could give her sight. At last he found a sage who promised to perform the miracle, but only on one condition—that the maiden should be made conscious of her blindness, and desire the light. Long time they labored with her, telling her of the beauty of the sunlight, of green fields and bright flowers; but she understood them not; patiently they continued their task, painting her word pictures of the majestic forests, the sparkling waterfall, whose music she heard; of the starry heavens; of her mother's face. Slowly, discontent with her blindness awoke in her heart, and grew to longing for the light—and then the miracle was wrought; she saw. Thus to every human heart must come discontent with the lower good, aspirations for the higher before there can come for it the fiat "Let there be light." When noble aspiration is thus aroused it will lead to its own realization. Orion patiently turning his blind eyes to the sun at length receives his sight. So a blind soul, holding itself to the truth with noble desire, obtains spiritual vision.

Cultivate, in yourself and in your children, noble aspiration; not a mere desire to be great, or famous, but an aspiration for the noblest things in life. Cultivate patience; without it nothing great or noble is ever accomplished. Sometimes we hear of greatness being thrust upon men; but if it be true greatness we shall find that back of it, underlying it, is a long, "patient continuance in well doing." "Patience and the silk-worm," says an Eastern proverb, "transform the mulberry leaf into satin." John Ruskin calls patience the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest, too. We spoke of its seed-sowing in Babyhood;

all through life it should be cultivated and strengthened.

Cultivate also a thankful spirit; it ennobles and expands life. Sir Moses Montefiore who lately died, bearing on his head a century's crown of years and honors, and in his heart the grateful love of thousands whom his wise beneficence had blessed, had carved over the doorway of his home the motto, "Think and Thank." We have but to think of the many mercies that crown our lives, to fill our hearts with thankfulness. The blessed sunlight coming to us new every morning, the wonderful tracery of beauty with which the fields are covered, the fruitfulness of the earth supplying the body's needs, the sweet companionships that feed the heart, the intellect which delights in grasping all problems, and Nature ever presenting new problems to be solved, the myriad mercies coming ever from our Father's hand—if we only think on these we can not help but thank.

Where is the ideal home for the care and culture of children, in city or country? Each has its advantages and its disadvantages, so that of neither can it be said, Here, only, can true manhood and womanhood develop; nor, Here, proper care and culture is impossible. David grew up among the sheep-cotes, and Paul in the midst of "no mean city;" yet to each was the grace of God vouchsafed.

Since with most people the location of their home is determined more by necessity than by choice, it is well to study the advantages of each, that wherever we are placed we may learn to be content; we should also consider the disadvantages, as intelligent knowledge is the first step toward overcoming them.

City life develops children more rapidly than country life does. Children in cities are usually "old for their years." The tendency of city life is to make children sharp, precocious. This is especially true of neglected children, as witness the multitude of newsboys and bootblacks in large cities. If

you do not believe this, try addressing a Mission School in the Five Points of New York, or the Black Hole in Chicago. If you have the slightest inclination to goody-goody talk, we pity you.

There is also a tendency to superficiality in city life ; there is such a constant succession of new things attracting attention, children can learn so much by simply keeping their eyes and ears open that it inclines them to think they know more than they do, and disinclines to the hard study necessary if they would know as much as they think they do.

The teaching of the street forms a very important factor in the education of every city child. There is a good element in this ; there are also very bad ones. Everywhere, in saloons, gambling-houses and theatres, vice is made attractive ; bad associations are ever at hand, and vile literature is thrust upon them at every turn. Another disadvantage is that in many city homes there is lack of fresh air within doors, and lack of opportunity for outdoor play, except on the streets.

As we saw in the chapter on Occupations, the work of fathers in the city is not usually such as their boys can share with them ; the same is true, in a less degree, with mothers and daughters. From this comes the danger that children will grow to feel work dishonorable, seeing it done only by servants. Again, most city fathers are too busy to play with their children, and often city mothers find so much to do in response to continual demands of society or philanthropy, they neglect this part of their children's education. Remember, "No one is required by any vows or consecration to keep other men's vineyards so faithfully that he can not keep his own."

On the other hand, city life presents many advantages. Often it affords superior school opportunities, though it must be confessed some of the best schools we know are in the country. It affords advantages in the way of libraries, picture galleries, concerts and lectures ; also the privilege of

seeing and hearing noble men and women ; and this exerts a great influence upon children. When Washington Irving was five years old George Washington visited New York City. His father carried the child in his arms to Washington, who laid his hand on the little boy's head and spoke pleasant words to him. "The touch of that hand never left my head," said Irving, after he had gained the ear of the world.

As a general thing, we think that more pains are taken to make the inside of city homes attractive. Inexpensive adornments, which brighten up a home wonderfully, are displayed in every shop window, and few homes are without them. Books, papers and pictures, being so easily attainable, are found in greater profusion than in country homes.

City life gives better training in benevolence. Appeals to our sympathies and purses are so frequent that unless one is more hard-hearted than most children are, charitable instincts will be developed into generous deeds. There are Homes for the Friendless, Orphan Asylums, Foundlings' Homes, and other things appealing directly to childish sympathy. Children can be more easily trained to give with these objects right before them, than they can by simply hearing about them.

Sabbath visiting, in both town and country, is training many children to Sabbath desecration. This is a point that should be sedulously guarded, for the Sabbath is the key of all the week.

The isolation of a country child's life is in danger of fostering self-conceit, narrowness and bigotry. Having little opportunity to measure himself by others, he is liable to think of himself more highly than he ought to think. Feeling himself sufficient unto himself, his mind does not broaden as it might do by taking in the thoughts of others. Lacking the attrition of crowded city life, his rough edges are not worn off, and he sometimes appears uncouth and



boorish. When he comes to the city he is liable to be overcome by temptation because it attacks him in unsuspected guise, and he has not grown strong through resisting it.

But country life for children presents counterbalancing advantages. Its fresh air and sunshine ; its opportunities for healthful, outdoor work and play are invaluable. The country child is in large measure removed from corrupting influences and enjoys the companionship of his parents. There is apt to be more unity of family life since its members are so shut up to themselves for companionship. We are speaking now of farm life ; a small village is often most unfavorable to childhood's proper development, as it combines many disadvantages both of city and country. Wise and close supervision is necessary to guard against the evil influences of the goods-box conclaves which gather on village street corners.

Country life fosters habits of observation, especially concerning plant and animal life. These are safeguards against temptation as well as avenues of pleasure. Children who, like Agassiz, form the acquaintance of every living thing within the sphere of their observation, have no more time for mischief, than he, in his manhood, had time for making money. By the way, is it not a beautiful compensation of Providence that gives to the daughter of this man, too intent on seeking knowledge to take time for money making, such wealth that she can, as she does, spend a million of dollars in giving the blessed Kindergarten to children in the crowded tenement houses of New York ? Agassiz beautifully illustrates the benefits of country life for children. Longfellow says of him that

Nature, the old nurse, took  
The child upon her knee,  
Saying, "Here is a story-book  
Thy Father has written for thee.

"Come, wander with me," she said,  
"Into regions yet untrod,

And read what is still unread  
Of the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away,  
With Nature, the dear old nurse,  
Who sang to him night and day,  
The songs of the universe.

Agassiz well illustrates the independence of thought and character often developed in country children. When but a lad, laughed at because he would not accompany his school mates on what he termed "empty pleasure trips," he responded: "I will go my own way—and not alone," he added. "I will be a leader of others," which he was, emphatically.

It is a marked fact that many "leaders of others," were reared on the farm. In every city you will find that the majority of successful business men were country-born and bred. Just here a word of caution for country-reared fathers of city-bred children: your children need more watchful care than you needed in your country home. "Nature, the dear old nurse," had not the opportunity of teaching them as she taught you; temptations surround your children that never enticed you, hence they need closer and tenderer care than you did in your childhood. Lacking this, many such children make shipwreck of life.

Honorable women not a few received in the country the training that made their succeeding city life a benediction. Alice and Phœbe Cary could scarcely have grown into the poets they were had not their childhood known the "clover-nooks" and the sweet-brier lanes of the country. On the other hand, their genius would never have blossomed and perfected such rich fruitage without the stimulating atmosphere of the great city. A proper blending of city and country seems best for full development.

Looking over the list of lady missionaries one is struck by

the number who were country girls. As I write there rises before me the image of two young ladies, one from a Western prairie home, the other from a New Jersey farm-house; the one now teaching Christ in Mexico, the other in far away China. She was the youngest child of a mother widowed when she was a baby; a mother left with twelve children, for whom she must wring a living from a small New Jersey farm. That farm home had few luxuries, but it had the inestimable blessing of a strong-souled mother's influence, a woman who knew how to "serve God and be cheerful" in the darkest day. She infused her own faith and courage into her children, and saw them all grow into honored manhood or womanhood. They not only "rise up and call her blessed," but are blessing the world by living out the lessons she so patiently taught them. When her work was done, God took her home, then called her youngest daughter to teach Christ in China as she had learned Him at her mother's knee.

Winter evenings on the farm afford good opportunities, which, utilized by carrying out systematic plans for reading, may result in thorough scholarship, as is so happily shown in the case of Mary Somerville, Mrs. Emma Willard, Lucretia Mott and Maria Mitchell.

Country children receive a better training for citizenship, so far as gaining a knowledge of forms and methods of government are concerned, than city children do. The machinery of city government is too huge for children to grasp, besides being often so corrupt as to be unfit for their study. But the government of school district and township is quite within the comprehension of boys and girls. Most of our better country schools give instruction on these topics, and "school meeting" and "town meeting" furnish practical illustrations of what the schools have taught theoretically. De Tocqueville says the township is the unit and germ of all republican government; from its working children gain a good idea of the

methods of State and National government. Many of our best statesmen grew up in the country, attended town meetings from boyhood and served as school directors and township officers. Thomas Jefferson and Daniel Webster are striking examples of this fact.

The country gives room to grow, to develop originality and strength of character; the city opens a field for exercising this strength. Most persons who have done work which has blessed the world have lived both in the country and in the city, usually spending their early years in the country—the years of preparation—and their late years, those of their crowning life-work, in the city. The completely rounded life seems to need both its Nazareth and its Jerusalem.

Whether your home be in town or country, its spirit, not its locality, determines whether souls shall grow therein. Old-fashioned doors have their panels arranged in the shape of a cross. This is not accidental; the custom originated in the days of the Crusades. The cross-paneled door showed to every passer-by that the dwellers in that house were disciples of Him who died on the Judean cross; while those within looked out upon the world only through this symbol of Christian faith. May every home into which this book comes, like those old Crusaders' castles, be cross-paneled in a higher spiritual sense than they realized, so that all looking out from it may see life's duties in the light of the glorified cross; and all who look within may discern not the symbol of Christian faith simply, but the perfect working of that faith in human lives; in every doorway may there stand the children's Friend, with the benediction: "Peace be within this house."



AND now farewell---Time unrevoked  
has run  
His wonted course, yet what I wished  
is done  
By contemplation's help, not sought  
in vain  
I seem t' have lived my childhood o'er  
again.

---COWPER.





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